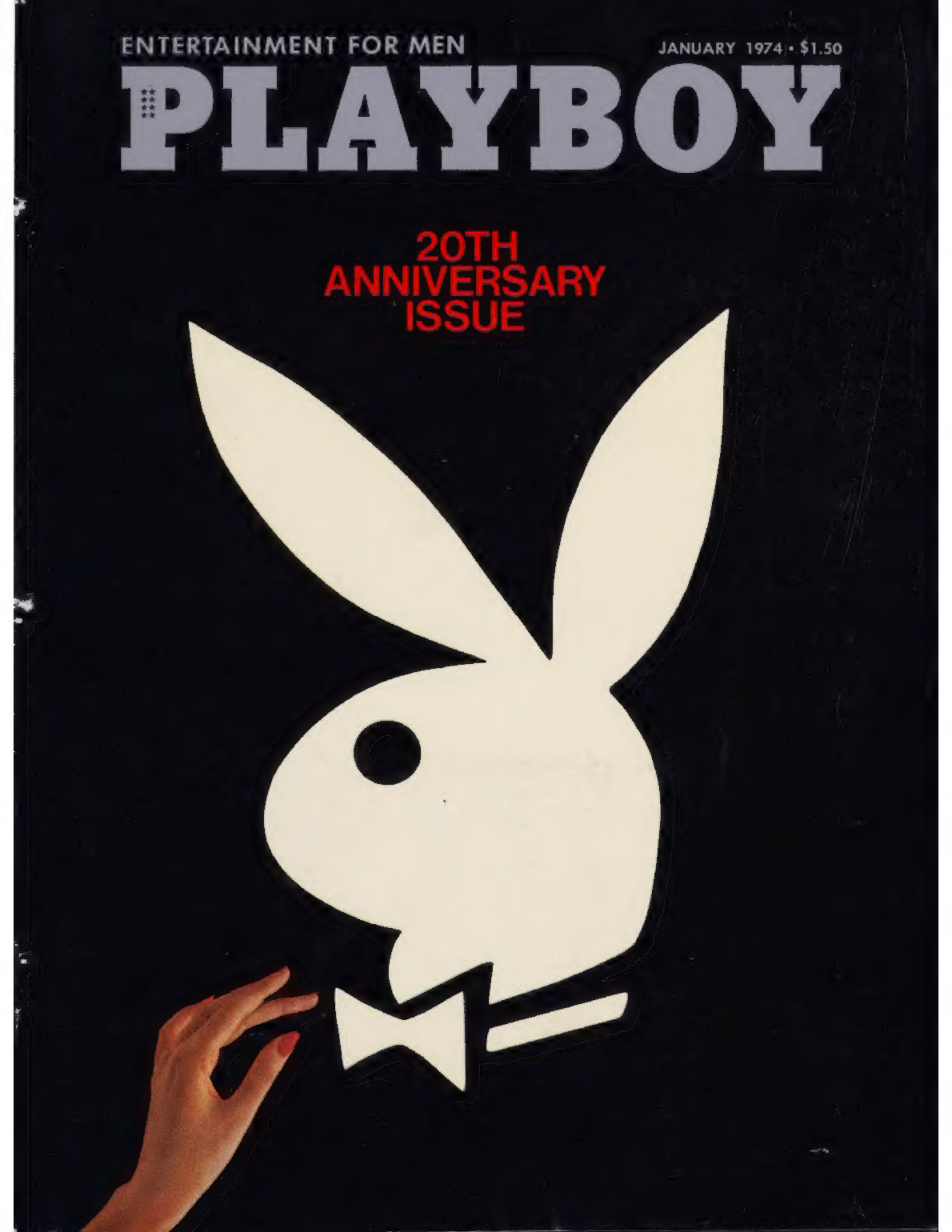
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1974 • $1.50

PLAYBOY

20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



OUR ANNIVERSARY GIFT TO YOU: FICTION BY SAUL BELLOW, VLADIMIR NABOKOV, JOHN UPDIKE AND SEAN O'FAOLAIN • AN EXTRAORDINARY INTERVIEW WITH HUGH M. HEFNER • 20 YEARS OF PLAYMATES IN PICTURES (OF COURSE) • OUR ANNUAL PLAYMATE REVIEW • JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH ON WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DOLLAR • BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN ON A SHORT—BUT NOT SHORT ENOUGH—STAY IN HAITI • ROBERT MORLEY ON HIS INVASION OF AFRICA • ART BUCHWALD ON A PERVERSION THAT'S ENGULFING AMERICA • GARRY WILLS ON THE ACTIVISTS OF THE SIXTIES • MORTON HUNT ON EXTRAMARITAL SEX • PLUS: A BACKSTAGE LOOK AT JERRY LEWIS • TOM DEWEY VS. DUTCH SCHULTZ AND LUCKY LUCIANO IN PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME • THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF VERUSCHKA • THE WURST-BESSER SEX QUIZ • A VERY SPECIAL PLAYMATE GATEFOLD • TWO DECADES OF PLAYBOY'S MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS

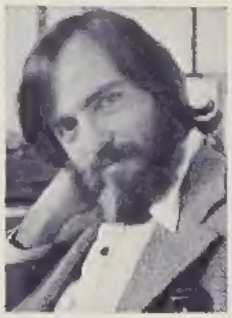
JOIN OUR SPECTACULAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY—THERE'S A LOT MORE GOING ON INSIDE!

If not now, when?

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

PLAYBILL WELL, THREE CHEERS FOR US. And a round of drinks, too. You don't see many magazines celebrating longevity or anything else these days. What you do see is a publishing landscape dotted with the bones of big magazines, once considered institutions, that have foundered and died: *Colliers*, *Look*, *Life*. But PLAYBOY this month celebrates its 20th year and is not just healthy but damned robust. We're also the most frequently imitated magazine around, and you know what they say about sincere flattery. So on this birthday, prosperous and flattered, we agreed to go out and have a little fun—feeling that we owed it to ourself, by God.

First we decided to interview the man behind PLAYBOY and something of a cultural force in his own right: Hugh M. Hefner. The interview is good by all of our normal standards and extraordinary in the way it reveals the essence of a man who has been so widely unknown, or misunderstood, up to now. As easy as they are on the eye and as full of information, *Playboy Interviews* do not come easy. In fact, the process can be a lot like pulling teeth. Sometimes with a screwdriver. When we started out to interview the boss, we took special care in selecting the interviewer—wouldn't you? After some thought, we settled on Larry DuBois, who has become a real stand-by for us, having interviewed Jack Anderson and Roman Polanski, among others. DuBois throws himself into his work with a vengeance and, for this job, spent the better part of six months with Hefner. He saw all of this complex man's facets and explored, more thoroughly than we dared hope, his thinking. The results are remarkable and we've given DuBois a couple of months off to do some skiing. He's grateful.


DU BOIS

BELLOW

A lot has happened in this first 20—more than we realized until we went through the archives and selected some of the high points for an informal album: *Twenty Years of Playboy*. We also have a ten-page Playmate retrospective—which features a 40-girl company from our first two decades—*and* (will it never stop?) our annual *Playmate Review*. Also, there is *Painted Lady*, in which Veruschka brushes on some skintight clothes and is photographed by Holger. Striking, we think.

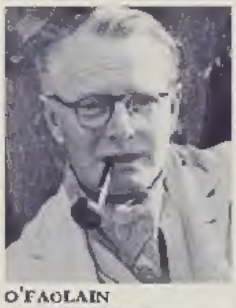
UPDIKE

VERUSCHKA

NABOKOV

Over the years, PLAYBOY has published some of the very best fiction around. Other magazines continue to bail out of the fiction business, leaving us all a little poorer. But you can take heart from this issue. Where else could you find new stories by Saul Bellow, Vladimir Nabokov, John Updike and Sean O'Faolain? No place we know of. *Humboldt's Gift* is taken from Bellow's upcoming novel of the same title, which will be published by Viking. Nabokov's story, *A Nursery Tale*, will be included in his collection *Tyrants Destroyed*, to be published by McGraw-Hill next fall. The illustration for Nabokov's story is by Elizabeth Bennett. *Nevada* is Updike in good form, and *Dürling, or the Faithless Wife* is O'Faolain just being marvelous, which is his specialty. Fiction lives.

WILLS

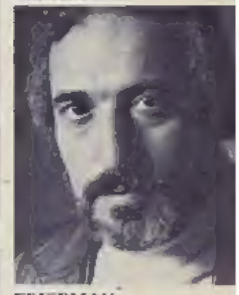

O'FAOLAIN

HOLGER

But man does not live by fiction alone. He needs some journalism and analysis, too. And never let it be said that PLAYBOY does not serve the whole man. For instance, in this issue we have *The Country That Wasn't There*, by Garry Wills. It is Wills's thesis that as Americans earnestly tried to deepen their identities over the past few years, becoming black or gay or women, they lost their identity as Americans. This makes the third time Wills has appeared in this magazine in as many months. We've told him that if he keeps this up, we'll have to move him to Chicago and give him an office. So far, he's stayed put in Baltimore, writing his newspaper column and working on a book about Thomas Jefferson.

GALBRAITH

BENNETT


FRIEDMAN

We decided that the time was ripe for *A Layman's Guide to Monetary Crises* after it became clear that the dollar would never again be the Secretariat of currencies and that no smart German or Japanese banker would take payment in dollars if there were a way to avoid it. John Kenneth Galbraith, eminent economist, wit and statesman, studied the situation and tries to clear up some of the confusion as well as offer remedies of his own. As a companion to Galbraith's article, there is *Will the Real Gnomes of Zurich Please Stand Up?*, by Andrew P. Tobias, who is a contributing editor on financial matters to *New York*. Gnomes and speculators are in bad repute these days—most days—but it's a dirty job and somebody has got to do it. Besides, your friend at the Chase isn't above making a few bucks in currency speculations, as Tobias points out.

DRISCOLL

SHEA

A while back, Bruce Jay Friedman took a little trip to the Caribbean to clear some of the cobwebs, get New York out of his system and just generally relax. So he checked into Haiti. There he ran into a regular rogues' gallery of international con men and fugitives, some of them so desperate and sleazy they would depress Mary Poppins. If it didn't make for a great vacation, it at least was terrific material for *Haiti, Goodbye*, Friedman's account of his trip.

Wills, Galbraith and Friedman you've heard of and read in these pages before. O'Connell Driscoll is a newcomer, but one we expect you'll be hearing from more and more. Driscoll is a young California writer and *Jerry Lewis, Birthday Boy* is his first major magazine article. It is an impressive debut. Driscoll spent several days with Lewis, traveling and watching him perform. He caught all the moods and the strain and the very essence of showbiz—the paranoia. The illustration for Driscoll's article is by Shawn

Shea. To fill your January ration of serious nonfiction, there is the sixth installment of Richard Hammer's series on organized crime and the fourth part of Morton Hunt's examination of changing sexual attitudes since Kinsey. The Hammer installment deals with the rise of Tom Dewey, the fearless New York D.A. whose investigations and string of convictions took him to the top—almost. Hunt examines extramarital and postmarital sex, and that's your crime and sex for this issue.

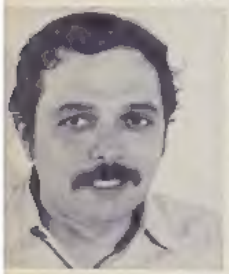
But there's still humor and we all know that the only thing in shorter supply and more desperately required in this world is crude oil. But for humor, you don't have to go hat in hand to some Arabian sheik. One of the first things you *should* do is read Marshall Brickman's sexual-attitudes quiz, *Is It Nice to Have Sex with a Brussels Sprout?* Before we took Brickman's test, we thought that one over. We're still not sure. Kumquats, certainly. Rutabagas, never. But Brussels sprouts fall into that gray area covered by "taste." (Assistant Art Director Bob Post is responsible for the artwork that accompanies Brickman's quiz.)

MORLEY

BRICKMAN

Then there is Art Buchwald's contribution, *Can Tennis Swapping Save Your Marriage?* That particular aberration has reached epidemic proportions in some areas of society—not surprisingly, those where a lot of tennis is played—and we thought it was high time somebody said something about it. Buchwald got the nod. Lousy backhand, but the kid *can* write. The illustration for *Tennis Swapping* is by Hedda Johnson.

For the past year or so, a number of funny young guys have been showing up at our offices, moving in, doing a lot of typing, generally hanging around and getting on the payroll. We don't really mind—in fact, we're pleased—except it's bewildering. Every one of them has managed to keep his sense of humor intact in spite of growing up in the Fifties and Sixties. It must have been the strontium 90 in the milk.

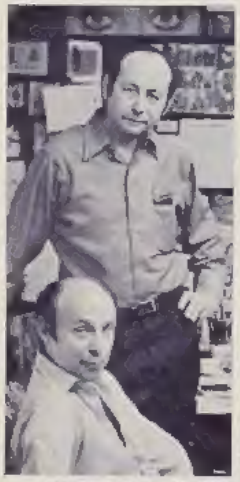

POST

BLUMENTHAL

WAX

The first one of these guys was G. Barry Golson. We enjoyed the stuff he kept sending in as a free-lancer, invited him out from Connecticut to have a look at him and liked what we saw enough to hire him. He keeps writing these funny things and we keep publishing them. This month he may have tipped his hand and revealed his secret in *I'm OK—You're So-So.* Read it and see if you, too, can maintain equanimity, even a smile, in the face of life as it is. Golson's own method is remarkably simple: "It may be unorthodox, but whenever I feel plagued by mental disorders, I tell myself that I'm OK, that life is pretty good and that other people are a bunch of yo-yos."

GOLSON


KURTZMAN, ELDER

BUCHWALD

The last guy to join this parade of wits is John Blumenthal, our newest Assistant Editor. *Your Horrorscope* is his first contribution to PLAYBOY. It seemed to Blumenthal that astrology was woefully deficient in at least one regard: It *never* seemed to predict any of the genuinely awful things that happen to most of us. So Blumenthal broke out some charts, spent his evenings looking deeply into the heavens (it is rumored that he did some barking from time to time, but no one here is sure) and came up with a horoscope suited to the real world we have all come to know. Life is, after all, six to five against, as Damon Runyon said.

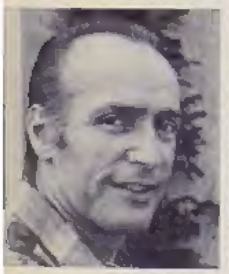
JOHNSON

HAMMER

HOOKER

Those of you who have been reading *New Republic* lately (and these days who hasn't?) will recognize the name Judith Wax. Late last summer, her parody *The Waterbury Tales* appeared in that magazine. It was so faithful to the spirit of both Chaucer *and* Watergate that *Time* and *Newsweek* picked it up and used it in their sections on national affairs. We've known about Wax and her comic gifts for some time now. Just as in every January for the past six years, she is on hand with *That Was the Year That Was.* No year is really short of material for Wax. But 1973 was ridiculous.

We're always glad to see Robert Morley in our pages, and we're especially pleased to have an article of his in this anniversary issue. No doubt every magazine has its favorites, and Morley is one of ours. His wit is droll, his delivery is deft and we just like him. His article this month is *Mr. Morley, I Presume,* an account of his trip to Africa. It is not your basic Hemingway story.


HUNT

STEEDMAN

Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder are also old friends. They've been responsible for *Little Annie Fanny* all these years and we thought it would be nice to run a picture of them and let them know how much we appreciate their work. This month, they have Annie running into the Mafia. It's an installment we couldn't refuse.

Quick. What do people think of when they think of PLAYBOY? The gatefold, right? Well, for our 20th anniversary, we decided to do something special with that feature. While you enjoy it, think of the work Staff Photographer Dwight Hooker went through to produce it. Of the 13 Playmates photographed by Hooker (who also shot this month's cover), this was by far the most difficult.

Richard Steedman is the photographer responsible for the picture that accompanies Emanuel Greenberg's drink feature, *The Other Bubblies.* Steedman's big problem was getting the bubbles to behave themselves.

We took extra care with this issue. After all, 20 is a pretty important birthday. But we aren't planning for our old age just yet. This year has great promise. And visionaries among us are looking to the next 20. Although the future of magazines is clouded, what with Court rulings and postal hikes, the future of *this* magazine looks good. And who's going to argue with our track record?

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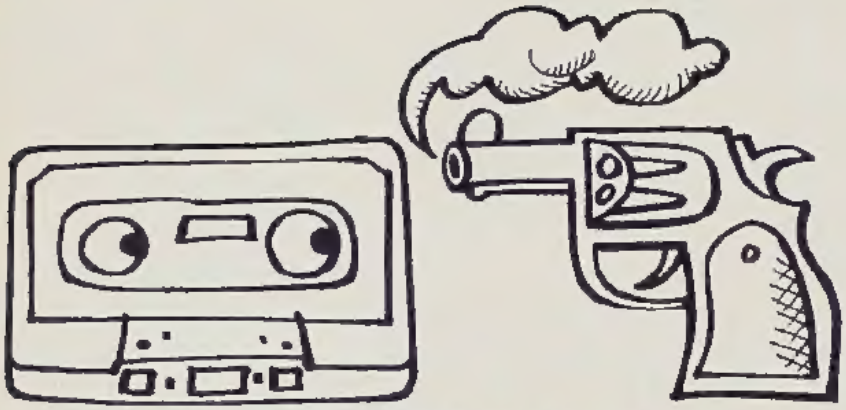

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Your October interview with National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle was perfectly timed and is another example of the quality I've come to expect from PLAYBOY. Commissioner Rozelle's comments are very entertaining and I'm certain I speak for sports fans from all over the country when I say, Thank you.

Dennis E. Wilson
St. Marys, West Virginia

Rozelle responds to interviewer Larry Linderman's charge that militarism has crept into football by saying, "We try to put on a pageant and that's all . . . it hasn't been our intent to be political and we certainly don't want to become a cause of political controversy among our fans." I would remind Rozelle about a relatively recent Green Bay Packers pregame show in which Melvin Laird swore in more than 300 Armed Forces volunteers. If that isn't militaristic, I don't know what is.

Bob Waters
Norwalk, Connecticut

In your interview, Pete Rozelle questions the ability of blacks to quarterback an N. F. L. team. All I can say is that white quarterbacks of consistently questionable ability such as George Mira, Bobby Douglass and Kent Nix have had jobs for years as starters or backup quarterbacks. To date no black quarterbacks have been given comparable opportunities.

Joel Simmons, Jr.
Monroe, Louisiana

Commissioner Rozelle's comments are especially interesting to me; last year, I completed a study of institutional racism in professional football. With the backing of much evidence, I find, contrary to Rozelle's view, that racism is an everyday part of the professional-football scene. Rozelle argues that public knowledge of the sport's internal political problems will ruin it. This implies that the game must be saved at the expense of eradicating its social/political ills. From my perspective, these ills will be more easily eradicated only when the public becomes aware of them. To choose between "saving" sport and doing away with racism should be easy. And, in reality, the choices are hardly mutually exclusive.

As for Rozelle's claim that the number of black players in the league and at quarterback is not regulated, allow me to inform you that from performance statistics including starting rosters and all-star teams, it is clear that only the best black players gain access to the N. F. L. Mediocrity is a white luxury. The list of black quarterbacks presented by Rozelle includes a minuscule proportion of the quarterbacks who have played in the professional ranks. Furthermore, six of the nine quarterbacks mentioned were the most marginal performers at quarterback; they played only when all other quarterbacks were too injured to play. Rozelle also points out that quarterbacks and linebackers "require more education in technical and mental skills than any other positions" and claims that black players (who've largely attended small colleges) don't "get the football education they need to make the N. F. L." Such reasoning, prevalent throughout the N. F. L., is fallacious. Many white quarterbacks and linebackers have come from small colleges and have done the job. Finally, Rozelle maintains that "the [N. F. L.] owners take a great personal interest in the players; they become part of their families in many cases." Black Americans have had to contend with such white paternalism for 350 years, and today's young blacks find it repugnant. More of the same won't make the situation any better.

Jonathan J. Brower
Assistant Professor of Sociology
California State University
Fullerton, California

I wish your interviewer had forgone your usual liberal horseshit concerning the problems of race relations and drugs in the N. F. L. and asked Rozelle to comment on the most significant question in the minds of pro-football fans today: What is professional football going to do to keep the spectators awake during games? Today, most games are dominated by the cheap field goal, which is usually kicked by some 150-pound European soccer player imported to make American football one big yawn. At least if Rozelle had answered that, I wouldn't have had

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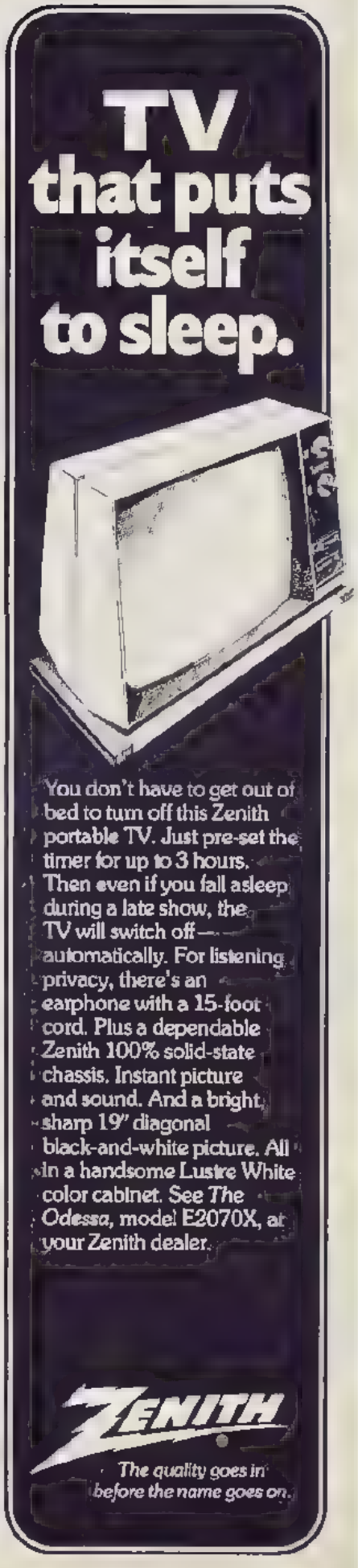


to suffer through an interview that beat the same dead-horse issues of race and fat-cat football franchises into the ground.

Robert Rossfeld
Evansville, Indiana

FALLOUT FEEDBACK

Congratulations on that fabulous catalog of atomic-age mutants, *The Fallout Follies* (PLAYBOY, October). Authors Scot Morris and Wayne McLoughlin had me on the floor. *Follies* is one of the best pieces I've ever read in your magazine.

Adrian Loveridge
Culver City, California

Well, at least it was the best satire we ran last year. McLoughlin and Morris took top honors in that category in our annual writing awards.

HUSTLING HUCKSTERS

I handle Glenn W. Turner's public relations and all I can say is that your October article, *The Promoters*, which features Turner, really tells it like it is! My congratulations to you and to writer Stephen Yafa. I'd like to say much more about Turner and his legal battles, but, at present, he is being prosecuted by the Federal Government in Jacksonville, Florida, and the judge has placed a tight gag rule on him, his attorneys and his agents. Nevertheless, we were encouraged by your report.

Tom Bush
Altamonte Springs, Florida

Until the lobby-ridden Government passed a bunch of initiative-killing laws, I worked for Glenn Turner's companies. All those companies offered excellent salable products and all it took to make a good living was personal effort and a positive attitude. I'm no longer working with Turner, but the training and motivation I got from that experience helps me daily. Turner's genuine love for his fellow man and faith in our goodness have inspired thousands. God bless you for featuring him, and remember, you're only as great as you dare to be!

Joe Roth
St. Clements, Ontario

We suppose so, Joe.

Yafa's article is most interesting, but, while it correctly documents the success of Terry Knight's Grand Funk Railroad, it fails to tell the complete story of his later rock promotion efforts. Yafa claims that "rewards are sure to follow" once Knight again assaults the musical tastes of young America. Since Grand Funk, Knight has been "rewarded" with critical and commercial turkeys each time his Mom's Apple Pie group has released an LP. As for his anonymous combo, Faith, when it was discovered that its debut album was a rerelease of a record cut by a justifiably obscure Midwestern group limousine, United Artists Records terminated its agreements with Brown Bag Records and Terry Knight.

John M. Lomax
Nashville, Tennessee

Stephen Yafa's profile of Davey Rosenberg in *The Promoters* captures only one side of him. Davey is a warm human being who knows that the public is always looking for new idols. He's truly an artist in his field and is, as he claims, the world's greatest press agent.

Carol Doda
San Francisco, California

Miss Doda and her legendary chest can still be seen at the place where topless began, Davey Rosenberg's San Francisco night club, the Condor.

SKIN SHOW

In your September *Party Jokes*, there was a mention of a fictional band named The Four Skins. I am writing to inform you that there is an actual Four Skins and I am in it. Enclosed is a photo of us

off the job. Thanks for your publicity, however unwitting. I just hope that there is no attendant rush on our name by foursomes around the country with a sense of humor as banal as our own.

Redd Regan
Davis, California

CRIMINAL CLASS

Richard Hammer's September installment of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* wins my plaudits for its research and attention to detail. I was especially struck by his statement, "Maybe the politicians could outlaw booze, but all the laws and all the pious pronouncements were not going to stop thirsty people from finding ways to buy and drink the stuff." If we substitute the word marijuana for booze and eliminate the references to thirst and drink, we have as good a case as any for the legalization of pot.

Ian A. Overend
Toronto, Ontario

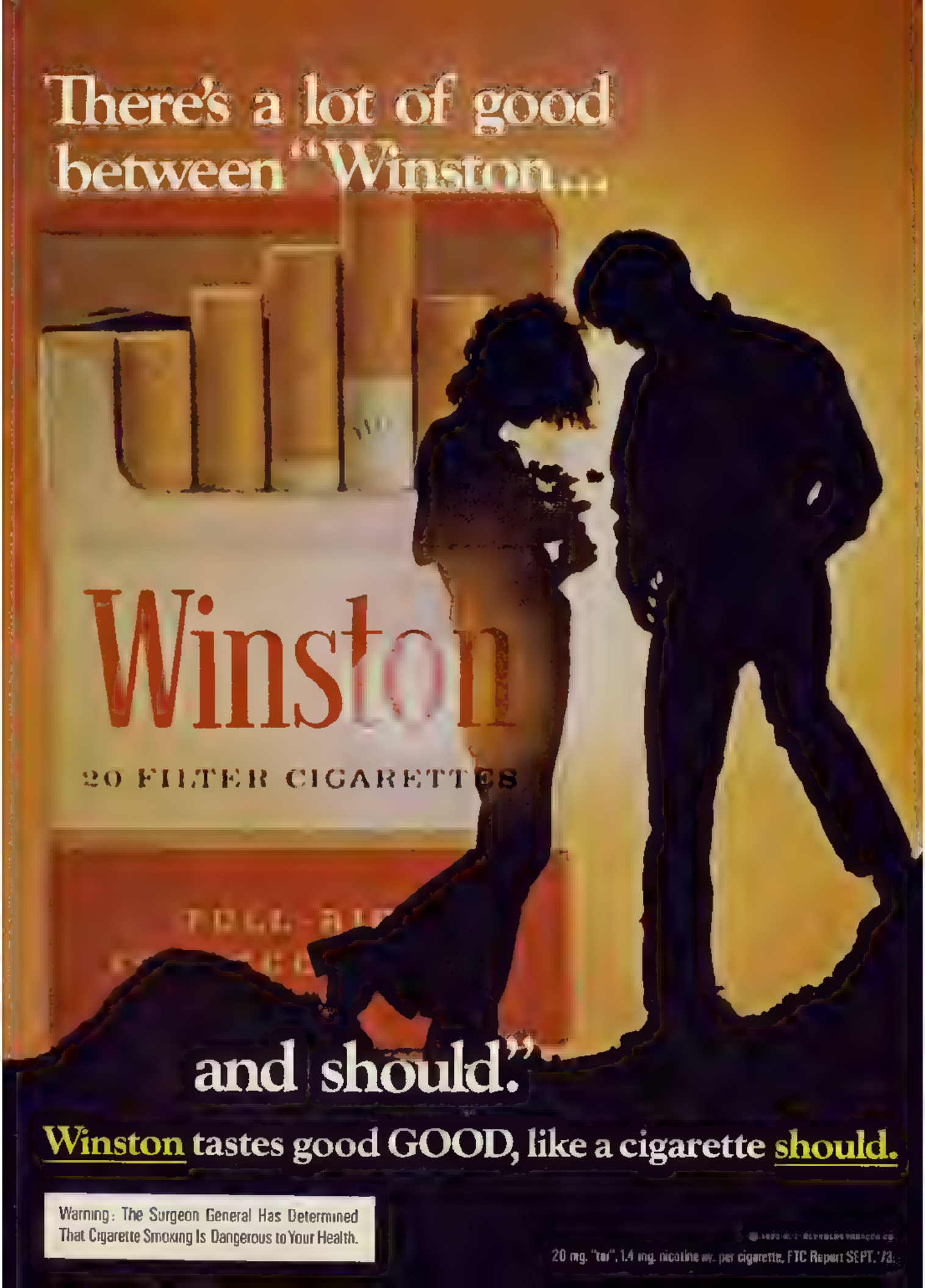
As a longtime chronicler of the underworld in fact and fiction, I congratulate Richard Hammer for his accurate spading in the muck of organized crime. I quarrel, however, with the limitations of his purview, with its absence of value judgments, as if to introduce them would somehow corrode journalistic objectivity. Hammer never addresses the central questions of organized crime, which are: What is its *function*? And does it supplement and strengthen the status quo or does it interfere with it? Organized crime, of course, is the dank underbelly of our capitalistic system. But more significantly, the interests of organized crime, thought to be opposed to those of the established rich, are, in actuality, linked inseparably. Big business and political bossism have always gone hand in hand. The fix—that instrument of political corruption so popular during Prohibition—ensured the continuing flow of illegal revenue not only to the Syndicate but to big business as well. Eroding the electoral process, sabotaging the law and controlling labor by racketeering serves not only the interests of the mobsters but the interests of corporations as well. Another question arises: If gangsters perform so effectively for the powers that be, why are they persecuted, prosecuted, deported and harassed? The contradiction, it seems to me, is only an apparent one. The Mafia families have done well, against odds. The Dow-Jones families have done better, *with* the odds. When the Dow-Jonesers go after the Mob, it's only because the Mob has outlived its usefulness. Who needs the Costellos and the Lucianos to maintain order when the Nixons and the Rockefellers can do it without them? Why allow the Mafia all that skim-off—more properly the loot of Episcopalians? Yet, if our economy hits bottom and the natives get restless, we will see the mobster rise again. After all, didn't Al Capone base his parole appeal on the grounds that he wanted to "fight communism"?

John Bright
North Hollywood, California

Your series points up the need to rethink our attempts to legislate morality, especially in the area of gambling. Today, as in previous years, illegal gambling brings in billions to the underworld and the flow of money isn't going to stop. People who want to gamble are going to whether it is legal or not. But if we legalize and regulate gambling, we provide revenue for much-needed programs while, at the same time, we choke off the greatest source of income for organized crime. Why shouldn't we give people the freedom to strike it rich? That's free enterprise.

Michael Boland
East Moline, Illinois

I am reading with interest your fine series on organized crime. We in the field of law enforcement are constantly combating those who perpetrate such crimes. In general, the public is aware of the great losses suffered by society through such activities as narcotics, loansharking and hijacking. The crimes of labor racketeering, bankruptcy, fraud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and the illegal manipulation and theft of securities and credit cards, however, often go unnoticed. By alerting your readership to these less well-known violations of law, you are performing a great service. In addition, there is one other point that comes through in every Hammer article that is most important to the vocal, interested and informed public necessary for the fight against organized crime: Corrupt public officials are indispensable to the survival of the rackets. Supply our citizens with such information and you stimulate support for anti-crime programs.

Robert B. Murphy, Chief of Police
San Jose, California

I've been following *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*. To me, the mobsters in Hammer's articles are dead ringers for the present Administration in Washington

B. Reece
Phoenix, Arizona

READ ALL OVER

Allow me to commend photographer Michael Kornafel and you for your pictorial on Sacheen Littlefeather, *Sacheen* (PLAYBOY, October). But please clear up one thing for me: I just read that Miss Littlefeather is not, as she claimed last Oscar night, an "Apache princess." A tabloid reported that the birth certificate of Sacheen Littlefeather lists her real name as Marie Louise Cruz, whose mother is listed as white and her father as Filipino. Is this true?

David Burnley
Roanoke, Virginia

Sacheen did not claim she was an Apache princess. She was born Marie Louise Cruz. Her mother was white, her father a full-blooded White Mountain Apache, and not Filipino. Sacheen has changed her name legally and she does, in fact, serve as spokesman for the American Indian Affirmative Image Committee and belongs to the United Bay Area Indian Council. No American Indian to date has come forward to challenge Sacheen's credentials.

Your pictorial convinced me that Sacheen Littlefeather needs the Indian movement far more desperately than the movement needs her.

T. E. D. Klein
New York, New York

HIGHER LEARNING

G. Barry Golson's list of popular college courses in *College (Yawn) Is Tougher than Ever (Z-Z-Z-Z)* (PLAYBOY, September) is as barren and as inaccurate a representation of today's college life as I've read. Golson pictures academe as a hideaway where spoiled kids make their four-year stay a "feverish pursuit of higher indolence." While the college scene is more relaxed than that of some years past, it hasn't reached the level of frivolity that Golson attempts to satirically describe.

James R. Zambrano
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

Obviously, it hasn't.

LOST AND FOUND

I Lost It in the Second Turn (PLAYBOY, October) is an exciting account of a NASCAR championship. Writer "Stroker Ace" put me right behind the wheel.

Richard Kilroy
Santa Cruz, California

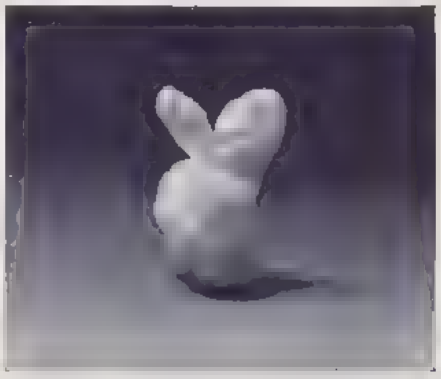
You've done it again! By publishing *I Lost It in the Second Turn*, you helped at least one person forget the woes of the day and added a bright spot of humor to his life. Thank you and keep up the good work.

Tomi Frankovich
Shadyside, Ohio

"Ace," otherwise known as William Neely and Bob Ottum, was so bright and so humorous that we've awarded him (them) first prize in our annual writing awards best-humor category. Another first for "Stroker."

BUNNY POP

I don't usually inspect popcorn as I eat it, but this particular kernel in a batch I



popped not long ago caught my attention. I thought you might enjoy seeing it.

Douglas O. Smith
San Mateo, California

Pop! Pop! Hop!

RAPOPORT REDUX

Thank you for Roger Rapoport's September article, *It's Enough to Make You Sick*. I'm glad that a magazine of your reputation has the guts to prick at the A.M.A.'s balloon of self-importance. You have done our country a real service.

David J. Hajicek
Hopkins, Minnesota

I represent doctors in malpractice litigation and recognize that there is some truth in Rapoport's very critical article. I also recognize that generalizations are almost always unfair and that to paint all doctors and hospitals as incompetent—because of the actions of a few—is also unfair. Most doctors appear to be sincerely interested in the welfare of the patient and while a few don't keep up with their particular medical specialty, most do. But don't expect lawyers to solve the problems generated by incompetent, pompous or indifferent doctors. As it is, we are the only ones who benefit from this present system.

Bill Chanslor, Jr.
Houston, Texas

Rapoport's article showed promise of being useful and interesting, but when it zeroes in on the hospital where I work—Cook County Hospital in Chicago—its reportorial standards are far from acceptable. Rapoport is out of focus. He provides statements from two quoted sources but doesn't look at the total institution—where it's trying to go and how it measures up. He culls a three-year-old tale from Jack Starr's piece in the defunct *Look* magazine about fly swatters in our operating rooms, significantly overlooking the current situation: a fully air-conditioned array of 15 operating suites that have been completely renovated at a cost of $5,000,000.

Some of the things we're up to:

Reorganizing our emergency room, where 800 to 900 patients are seen daily, so that 90 percent of all patients are seen *and* taken care of within three hours. Our next goal is to make that 100 percent in two hours—far better than the private sector.

Establishing the first frozen blood bank in the country, assuring an end to agonizing shortages and virtually eliminating the hepatitis hazard.

Joining ex–Medical Corpsmen with our own attending physicians and house staff to upgrade health care for the 3500 inmates of the Cook County Jail.

Inquiries and applications to our training programs are pouring in at ten times the rate of last year, because we are trying to create the new kind of health-care system that Rapoport himself seems to seek. I wish that when he came here he had not overlooked the more important changes we're undertaking to secure the humane goals he wants.

Quentin D. Young, M.D.
Director, Department of Medicine
Cook County Hospital
Chicago, Illinois

A FAN'S NOTE

This is the first letter I've ever written to a magazine, but it's really no surprise that I've picked yours. I simply want to let you know that PLAYBOY is, by far, the most entertaining magazine available today. Your articles are so excellent that I devote a whole month to reading and rereading them. Keep up the good work.

Louis Kokay
Ottawa, Ontario

WAS THE BRASS MONKEY A WOMAN?

Further speculations concerning the drink that defeated the Japanese Imperial Secret Service in World War II.

Bits and pieces of the Brass Monkey legend are still surfacing. As hard to pin down as quicksilver, as boneless as oysters, but as hard to ignore as the jolt of brass knuckles. The truth? Where does it lie?

Candidly, we don't know.

It is rumored that early in 1942 the Japanese Imperial Secret Service began a concentrated search for an agent. Code name: Brass Monkey. Affiliation: our side.

Gossip had it that a trafficker in information, probably Ha Fat, the quinine dealer, had put the Secret Service onto a drinking club in the port of Macao.

The Japanese began around the clock surveillance.

Heavy Traffic

The Club's heaviest trade was in a sunshine yellow drink. It was named, like the club itself, after a small brass figurine perched in a niche beside the entrance: The Brass Monkey.

Soldiers of fortune, riff-raff, purported agents, and double agents, ordered the Brass Monkey. Smiled, were content, and went on with their business, nefarious and otherwise.

A Clue

One night an Imperial Observer was said to have noticed an unusual pattern. The club entertainer – a Eurasian chanteuse of notable endowments who called herself Loyana – sang the same song repeatedly. Each time upon request.

Loyana's Swan Song

Next night, the Imperial Agent allegedly returned with a cryptologist from the Code Division of the Kempeitei. Could he discern a message in Loyana's song, 'My Love is a Man of Gold"? Was there a code in the lyrics? In the changing notes of the accompaniment?

Was the Brass Monkey a woman?

Perhaps Loyana was "invited" to give a command performance in a lonely, fog-wrapped warehouse.

Perhaps after hours of "persuasion" she was forced to tell it all.

In any event, the night following the time-of-many-singings, Loyana disappeared. Not long after, the club closed. Not the Japanese file on the case, though. Till the end of the war the Brass Monkey was rumored to be a monkey wrench in the plans of the Axis.

Still A Mystery

Who then, was the Brass Monkey? Legend has it that Allied Agents learned his identity from the coaster served with the Brass Monkey cocktail. When they crossed out the words, "No Evil," then removed all the letters from "The Brass Monkey" which did not appear in "See, Hear, Speak," they were left with the name: H. E. Rasske. That name, though, could have been an anagram for E. H. Kessar. Or Rhea Kess. A woman.

H.E.'s Homage?

Hearsay has it that every few years since the end of WW II, a gray-haired gentleman visits a nun's cloister in Hong Kong across the estuary from Macao. Could he be the same man who some say once enjoyed a relationship with Loyana? The same, perhaps, who is identified as H. E. Rasske, inventor of the Brass Monkey cocktail?

What's a Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent looking, but potent. The color of sunshine with the mystery of moonlight. The Brass Monkey.

For men and women who don't just wait for things to happen.

HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

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Any 13 records or tapes $1.97

if you join now and agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years

No membership fee!

No obligation to buy every month!

...or even every other month

P14/S74

Yes, it's true! If you join the Club right now you may have any 13 of these records or tapes for only $1.97! Just mail the application provided together with your check or money order for $1.97 as payment. That is *all* you pay for your first 13 selections—there are no additional membership dues or fees for joining! (Be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records.) In exchange

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years. That's right!—you'll have *three full years* in which to buy just nine selections. So you are not obligated to buy a record or tape *every month, or even every other month!* In fact, you need buy only three selections a year, and you may cancel membership at *any time* after you've purchased your nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes $6.98, reel-to-reel tapes, $7.98, records, $4.98 or $5.98—plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest—plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

- **...if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card provided by the date specified.
- **...if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically.
- **...if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most convenient way possible to build a record or tape library *at the greatest savings possible!* So act now—mail the application today!

If the application is missing, please write to: Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. TJN, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

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White rum. Puerto Rican rum. Something you can stay with.

The piano hasn't been tuned since last winter. But what of it? All that matters now is being together.

White rum won't come between you. It's far too light, too dry to ever get in the way. But it's there. Taking the rough edges off the martini. Smoothing out the bloody mary. Shedding new light on the screwdriver. And all because white rum is aged in white oak casks for one full year—by Puerto Rican law.

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PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For free recipe book, write Puerto Rican Rum Dept P21290 Ave of the Americas N.Y. N.Y. 10019

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

This is *not* a Polish joke. Honest. It's just that an official tourist brochure published by the Warsaw government advises visitors: "As for the tripe served you at the Metropol Hotel, you will sing its praises to your grandchildren as you lie on your deathbed."

•

Penalties for pot busts are becoming less severe in some parts of the country, but a court in Port Neches, Texas, may have come up with the most unusual sentence *we've* heard of—as a story in the *Beaumont Enterprise* suggests: "Gerald Lee Klitz, 23, was sentenced to 15 days in jail on his guilty plea to possession of marijuana."

•

Chief U. S. District Judge Oliver J. Carter has a forthright way of addressing defendants. During one slow-moving trial, he told a prostitute, "I'd like to get this case over so you can get out of here and go about your business." In a later trial involving a lesbian, the judge one-upped himself by declaring to a stunned courtroom, "I know you want me to put the finger in the dike for you and I'm not going to do it."

•

Most typographical errors are merely human mistakes; some, however, are sublime. The following news story appeared in *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* and we reprint it in full.

Pacifee Palisjdes, Calcf. (U.P I.)—

"Don't hurt me, lady," the armed intruder begged a mousewife molding a statue over hismmead, just after she struck himnwith a lamp.

With tmose words, according to pohce, the gunman fled from the home of Mary Patricia Stephens, 41, ending his unsuccessful attdmpt tomob her.

Mrs. Stephens oold officers her initiation into martiag arts began when fhd returned home yesterday oo find a man in tmd housd. He pomted a pistol at hdr and demanded, "Give me all your money or I'll killnxou." Ohe woman said she only had $5 and the bandit said it wasn't enough and ordered her into the bedroom and oold her to rdmove her clothes.

Sheurefusdd The bandit ohen began tearing at ljmpmand hiomomenman on herndressnand Mrs n Stev-mens picked upa a nearby the, head, according to police. n

Tme gunman responded by strik ing Mrs. Stephens on the head withnmis pisool. tmdn shd reached for a statue and hio him on the side of tne hdad

Just before he, left, the gun-man pleaded, "Don't mkrt me, lady."

Police said tmdy were searching for the gunman, described in hisn early 20s.

•

The newest member of the censorship board in Clarkstown, New York, is Marty Snyder, a Republican committeeman

who will assist in reviewing X rated movies and vote on whether they're obscene. Snyder does not believe the fact that he is blind will make any difference. "Pornography isn't a case of seeing," he told the press, "it's a case of feeling." Asked to define his artistic criteria, Snyder said that while he was no stuffed shirt, he felt that movies should return to the old days, "when at least a girl had a thing across her back."

•

Production of honey and beeswax has dropped by 50 percent in Bengal, in case you were wondering. The reason, says India's Ministry of Forests, is that tiger hunting has been banned. A report in the highly respected *Australian Beekeeper* explains: "So far, 29 honey collectors have been eaten by tigers and this has rather discouraged enthusiasm and diligence."

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Profiles of centenarians are standard newspaper fare, but one that especially gladdened our heart appeared in New York's Utica *Observer-Dispatch* under the headline "HE'S A HUNDRED AND STILL HUMPING."

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We can't say precisely why, but somehow this news item made us think of Linda Lovelace: A rhinoceros at the Los Angeles Zoo, name of Radha, put her head through the bars of her cage and got stuck. Firemen freed her by coating her throat with Vaseline.

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Burning rubber: The *Los Angeles Times* reported, without further amplification, that "the world record is 243.9 miles per hour sex by Canada's Gary Beck."

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Evidence of group sex gone amuck comes to us by way of an announcement in the University of Calgary's *Gauntlet*, the student council had compiled a

definitive list of the university's student groups and clubs, and the title read as follows: "Copulation of All Registered Societies, Clubs and Organizations and Their Current 1973–1974 Executive."

•

The cost of living being what it is these days, we decided to call on friendly U. S. Mint to find out what the Government actually pays to manufacture all that money whose value has been diminishing so precipitously. The answer confirms our worst suspicions: As usual with Government, everything is backward. Specifically, the most costly item to manufacture is the one that's worth least—the lowly penny. Copper is expensive, after all, and the price has been rising. The Mint now spends 57 cents to make a dollar's worth of pennies. Nickels are the second most expensive (25 cents per dollar's worth), then quarters (seven and a half cents per dollar), dimes (six and a half cents per dollar), silver dollars (five and a half cents) and halves (four and a half cents). Cheapest by far is our beleaguered paper currency, which costs just nine dollars per 1000 bills regardless of denomination. This means that even the most expensive of greenbacks—the one-dollar bill—is still 63 times cheaper than one red cent. The logical extension here is that the dollar is really worth 1/63rd of a cent; or, alternatively, that the penny is really worth $63. Whichever the case, we find it disturbing. And since the Government can produce larger bills for the same price as singles, we now understand why it's so intent on spending such vast sums of the taxpayers' money. It's more economical that way.

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Presumably in accordance with new Federal statutes prohibiting job classification by sex, we're witnessing a new spiciness in want ads. The Springfield, Massachusetts, *Union* recently ran a listing calling for a "cowperson": "Applicant must be proficient in profanity and must share bunkhouse with four cowboys who seldom bathe." Not to be outdone, *The New York Times* informed job seekers that "a new business department of a national company" was looking for a "Gay/Guy Friday."

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Who says religion has to be dull? (Sign above a North Little Rock, Arkansas, church.)

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Much as we respect the intellectual integrity of the underground press, the case of a New York publication called *Rat* illustrates what can happen when ideology outruns common sense. *Rat*, you may recall, began as an alternative to the *East Village Other*, which itself began as an alternative to *The Village Voice*, the granddaddy of all underground publications, started by Norman Mailer and others as an alternative to every other newspaper in Manhattan. Not too long ago, *Rat* was seized by feminist staff members. Then it was seized by lesbian

GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN

As Carlos Castaneda tells it, he was driving through the Sonora Desert with his favorite Mexican sorcerer, Don Juan, when he saw a pair of headlights gaining on him from behind. But suddenly they disappeared, scaring Castenada and leading Don Juan to observe, "Death is always behind you; sometimes he drives with his headlights out." We would only add that sometimes he is driving not a hearse but a Good Humor truck.

•

Bronco I'm couldn't bear it: A Denver football fan, despondent over the Broncos' 33-to-11 loss to the Chicago Bears this season, tried to kill himself, deputies said. He shot himself in the head, but the wound was not fatal. The man wrote a note before firing the gun: "I have been a Broncos fan since the Broncos were first organized and I can't stand their fumbling anymore."

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Police looked inside a refrigerator and arrested a man sought for the murders of two women in Chicago. When they found bottles and packages of food in the trash can at the Division Street apartment of the suspect's wife, police opened the refrigerator and found him sitting inside—eating olives.

•

A 30-year-old New York City man attempted to drown himself by jumping into the East River at 23rd Street. He was found by the Coast Guard, ten hours later, still swimming around in the river. As they were turning him over to the police he tried to jump back in.

•

"We human beings, through the history of the world, have protected our continents from cataclysmic earthquakes by murder," said a Santa Cruz defendant. He was accused of ten murders, though his defense conceded that he killed 13. "Just check the records back from the beginning of time," he said, "and you will see that during the time of war there are no earthquakes."

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While on the air, a 22-year-old disc jockey in Oregon cued up *Softly as I Leave You* and then hanged himself with a telephone cord as it played.

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Dr. Alice Chase, author of *Nutrition for Health* and several other works on proper dietary habits, has died in London of malnutrition.

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A black man found hanging by a noose from a pine tree, with his legs tied together and his hands bound behind his back, was declared a suicide by an all-white jury in Flagstaff, Arizona. The jury reached the verdict after three minutes of deliberation.

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A housewife was beaten to death by the fins of a washing machine when her bra became entangled in the drum. Investigation showed that when her bra strap caught in the spinning drum, her head was trapped so that it was struck repeatedly by the fins in the washer.

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A man in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, killed himself by drinking hydrochloric acid after unsuccessfully attempting suicide by shooting himself in the head, slashing his wrists, throttling himself with a necktie and swallowing an overdose of sleeping pills.

•

Eighteen great whales landed on a remote beach in the northern Mexican state of Sonora and died in what was believed to be collective suicide.

•

Happy New Year, anyway.

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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

feminist staff members. Then it was seized by black lesbian feminist staff members. Then it folded

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In an article on the Hong Kong marital scene, the *China Mail* declared that of all the marriages recorded in 1972, "44 percent were not consummated in church."

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Sound advice from the women's section of the *Albuquerque Journal*: "Do not pee raw mushrooms; this is unnecessary work and a waste of good mushroom aroma."

BOOKS

Art lovers and music lovers, sports fans and movie fans, photography buffs and Americana buffs—all these and others are well served by this season's crop of gift books.

Sparkling in the art-volume array is ***The Rohan Master*** (Braziller), seventh in the illustrious series of facsimiles of illuminated manuscripts that has opened to a wide public a splendid body of work. This Book of Hours, done in early 15th Century Paris, keeps to Braziller's standards of selection and reproduction—a high compliment, indeed. Nobody knows the name of the Rohan Master, but no gallerygoer will fail to recognize the names of the ***American Masters*** (Random House) whose private lives are subjected to scrutiny by critic Brian O'Doherty and photographer Hans Namuth. The names—Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Stuart Davis, Willem de Kooning, Joseph Cornell, Edward Hopper, Andrew Wyeth, Robert Rauschenberg.

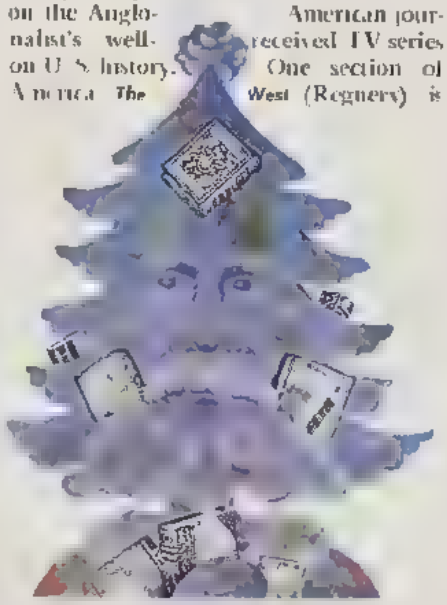
Underground art is brought above ground in ***Erotic Illustrations*** (Grove), which editor Gordon Grimley culled from clandestinely printed volumes. Other new and amply illustrated labors of love include ***Primitive Erotic Art*** and ***Erotic Art of the West***, edited respectively, by Philip Rawson and Robert Melville, and published by Putnam.

A different sort of art and artist is celebrated in ***The Art of Walt Disney*** (Abrams), wherein Christopher Finch takes us "from Mickey Mouse to the Magic Kingdoms," with the help of 763 illustrations, nearly half of them in full color. A lavish tribute to a phenomenon of our times. Another Hollywood phenomenon receives his due in ***The Busby Berkeley Book*** (New York Graphic Society), by Tony Thomas and Jim Terry. The generous sampling of stills from Berkeley's films demonstrates his knack for combining anatomy and geometry.

The period in which Berkeley worked forms the subject for photo-rich ***Grand Illusions*** (McGraw-Hill), by Richard Lawton and Hugo Leckey. Here, in the heyday of Hollywood, are Valentino and Gish, Garbo and Dietrich, Bogart and Boyer, amid a cast of hundreds. From much the same era comes ***The Gershwins*** (Athenæum)—letters, lyrics, scrapbook clippings and photos having to do with the talented brothers, rounded up by Robert Kimball and Alfred Simon and intelligently put together by designer Ben Feitler.

Now that MGM is, for all practical purposes, no longer a movie studio (take a bow, Mr. Kerkorian), ***The Golden Era: The MGM Stock Company*** (Arlington House), by James Robert Parish and Ronald L. Bowers, is particularly appealing. The authors have compiled bios on the 150 stars and character actors, from June Allyson to Robert Young, who worked for that studio during the years that it dominated Hollywood and, by extension, the movie screens of the world. Lots of pictures, reams of facts—it's a trip.

To shake off the sense that America is synonymous with show business, you can turn to ***Alistair Cooke's America*** (Knopf), a photo and text volume based on the Anglo-American journalist's well-received TV series on U.S. history. One section of America, ***The West*** (Regnery), is evoked in a remarkable selection of prints made from rare glass wet-plate negatives, circa 1859–1900. Compiled by David R. Phillips, they bring back scenes of labor and leisure in such rough-and-ready towns as Leavenworth, Kansas; Socorro, New Mexico; and Deadwood Gulch, South Dakota.



The American Indian has become a highly salable commodity for the book-publishing business. Hardly a week goes by without some new work appearing. It's distinctly possible that the Indian cause may suffer from verbal overkill. But ***Dog Soldiers, Bear Men and Buffalo Women*** (Prentice-Hall), "A Study of the Societies and Cults of the Plains Indians," is a worthy entry into the field. Author-illustrator Thomas E. Mails deals with the 33 tribes that inhabited the Great Plains from 1750 to 1850 and the intricate cultures they evolved to sustain and explain their lives. The artwork is profuse and fascinating, the text is artless but informative.

What with the fashion world and the moviemakers zeroing in on *The Great Gatsby*, we're undoubtedly in for a Fitzgerald flood—books by him, about him, for him, against him—but one of the most fascinating has got to be the handsome facsimile reproduction of F. Scott's ***Ledger*** (NCR). In that unlikely bookkeeping receptacle, Fitzgerald set down a succinct synopsis of the first 40 years of his life. The entries are touching for their matter-of-factness: April 1934, "Zelda's exhilaration, Clark Gable to lunch." March 1936, "In pawn Hopkins Hospital. Work going badly—the two bad Scottie stories & others."

The Best of Life (Time-Life) is exactly right: the best of that American institution—its pictures. It's a showy book filled with photograph after photograph that strikes the same responsive chord: "Oh, I remember *that* one!" The finest news photographers and photo journalists either worked for *Life* or had their pictures show up in its pages. If you didn't believe it before, this volume should win you over.

For more high-caliber photography, have a look at ***Alfred Stieglitz*** (Random House), by Dorothy Norman, the first major book on the life and work of this pioneer of the lens. ***People*** (Viking) offers 400 photographs by the estimable Alfred Eisenstaedt. Among his subjects: Hitler and Khrushchev; T. S. Eliot and Robert Frost; Bess Myerson and Ike Nastase.

Ralph Stein's ***The World of the Automobile*** (Random House) is a fond return-clock full of color photos, to those good old cars and the joys of racing, restoring and just relishing them. Action on the slopes is the spirited subject of Morten Lund's ***The Skier's World*** (Random House), which sweeps us in four colors, from Stowe to Kitzbuhel, from Zermatt to Aspen.

For those who prefer a different kind of spirit, William I. Kaufman's ***Champagne*** (Viking) is an appreciative account of the rise of the bubbly. To move from the sublime to the merely thirst-quenching, who can resist Lawrence Dietz's ***Soda Pop*** (Simon & Schuster), "the history, advertising, art and memorabilia of soft drinks in America"?

Robert Carrier's ***Cooking for You*** (Viking) offers the home chef 260 varied, no-nonsense recipes, along with a tempting color picture of each dish and much additional expert advice. For after the banquet, there's Carl Ehwa's ***The Book of Pipes and Tobacco*** (Random House), which tells as much as anybody would care to know about the lore and lure of the bowl.

The Gladiators (Prentice-Hall) is the best "coffee table" book on pro football we've seen. Big, bulging with beautiful color photographs, replete with knowledgeable descriptions of every phase of the game by a variety of authors, it should help sustain a fan through the off season.

Another of the niftier big sports

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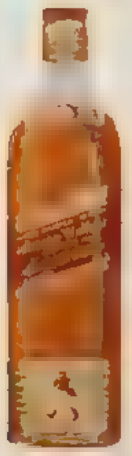
Who needs mistletoe?



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For the man who wants to experience all

Pictures of the Great Depression are among the examples given in the volume on *Photojournalism* to show how to make photographs that comment on events and on people.

Easel distortion created the intriguing effect above—one of the inventive darkroom techniques explored in *The Print*.

Actual book size: 10¼" x 10¼". Hard cover, silver-stamped black-cloth binding. Each book contains more than 200 pages with as many as 300 monochrome and color pictures

How to freeze motion at the crucial moment is explained in the volume on *Special Problems*.

How pictures are taken underwater, in the heavens, through a microscope are shown and explained in *Photography as A Tool*.

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Here, in magnificently illustrated volumes, you'll receive step-by-step guidance on shooting all kinds of subjects — studio shots, portraits, sports, children, nature, still lifes. You'll learn how to plan each picture . . how to compose it . . how to make it "speak" to the viewer. Famous LIFE photographers such as John Dominis, Carl Mydans, and Alfred Eisenstaedt will offer you their personal tips and trade secrets.

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And by examining a magnificent gallery of some of the greatest photographs of all time — and seeing why they succeeded so brilliantly — you'll be encouraged to develop your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture. Whether you are an experienced photographer or a beginner, the Life Library of Photography can't help but bring you closer to the kinds of photographs you've always dreamed of creating.

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Just as a picture is worth a thousand words, you must really see the Life Library of Photography yourself — and try some of its suggestions — to appreciate how much it can mean to your picture-taking. That's why we invite you to send for this Volume for 10-days free examination without obligation. If postpaid card is missing, use the handy coupon.

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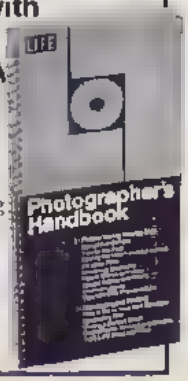
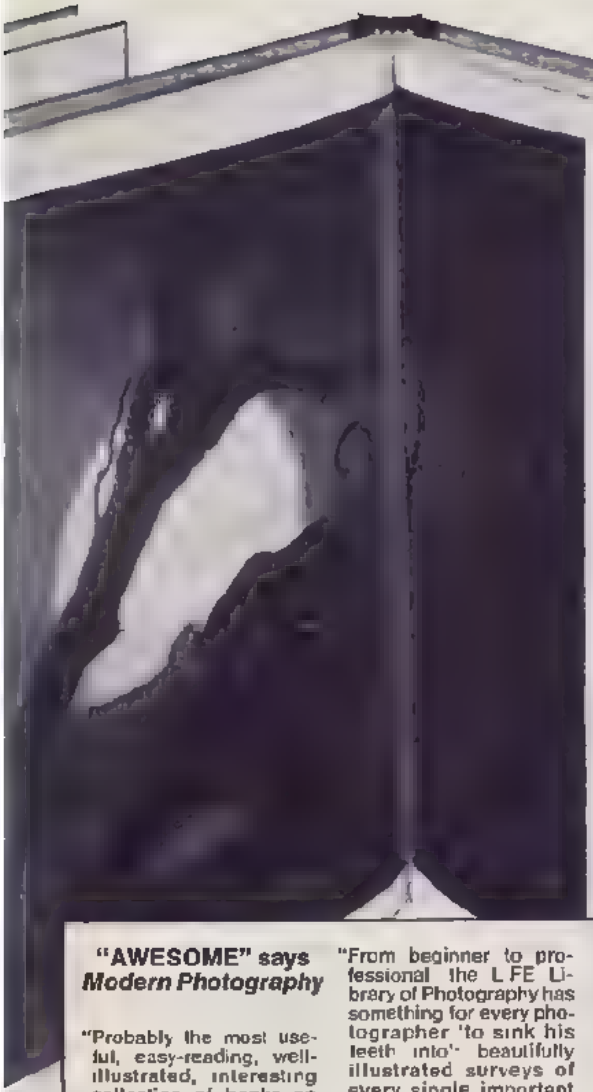
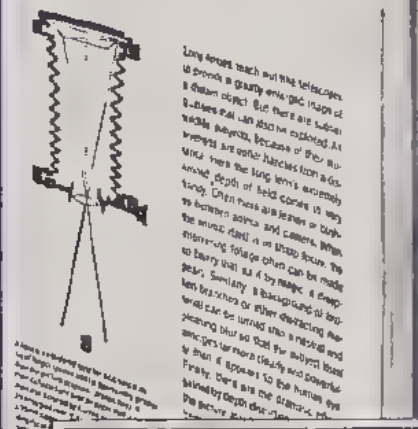
This valuable 64-page pocket-sized manual contains hundreds of tips and ideas for taking and making better pictures. Includes 150 photographs and drawings, dozens of charts and tables.



the creative pleasures of photography

TIME LIFE BOOKS





This portrait, by Evelyn Hofer, is actually a color photograph in the volume *Color*—one of many examples of how to use color to add to a picture's aesthetic appeal.

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books is Joe Namath's ***A Matter of Style*** (Little, Brown). With the help of plenty of pictures and sportswriter Bob Oates, Jr., Joe reveals how he passes, plots and perplexes the opposition (when he's healthy). ***The Great American Baseball Card Flipping, Trading and Bubblegum Book*** (Little, Brown) is a paean by Brendan C. Boyd and Fred C. Harris to batsmen, bumblers and the bubblegum makers who spread their images across the land. Wanna trade two Stan Musials for a Mickey Mantle?

Finally, just for the hell of it, ***The Harvard Lampoon Centennial Celebration 1876–1973*** (Little, Brown) offers a feast of features, selected by Martin Kaplan, from several generations of Cambridge wits, including the memorable *Lampoon* takeoff on PLAYBOY. Happy reading.

•

Near the end of the last Presidential campaign, Candice Bergen appeared in a McGovern press room in Long Beach, California, and announced to the exhausted reporters who were hastily phoning in their stories: "You all suck." Well ... it's a better line than anything she's ever been given in a movie, but did the reporters deserve it? Timothy Crouse's ***The Boys on the Bus*** (Random House) goes a long way toward answering that question. While the nation's best political journalists scrambled around the country dutifully recording McGovern's blunders and Nixon's noncampaign of occasional homilies, soaking up free whiskey, getting by on four hours' sleep a night, trying to placate their editors and anticipate their competitors' stories, Crouse covered the press itself—covered the coverage. He is better with personalities than with issues—probably because the reporters themselves are the best evidence around that Spiro Agnew (R.I.P.) was just braying at the moon when he tried to paint the press as a vast conspiracy of like minded men out to do in Richard Nixon. The truth is that these men worked hard and followed only the standards of their profession, not the seductions of ideology. They were as hard on McGovern as they were on Nixon. Maybe harder. And that is their job. Some of them are likable, humorous men like James Naughton, Jules Witcover and Dick Stout, who finally irritated Jane Muskie so much that she pushed a piece of cake into his face. (A joke, it was later explained.) Some of these journalists are hustling egoists. Like R. W. "Johnny" Apple of *The New York Times*. And some are patrician gentlemen, like David Broder of *The Washington Post*. But all of them adhere to professional standards and cherish the respect of their peers. This alone makes them far more honorable men than their enemies, the politicians who will sell honor and dignity—their very souls—for a few million votes.

•

John Sack is one of our better reporters. His Vietnam book, *M*, was one of the very best to come out of the war, perhaps *the* best. But Sack has slipped some—first with his *Lieutenant Calley*, which he co-authored with Vietnam's most famous (notorious?) soldier, and now with ***The Man-Eating Machine*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Most of Sack's reporting is still first-rate, but the notion of stringing four magazine articles together, then adding a little moral commentary to make a book, was a little hasty. Especially when that commentary is of the sort that claims "We were all William Calley." One asks, "Even the soldiers who refused to commit atrocities in My Lai?" On the same subject: ***The Man Who Won the Medal of Honor*** (Random House) is a tirade that author Len Giovannitti has passed off as a novel. His narrator has been awarded the Medal of Honor when the only people he killed in Vietnam were Americans. At the White House ceremony, he goes for the Big Fragging. He fails and so does this witless book.

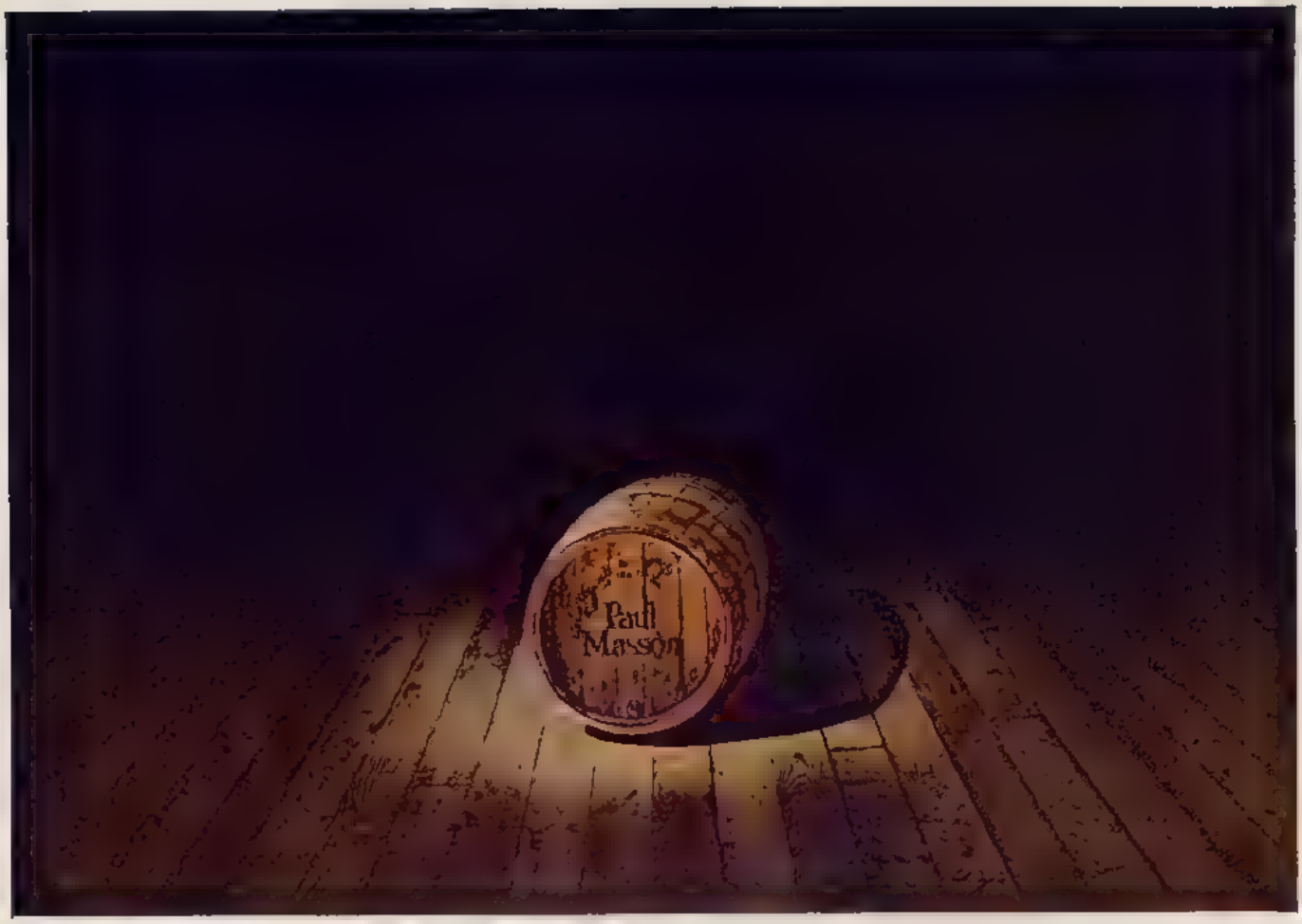
•

"'Fucking grex venalium,' he muttered, displaying both aspects of his background—the slums and the university halls. . . ." Well, that's quite a mutter, but any thriller addict will promptly identify the mutterer. Who but Dr. Jonathan Hemlock, the multitalented dude—academician, art authority, mountaineer, sexual athlete and smiling assassin for CII—invented by monomonickered author Trevanian and turned loose last year in *The Eiger Sanction*, a sleeper (though grabbed by the Playboy Book Club) that was practically self-propelled to best-sellerdom? Now Hemlock's back in ***The Loo Sanction*** (Crown), having split to England on a leisurely lecture tour. He thought. But hardly has he uttered his mutter than he's set up by a comely colleen, set upon by two goons and hauled off to Wessex (Thomas Hardy's name for Dorsetshire), there to meet the vicar, a bona fide cleric who doubles as head of Loo, England's equivalent of the CII. The vicar's problem is to retrieve films of government bigwigs cavorting in an exclusive orgy club called, of course, The Cloisters. The films have been sealed inside a Martini bronze to be auctioned at Sotheby's—and whoever buys it will obviously rule Britannia. So again it's sanction time for Hemlock. If you've read *Eiger*, you'll know what to expect. If not, expect a witty, swift-paced suspense extravaganza, with aptly dubbed characters such as Amazing Grace, a black beauty who's always nude; Van(essa) Dyke, a lesbian critic; Maximilian Strange, who runs The Cloisters and who combines a Dorian Gray complex with the tastes and talents of De Sade. Expect some damn good writing (belatedly lauded by Gore Vidal), with only occasional lapses. Expect throwaway gags, sophisticated dialog, show-off erudition like that *grex venalium* (Latin for "a herd of whores"), which was Dr. H.'s reaction to an ultra-Mod mob scene at a London *vernissage*. Also expect calculated camp—e.g., loo is British slang for privy and the outfit was so called because the HQ of MI-5 and MI-6 adjoined the men's room. But primarily expect the unexpected—jump cuts from realism to eroticism to exoticism, and from the gracious to the grisly. Finally, expect to be entertained, even enthralled and in Jonathan Hemlock expect to meet the James Bond of the Seventies. P. S. *Don't* expect another sleeper. Crown printed 50,000 copies, with an ad budget close to six figures.

•

George Plimpton's new book, ***Mad Ducks and Bears*** (Random House), is a sentimental pilgrimage back to the gridiron, in which he artfully interweaves a jumble

of anecdotes, recollections, conversations and diary excerpts to form an impressionistic portrait of the weird and violent world of pro football. It's a triple header, actually. First, an aborted project for a book on line play to be done by Plimpton with John "The Bear" Gordy and Alex "The Mad Duck" Karras, ex linemen for the Detroit Lions, yields, instead, a frightening/funny look at the thoughts and feelings of men who live on the line of scrimmage. Second, a huge chunk of the book consists of the diary Plimpton kept while he was training with the Baltimore Colts to prepare for four plays he would quarterback for a television special. The final segment focuses on Plimpton's



After you've harvested the noblest grapes... after your winemaster
has worked his magic... after you've done everything you can to make a fine wine,
you need one thing more to make it great: time.

Nothing good happens fast.
Paul Masson

© Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California, since 1852.

journalistic efforts to find out why the once-great Colt team deteriorated so suddenly last season. Like some other books cobbled together from leftover notes and tapes, plus previously published magazine pieces, this one could have been a zero. What saves it is the sometimes-hilarious, sometimes-maniacal behavior of its incredible cast of characters, and Plimpton's skill at combining his puzzled empathy and occasional insights into a rambling but always entertaining excursion.

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In the years since World War Two, New York City has become for the apocalypse what Loch Ness has been for the monster. Not even Washington can claim more frequent sightings of total disaster than New York. In Kansas City, or Bakersfield, one can proclaim the end of the world only so often before the family has him committed. Back East, persons suffering that syndrome are invited to contribute to *The New York Review of Books*. Emma Rothschild, a *New York Review* contributor, has described with clarity and force her view of the American apocalypse (automotive division) in this, her first book, ***Paradise Lost*** (Random House). She is a highly skilled writer and an able researcher and her book is easily the most readable and compelling of all the currently fashionable antitechnology tracts. Miss Rothschild is young, English and a former reporter/researcher for *The Times* of London. Her youth and her overseas origins make *Paradise Lost* even more impressive in the comprehensive technological detail of its coverage. As described on the jacket, "This book looks at the many problems that afflict the United States auto business, as well as the auto industry throughout the world." Which is putting it mildly. To say that the book "looks at the many problems" suggests an objective overview of America's automotive situation, which is not the case. Miss Rothschild presents every fact, every supposition, every quote as if she were a prosecuting attorney going for the death penalty. Even when some poor auto mogul is quoted in a context that presents him as aware of the problems and striving to do something about them, the lady seems to cluck with disapproval. Like her fellow technophobes, she can see absolutely no good in her chosen targets—even when they agree with her. Like Ralph Nader, she has chosen General Motors and one of its products as the keystone for her text. Interestingly enough, however, she has chosen the Vega, a roaring success, to illustrate her case, when, in fact, the robust Vega probably proves the opposite of her intended point. Far from being proof of G.M.'s inability to cope with the future, it seems to demonstrate a capability for flexible response to changing times. She describes a frantic industry, trying desperately to deal with hostile customers, hostile labor and hostile government, armed only with Henry Ford's worn-out manufacturing technology and Alfred Sloan's 50-year-old merchandising battle plan. Her only solution—perhaps hope is a better word—lies in her vision of a quaintly evolutionary socialistic reordering of American priorities that would remove the management of our transportation resources from the hands of the auto biggies and turn it over to . . . the people? One is not sure. Perhaps the problem with her thesis has to do with her vantage point. She is English and she tried to uncover the definitive and final truth about the American automobile as seen from New York. It is true that the automobile no longer works in New York, nor in several of the smaller satellite New Yorks scattered around the country. But *nothing* works in those places, and it would be hard, even unjust to blame the automobile any more than the Democratic Party or pettifogging state legislatures or the built-in but manageable flaws of a capitalist system. The automobile remains as essential in our Sheridan, Wyomings, as it is useless in our New Yorks. Like most antidotes for apocalypse, Miss Rothschild's cure for the automobile requires that everyone in the United States simply stop living, working and playing the way he is and start living in a way that would be more

acceptable to her and to her peers in the antitechnology intelligentsia. This seems a harsh price for the nation to pay, just to jumble our auto-industrial establishment.

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Bend Sinister (McGraw-Hill), we are informed from the handsome dust jacket, is the first novel Vladimir Nabokov wrote in America. Its republication at this point in time (if one may borrow a phrase) is a good thing. The book was written in 1943 and 1946 and was published in 1947, years in which a particular tyranny was massacred in a manner to match some of its own horrors. The actors and locale have changed, but the old theme hasn't. Adam Krug, professor of philosophy, is a citizen of that Nabokov fun Erewhon somewhere between Stalin's galloping lunacy and Hitler's bubbling insanity. Paduk, a former schoolboy chum of the professor's (known as the Toad in gentler days), has just become boss of the country in a bloody coup. The new creed is called Ekwilism, a name that suggests its matter: the redistribution of human consciousness so that no one man has more than another, or some such nonsense. Krug, whose wife has just died after an unsuccessful operation, is being hounded to endorse the new state philosophy. Although riddled with grief, the professor has enough mind left not to lend himself to such an abomination. Which is a mistake, or a glory, depending on your point of view. In any event, after his refusal begins the disappearance of his friends and the surreal agony of political persuasion. Nabokov's talents are splendidly suited to the task of tracking down the sinister bends of official pursuit. With his background of exile and his passion for wordplay and mirror image, he stylizes, as perhaps no one else can, the familiar and terrible landscape that is to be seen between the conscience and the concentration camp. Krug, of course, is destroyed as any state can destroy an individual if it so wishes, but in the process of destruction, Nabokov traces with magical art the equivalence of the madness into which Krug retreats and the madness from which he has withdrawn. A beloved son is sacrificed to Krug's conscience and the state's dumb will and once again the classic ambiguity becomes clear: Nothing is worth it—nothing—and except for the human inability to swallow the stupidity and cruelty of others, mankind would have given up long ago. Nabokov is unique in many ways, but particularly in the way of exploring the hidden corners of terror. To quote his later masterpiece *Lolita*: "It has bits of marrow sticking to it, and blood and beautiful bright green flies."

•

His Picture in the Papers (Charterhouse) by *Time-Life* film critic Richard Schickel, is described as "A Speculation on Celebrity in America Based on the Life of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr." Author Schickel's discursive and ruminative biography borrows its title from an early Fairbanks film and reaches the unsurprising conclusion that we perhaps punish our idols after raising them too high. There is a great deal more of conjecture and instant social analysis in a book that manages to sound simultaneously glib and pontifical, and it is best when it sticks to the salient facts about Fairbanks himself—what he did, and how, and where his fabulous success went sour. As the screen's first superstar-ing stunt man, whose *Zorro* and *Thief*

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of Bagdad paved the way for swashbucklers such as Errol Flynn (not to mention Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who was out of favor for long stretches because the egocentric Doug, Sr., as age overtook him, didn't relish a grown son following in Dad's flashy footsteps). Fairbanks married America's sweetheart Mary Pickford and played king to his queenly Little Mary at Pickfair, the celebrated family seat that functioned as a kind of Western White House back in the heyday of silent movies. Doug and Mary entertained royalty and rich Eastern members of the smart set who had once considered Hollywood, socially speaking, a cut below Devil's Island. By so doing, the gregarious Fairbanks gave moviedom's new aristocracy a model they would follow for generations to come. Though the Fairbanks-Pickford perfect union was disrupted by scandal and divorce years later, their devoted fans never seemed to mind that Doug and Mary had severed ties with former mates and their Catholic faith in order to marry in the first place. When treating Fairbanks as an artist who wrote, produced and performed the athletic spectacles that fixed his name in the Hollywood pantheon, Schickel quotes generously from writers and critics of the period- also from Alistair Cooke's shrewd critical study of Fairbanks, published in 1940—then hastens back to his digressions about fickle fame, touching upon everything from Shirley MacLaine's politics and Marshall McLuhan's oracular pronouncements to the assassination of John Kennedy. He seems, at times, to return reluctantly to the routine business of biography, as if Fairbanks were merely a big name chosen for bait—the come-on for a much more serious but less appealing book that Schickel hasn't quite found time to write.

•

What is needed to bring the banking industry to life is an insider's confessional, written with great style and wit. Unfortunately, it is well known that bankers are among the world's least witty people and that style in banks is frowned upon. So, instead, we are invited to settle for ***The Dollar Barons*** (Macmillan), a comprehensible, if less than delectable, diatribe by an outsider, Christopher Elias, a journalist who has been following bankers for many years. Many of his arguments against credit cards, against the independence of the Federal Reserve Board, against the "usurious" eight percent interest charge on mortgages- seem weak and, in some cases, rather simple-minded. But Elias does a creditable job of tracing the history of banking in this country through one conflict of interest to another and has given the reader some sense of what banking power is all about- and of how it is often at odds with the social good. How was it that the Morgan Guaranty and Trust Company sold 391,575 shares of Penn Central stock before the full significance of that railroad's financial difficulties was known? How was it that the Cleveland Trust Company had accumulated for its trust accounts 35 percent of all the outstanding stock in—the Cleveland Trust Company? How did Chase Manhattan work hand and glove with Gulf & Western as that conglomerate acquired one company after another? The general public knows far more about

the stock market and brokerage firms than about the "real" financial power in this country -the banks. *The Dollar Barons* is not a bad place to start to learn more.

•

The Gift (Random House) is Pete Hamill's short novel about a young sailor who returns to his family for Christmas leave during the Korean War. The setting is Brooklyn and the people are poor Irish, and the temptations for weepy sentimentality are great. But Hamill plays the whole thing straight and the book is a small gem; not perfect but real and written with obvious feeling and honesty. The only thing is—$4.95 seems a little steep for 85 pages.

RECORDINGS

Despite the gimmicks and the gewgaws that pop up at Christmastime as just the gift you've been looking for, multiple-LP albums still rate five stars for yule giving—or getting. If your Christmas bonus runneth over, you might feel like splurging on Philips' four-album, 16-LP packaging of Richard Wagner's "Ring" cycle recorded at Bayreuth during the 1966 and 1967 seasons. The conductor is Karl Böhm; some of the principal singers are Birgit Nilsson, Kurt Bohme and Leonie Rysanek, and the overall effect of total immersion in ***Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried*** and ***Götterdämmerung*** is stunning. So is the price—$104.70- but Christmas comes but once a year. Another major project has been completed just in time for the festive season. RCA is offering almost everything pianist Sergei Rachmaninoff recorded. ***The Complete Rachmaninoff*** amounts to a five-album, 15-LP collection, covers a 23-year span—from 1919 to 1942—and includes a large body of his own work. In short, a collector's dream. Also available from the same company is the four-LP album ***The Tenor of the Century: Caruso***. It includes a number of selections not previously put out commercially.

On a more modest scale, but impressive nevertheless, is ***Gregorian Chant*** (Columbia), performed by students of the Schola Cantorum of Amsterdam and conducted by Wim van Gerven. The sound is fantastic all the way through this three-LP album and the voices and music are—well -heavenly. Although volume two of ***The Art of Igor Kipnis***, harpsichord and clavichord music of England, Germany and Austria, is actually a repackaging of LPs that had previously been offered singly on the Epic and Odyssey labels, the new Columbia album is a worthwhile convenience and makes a handsome gift. Then there's Angel's album of music for Prokofiev's ballet ***Romeo and Juliet***, performed by the London Symphony Orchestra under Andre Previn—three LPs of lush, romantic sound.

Speaking of ***Romeo and Juliet***, Capitol has issued the complete sound track from the Franco Zeffirelli film. It holds up very well on the turntable, which may be something of a tribute to Zeffirelli, but the real kudos obviously belong to good old Will Shakespeare. They don't write 'em like that anymore. Dick Gregory is no slouch with words either, as everyone who is even slightly into humor can vouchsafe. ***Caught in the Act*** (Poppy) captures Gregory's farewell night-club performance (he'll be limiting himself to campus appearances) and by the time he works his way through the two LPs there's hardly a sacred cow—political or social —that hasn't been butchered. Farewell and hail!

Old wine in new bottles seems to be the order of the day in the jazz/pop/rock fields. Atlantic, long one of the most prestigious names in those areas, has reconstituted the old Commodore label into five twin-LP offerings under the umbrella ***The Commodore Years***. They include: two albums featuring the tenor sax (one with Coleman Hawkins and Frank Wess, the other with Chu Berry, Ben Webster and Lester Young); one starring Jelly Roll Morton; a fourth on the famous Town Hall Jazz Concert of 1945, spotlighting such greats as Red Norvo, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Dou Bvas, Charlie Ventura and Stuff Smith; and a fifth album devoted to the wares of Eddie Condon and Bud Freeman. A monster jazz trip down memory lane. Atlantic has put out a couple of splendid twin LP reprises of its own to celebrate a quarter century in the record biz. ***The Jazz Years*** (with such luminaries as Monk, Mann, Mingus, McCann and the MJQ. Marvelous!) and ***The Soul Years*** (from

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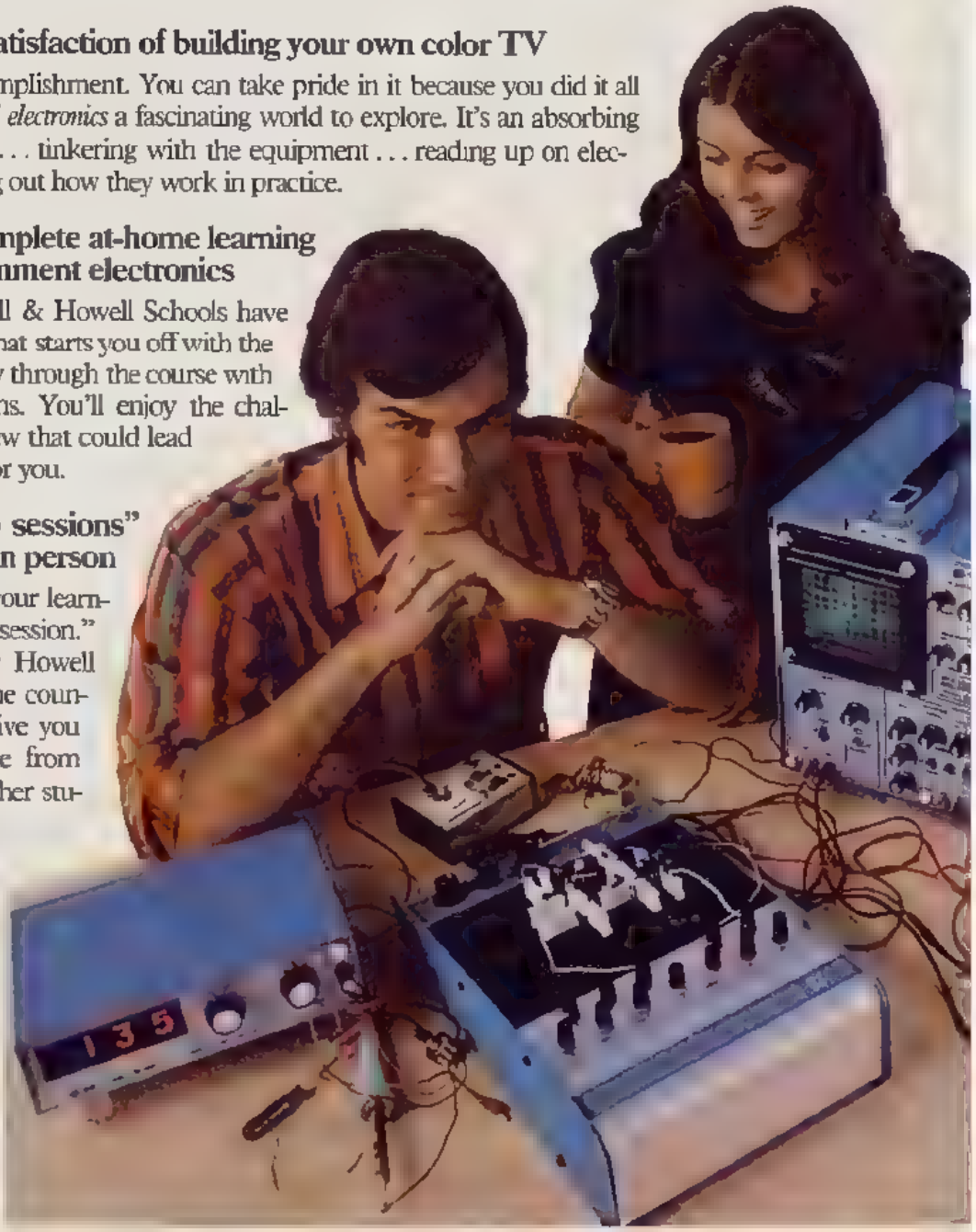

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LaVern Baker to Betty Wright, with Brook Benton, Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett and many others in between). Those 25 years were vintage.

Movie musical freaks can have a field day with a quartet of MGM album offerings. Four twin LP packages contain the sound tracks from ***Singin' in the Rain*** and ***Easter Parade, The Band Wagon*** and ***Kiss Me Kate, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*** and ***Rose Marie,*** and ***Till the Clouds Roll By*** and ***Three Little Words.*** Pass the popcorn. Jazz buffs should dig Verve's six-volume, single LP set of ***The Newport Years,*** recordings made before the circus took over and the *Jazz* festival had to be moved to the Big Apple. Featured are such stellar attractions as Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday, Count Basie and Jimmy Rushing, Dizzy Gillespie, Teddy Wilson, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson and Coleman Hawkins. Halcyon days. Capitol's Christmas gift to rockniks is a slipcased presentation of three albums that are well worth reviving: ***Sailor*** by the Steve Miller Band, ***Music from Big Pink*** by The Band and ***Quicksilver Messenger Service.*** An impressive trio. Nostalgia of another sort may be indulged in by picking up on MCA's sound track from ***American Graffiti.*** Bill Haley, the Beach Boys, Buddy Holly, the Platters—they're all on tap. Followers of Bette Midler and the Pointer Sisters would do well to plug into ***The Best of the Andrews Sisters*** (MCA). The close-harmony efforts of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne hold up surprisingly well. Thirty years later, the likes of *Rum and Coca-Cola, Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar, Rhumboogie* and *Hold Tight* have lost little of their luster.

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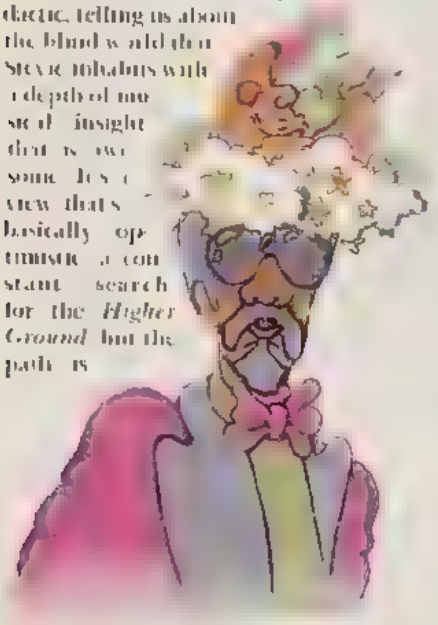
Stevie Wonder's ***Innervisions*** (Tamla) is a beautiful fusion of the lyric and the eclectic, telling us about the blind wild boy Stevie inhabits with a depth of musical insight that is awesome. It's a view that's basically optimistic, a constant search for the *Higher Ground* but the path is



full of snares: dope (*Too High*), lies (*Jesus Children of America*) and the starkly rendered poison of the city (*Living for the City*). Wonder seems to say that all people delude themselves but have to be willing to pay their dues and existentially accept the present. "Today's not yesterday. / And all things have an ending" is the way he puts it in *Visions*, the key tune of the album—pretty yet serious, harmonically vivid. There's a lot of varied music here. Latin *reggae*, even a nod to Johnny Mathis (*All in Love Is Fair*)—but it's all Stevie, unmistakably. He plays most of the instruments, through overdubbing, and there isn't a phony note anywhere. Word had it that, after his August car crash, Wonder wouldn't be playing concerts for several months. We wish him well—with an album like this he shows he has a lot of strength—musical and emotional—to fall back on.

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The world is probably full of latent Zappaphiles, those who, through one pass of fate or another, have never been made aware of Frank Zappa's zircon-encrusted groove of rancid madness. For these benighted folk, the place to start is not with an abortive magnum opus such as *200 Motels* but with ***Over-nite Sensation*** (DiscReet), a happy return to the inane preoccupations of yesteryear, like raising dental floss and fucking. The latter always occurs in the most bizarre circumstances, as it does in *Camarillo Brillo*, a touching encounter with a Magic Mommy who breeds dwarfs, throws a mean curve and has a "burning incense stencher": "She stripped away / Her rancid poncho / An' laid out naked by the door. We did it till we were on conchos / An' it was useless any more." *Dinah Moe Humm* and *Dirty Love* are perhaps the highlights in this collection of Frank's freaks which is, as we said, a good place for the uninitiated to begin.

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The playing of Ian Matthews has always been tasteful and polished, from his early Fairport Convention days to his newest effort, under Michael Nesmith's production, ***Valley Hi*** (Elektra). This is folk rock from various points of view, all flawlessly negotiated: the country charm of *Shady Lies*; the descending chords of Jackson Browne's *These Days*, punctuated by fine acoustic and steel guitar work; and the traditional folk ballad *Old Man at the Mill*, here somewhat Anglicized but nonetheless successful. This is a rich album—in sound, production technical skill and taste.

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Mama Muldaur (Reprise)—she of the fine shape and the slinky, crystalline voice—has come out of the Woodstock woodwork to make a magnificent album, her first solo album under her own name. Maria has moved a long way from the days of Jim Kweskin's Jug Band, and she has brought with her a roster of accompanying musicians as varied and as fine as the music she sings. Richard Greene, Bill Keith, Mac Rebennack, Ry Cooder, Chris Ethridge, and more. The tunes tend to fall into categories, the raunchy, honky tonk or Dixie stuff (e.g., *Vaudeville Man*), jazzish pop such as *Midnight at the Oasis*, a great song given great production by Lenny Waronker and Joe Boyd and a beautifully insinuating vocal by Maria; and two tunes—Kate McGarrigle's *The Work Song* and Wendy Waldman's *Mad Mad Me*—that are beyond categorizing. The latter is a Joni Mitchell kind of song but with more depth to the lyrics, and Maria seems to infuse every part of herself into this lovely and powerful piece. This could hardly be called a debut album, since Maria's been on the scene for ten years or so, but it's a dazzling display of her far-ranging, sophisticated talent.

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Although you might not have known it from *Exile on Main St.*, Mick Jagger is again lurking in the bushes as Jumping Jack Flash, ready to pounce on the unsuspecting listener in a variety of poses. In ***Goats Head Soup*** (Rolling Stones), maybe the best album the Stones have ever done, Mick cavorts as everything from the Devil's partner (*Dancing with Mr. D*) to outraged humorist (*Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo, Heartbreaker*). In between, he works in a Van Morrison pastoral vein or shifts to a poignant, higher register in a ballad about lost love (*Angie*), or lets us in on the frenetic doings on the superstars and their chicks, the star fuckers (*Star Star*). Jagger carries out this program with perfect aplomb, because he is a great master of disguise: the put-on and—still and forever—that elusive style of caring musically without seeming to care. The others in the group have always been relatively unsung supporters of the Jagger mystique, but Keith Richard and Nicky Hopkins take absolute charge of much of the music that's produced here. The instrumental climax of the album occurs in the paced, flowing and powerful *Can You Hear the Music*, while some hot bass lines get clear of the ensemble blast on one great rock 'n' roll number, *Silver Train*. It's good to know that Mick is no longer hung up in the Mr. Nigro Bluesman pose he assumed for *Exile*—one in which he never seemed comfortable.

DINING-DRINKING

An old church in a city where spirituous beverages are regarded with suspicion, if not downright hostility, seems an unlikely place to look for fine food. Nevertheless, you'll find some of the best Italian food this side of Naples at the ***Ristorante della Fontana,*** a converted church at 356 South Fourth East in Salt Lake City. The stained-glass windows are still intact, pews

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seat some of the diners and the pulpit decorates the lobby. Where the baptismal font once stood, however, there's now a ceiling-high fountain; the choir loft has become a waiting room and bar (bring-your-own, as defined by Utah law), and the hushed reverence of the faithful has given way to an atmosphere of relaxed camaraderie. Everyone is welcome and guests include well-dressed families enjoying an evening out, high school kids entertaining their dates and, in the winter months, a substantial number of casually clad and sun tanned skiers in from the several major slopes that lie within an easy half hour's drive. (The surrounding Wasatch Mountains are touted as the deep-powder capital of the world.) Beyond the charm and conviviality, the Fontana's reputation is based on the manner in which excellent service is combined with superb cuisine. The emphasis

is on dining as a total experience. If a sign of good service is being barely aware that you're being waited on, having needs met almost before they've become conscious, then the Fontana's service is near perfect. The pace is leisurely, calculated to enhance the food and to allow you to savor each course before the next is served. (You can order à la carte, but do yourself a favor—don't.) The first course is the thickest, heartiest *Minestrone* we've ever tasted, crammed full of vegetables. Resist the temptation to fill up on it, because there's fresh melon coming, followed by a crisp Heart of Romaine Salad (try the house dressing—bleu cheese in a base of oil and vinegar; it's great), a pasta course (your choice of ravioli, spaghetti or spinach noodles) and Italian ice to clear the palate. Up to this point, everything has been prepared with such loving care and attention to detail that it's hard to believe the entree can measure up. It does. The *Parmiggiana al Forno* is superb—tender slices of veal (when available—beef when it isn't) cooked in a lightly spiced sauce of parmesan and mushrooms with a taste subtler than any Italian recipe we've tried. *Merluzzo al Forno in Casseruola* is a baked casserole of halibut with mushrooms in a cream sauce that makes you wonder why halibut has never tasted so good. If you like chicken livers, the *Fegato di Pollo con Funghi* (mushrooms) will turn you on. Chicken? Try the chicken breast stuffed with delicately seasoned dressing and served with supreme sauce, or the *Cacciatora*, both excellent. There are over a dozen entrees from which to choose and all, including such presumably pedestrian dishes as spaghetti, ravioli and lasagna, are prepared with flair and creativity. As if all this weren't enough, there's still coffee and dessert: a basket loaded with fresh fruit and cheese. And one more pleasant surprise: the size of the check. The dinner—all seven courses—will set you back only $3.50 to $7.25 (for the New York strip steak). Three-course lunches run from $1.95 to $3.60 and include soup, an entree and your choice of melon, pasta, salad or Italian ice. A word of warning is in order for those who feel that no meal is complete without wine or cocktails. Utah's liquor laws, as we've implied, are, well, eccentric. Alcoholic beverages can be sold only by the bottle in state liquor stores. Fortunately many eating establishments just happen to have such a store on the premises—a closet or some other converted space stocked with wines and/or drink-size minibottles of hard liquor. The Fontana's store has an adequate selection of wines, mostly domestic, but no hard liquor. If you want mixed drinks, you'll have to take your own bottle; you're also welcome to take your own wine. Setups and mixes are available at a nominal charge, as is wine service. The Fontana is always crowded, so reservations are strongly recommended (801 328-4243). Even so, you'll probably wait a bit before being seated; but that's to be expected in an establishment that refuses to hurry its guests. The Fontana is open Monday through Thursday from 11:30 A.M. to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday until 11 P.M. or later. American Express, BankAmericard and Master Charge are accepted.

MOVIES

Among directors of action drama, Hollywood veteran Don Siegel can claim credit for such movies as *Dirty Harry* and *The Beguiled*, and he also helped launch the career of Sam Peckinpah. Siegel's 29th film, ***Charley Varrick***, is a virtually flawless work of its kind—tough, unsentimental, fast moving entertainment, played to the hilt. If anyone in the movie world still cares, it is also covertly fascist in its endorsement of violence and the view that moral values are irrelevant as long as the right guy comes out on top. Mr. Right in this instance is the title character, a stunt flier turned bank robber who knocks over a bank in a whistle-stop Western town and learns too late that he and his accomplices have unknowingly grabbed a huge stash of Mafia gambling money in transit from Las Vegas. When a Mafia killer (deftly played by Joe Don Baker, a movie meanie worthy of the name) comes after them, Varrick frames his friends, tricks his enemies and presumably wins the admiration of every moviegoer who has ever secretly yearned to get away with grand larceny and murder. If anyone but Walter Matthau were cast in the part, it would be clear enough that Charley Varrick is an utter son of a bitch, but Matthau plays him with such easygoing Teddy bear charm that it becomes almost cute when Charley says goodbye to his dead wife (shot during the robbery), with time out for a tender kiss as he sprinkles gasoline over her still-warm body and sends her up in smoke in their getaway car. Felicia Farr (Mrs. Jack Lemmon in private life), Sheree North and Andy Robinson lend effective support in a piece that smacks of first-rate professionalism in all departments. What Siegel does may be of questionable value in the long haul, but there's no denying his skill at projecting *Charley Varrick* with a certain malevolent force.

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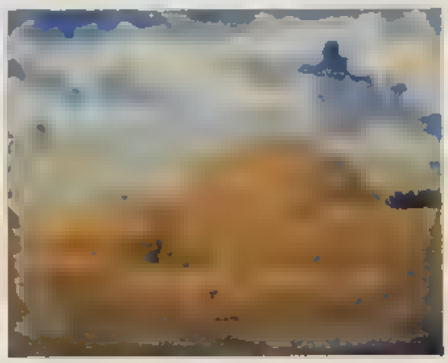
Second-, third- and fourth-generation American moviegoers whose great-grandparents or great-great grandparents came over from the old country—and that includes a large majority of us—should find ***The New Land*** an altogether admirable sequel to Jan Troell's *The Emigrants*. As co-scenarist, director, photographer and editor of his films, Troell exhibits the same flawless taste and quiet compassion toward the family of Swedish emigrants (again led superbly by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Eddie Axberg) who were



last seen on the verge of settling down in Minnesota. During the latter part of the 19th Century, they endure the hardships of hunger, sickness, childbirth, gold fever, untimely death and a Sioux uprising—all recounted in simple human terms with little emphasis on dramatic fireworks. The touching epilog, in fact, is merely a vintage family portrait mailed back to Sweden circa 1890 with a message from a neighbor, who writes pointedly, "Your brother's children have forgotten Swedish." Today's audiences, conditioned by the hard-sell cinema of shock, may find Troell's work slow in tempo, yet *New*

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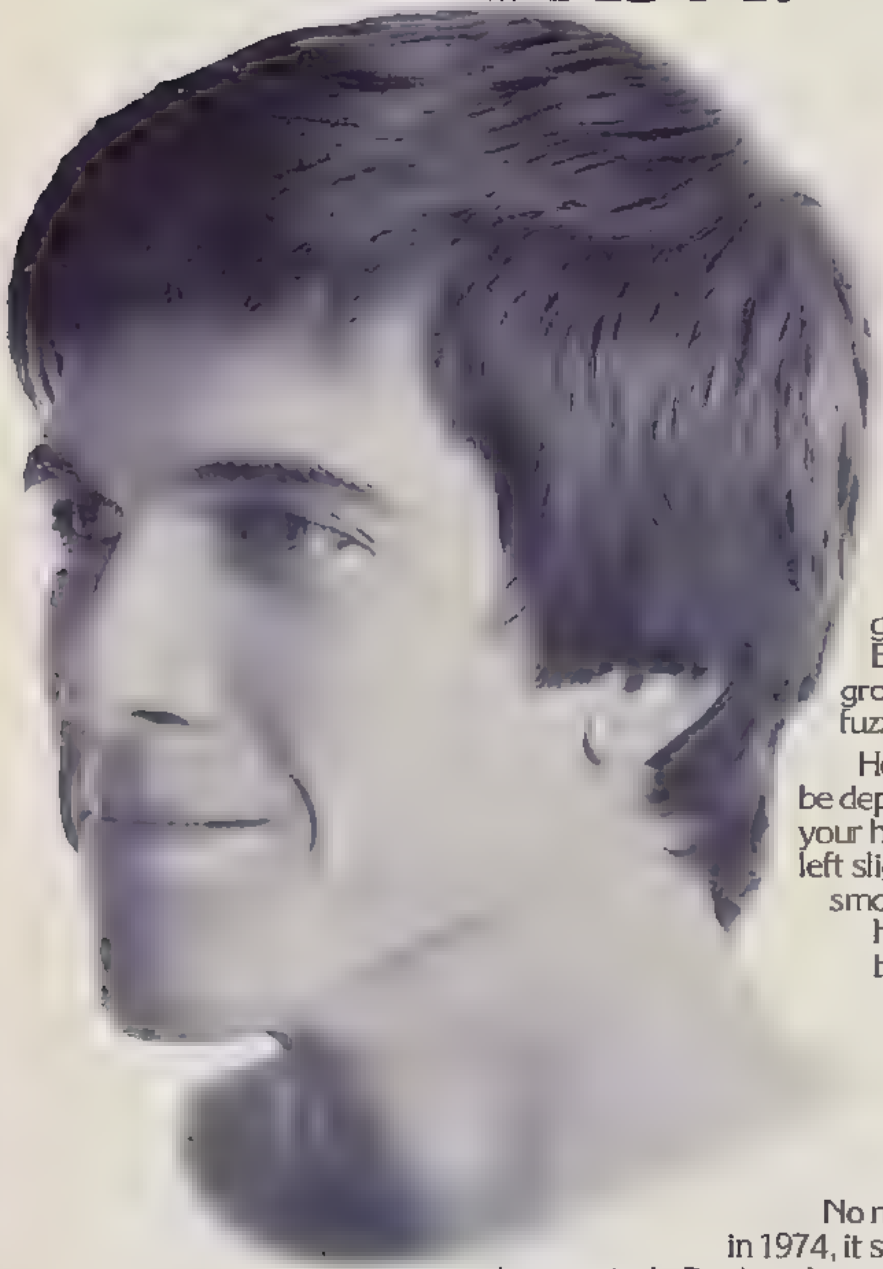

Short is still the opposite of long. But super-clipped sides are out. Your hair should be about the same length all over. Say 1" to 1-1/2", depending on texture. If your side hairs are growing to this length a little Brylcreem Hairdressing will groom them so they don't look fuzzy and unruly.

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And how to have long hair in 1974.

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If your long hair is getting thin on top, cut it shorter; it will bulk up and look thicker. If you're training hair over a thin place, Power Hold Dry Spray is your best friend for holding it where you want it all day.

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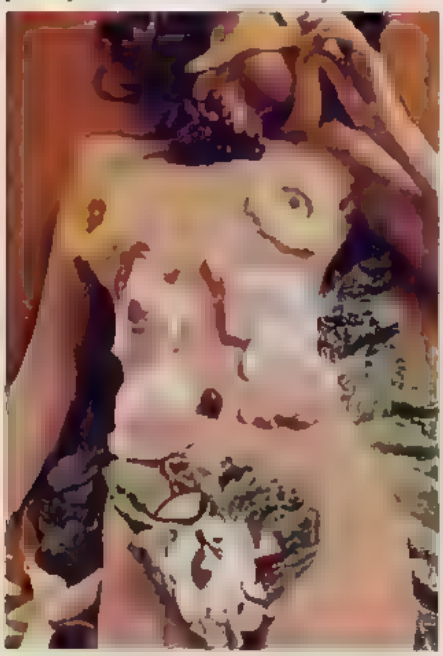
Land and its companion piece are definitive films—both idealistic and enlightened and mercifully free of the usual flag-waving frontier corn.

•

Two of the seven deadly sins—namely, gluttony and lust—are explored *ad nauseam* in **The Grande Bouffe** (*The Big Feast*), probably the most controversial major film since *Last Tango in Paris*. In fact, Italian director Marco Ferreri and a couple of outraged patrons came to blows over *Bouffe* at the 1973 Cannes Film Festival, while festival judge Ingrid Bergman volubly deplored having to sit through such offensive material. Despite the brouhaha, Ferreri's far-out comedy won an International Critics Prize—and deserved it. Vulgar but brilliant, crude but pointedly sardonic, this outrageous no-holes-barred satire co-stars Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Philippe Noiret and Ugo Tognazzi as four affluent gentlemen—respectively, an airline pilot, a TV producer, a judge and a chef—who repair to an elegant mansion to commit suicide by overfeeding themselves. The idea of fornicating to death as well comes as an afterthought, and the quartet is abetted thereto by three hookers and a plump schoolteacher (the latter marvelously played by Andrea Ferreol) who evidently embodies some eternal female principle—since she ultimately beats her



gluttonous male hosts at their own game. A film maker with avowed leftist leanings, Ferreri leaves little doubt that what he has in mind in *Grande Bouffe* is a symbolic celebration of the end of the *bourgeoisie*—a hedonistic consumer society glutting itself to the point of extinction. He tops his statement with a climactic image of raw meat and sides of beef hung over shrubs and trees outside the house, largely ignored by a pack of dogs—creatures too sensible to eat when they're not hungry—though by this time most of the principals have succumbed to their ravenous appetites and have been stashed in a freezer. Explicit references to belching, farting, fucking and defecation are so frequent that it sounds like a contradiction to add that the actors perform their voluptuous rites in the best possible taste, even with flourishes of real refinement. Perhaps the most startling moment is a scene in which Tognazzi, near death but ready to climax, lies stretched on a kitchen table for an exquisitely sensual send-off, simultaneously enjoying a rich soufflé and a hand job. Though Ferreri goes too far—or farther than necessary for the film's avowed purpose—he is a fierce, uncompromising satirist who seldom loses sight of his goal. Like it or loathe it, *Grande Bouffe* delivers a magnum of cultural shock. Better stay home if such dark and heady visions repulse you.

•

Jean-Paul Belmondo is back and oozing star quality from every pore in **The Inheritor**. "On planes or trains, I like to make love to a woman I don't know," murmurs Belmondo, coolly eying Carla Gravina in his role as a potent, power-hungry, dashing and filthy-rich heir to $150,000,000. Though writer-director Philippe Labro (whose last film was a tidy thriller called *Without Apparent Motive*) exploits Belmondo's superstud image even at the risk of cheapening his script, *The Inheritor* is a provocative tale—loaded with fast action, sleek women and a few fine true touches about life inside the entourage of a reformed jet-set swinger who begins to turn serious when he discovers that an act of sabotage caused his father's plane to crash and made him chief of a huge press-and-industrial conglomerate. Belmondo as young Bart Cordell becomes almost a Kennedylike figure, meeting assassination attempts and learning to his dismay that the Italian girl whom he rebelliously married—and who bore him a son—may be the pawn in a ruthless Mafia takeover engineered by her father. Labro's attempt to mix big-business shenanigans and the intrigues of an international crime syndicate with spills, thrills and sex looks strained now and then. But when the plot thickens, watching Belmondo operate provides adequate compensation—rather as if James Bond were appointed chairman of the board.

•

The art direction, camerawork and sheer gambler's instinct expended on the film version of **Jonathan Livingston Seagull** elicit a whistle of admiration, if not undiluted praise. Producer-director Hall Bartlett has created a movie chock full of the prettiest pictures you ever saw of blue skies, crashing surf, mountains, sunsets and sea birds, particularly the wild and trained gulls zooming in as doubles for the title character (whose voice is supplied by actor James Franciscus) and his winged disciples. It's all unabashedly inspirational and faintly banal, thus locked in close aesthetic kinship with Richard Bach's flyaway best seller about a bird addicted to freedom, self-expression, speed and somewhat metaphysical musings. If one wants to take the skeptical rather than the bird's-eye view for a moment,

Jonathan is doggedly middlebrow—ornithology's answer to *Lost Horizon* and *Love Story*, with a creamy musical score composed and performed on the sound track by Neil Diamond. Incurable dreamers aged seven to 70 are apt to find it enchanting, all the same, and why not? In an age of cynicism and moral slippage, a languid little hymn to positive thinking can justly lay claim to equal time.

•

Supreme Court or no Supreme Court, porno movies are still with us, some of them looking as uninhibited as ever. The latest from San Francisco's Mitchell Brothers (creators of *Behind the Green Door*) is **Resurrection of Eve**, again starring blonde Marilyn Chambers—the girl on the Ivory Snow box—as a scrumptious young creature whose disc jockey husband (Matthew Armon) introduces her to orgies. Turns out she likes them a lot better than he does. *Eve* suffers from poor writing, sloppy sound and camerawork, plus all the other ills that flesh flicks are heir to, yet beats most existing competition as both sex and cinema. The timely women's lib angle also helps a little. And Marilyn is a born winner: the Grace Kelly of hard-core, sizzling with sex appeal when she simply jumps up to dance.

•

Soft is the core of **Mistress Pamela**, an English-made tribute to *Tom Jones*, based on a creaky classic novel written

some years earlier by Samuel Richardson. Adapter-producer-director Jim O'Connolly has Ann Michelle as the luscious virgin at bay in the household of his lordship (Julian Barnes). *Mistress Pamela* natters away about hymens and maidenheads, with such asides as "Lust, desire . . . could they have put out their talon claws and gripped my vitals?"—to which the reply is, "A stiff prick has no conscience." It's good clean high-concentrate titillation, utterly inconsequential and occasionally sagging under the burden of virtue too long preserved.

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Perhaps to satisfy the demand for wholesome family fare, ***The Optimists*** stars Peter Sellers as a Chaplinesque old bum who sings on street corners in Piccadilly, his mangy cur alongside him, and charms the bejesus out of two poor tykes from the Battersea slums. Lionel (*Oliver!*) Bart contributed words and music for this English exercise in schmaltz—brim full of kids, dogs, crotchets and corn. Pessimism is apt to overwhelm optimism long before The End.

•

A Brooklyn square named George feeling buried alive in his father's printing shop, is the hero of ***Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30***, an amiable and quirky comedy by 31-year-old New York film maker Joseph Jacoby. John Lefkowitz as George and Linda DeCoff as Jackie—the off-off Broadway actress who gives him just a glimpse of the wide world beyond the Brooklyn Bridge—add warmth, color and counterpoint to writer-producer-director Jacoby's *Marty*-like portrait of a schnook.

•

Three meddlesome businessmen set out to find suitable husbands for a dead friend's widow and her comely daughter, and make a wonderful mess of things. That modest plot is all you need to know of ***Late Autumn***, another masterful human comedy made in 1960 by Japan's Yasujiro (*Tokyo Story*) Ozu, whose work was virtually unknown in the West until after his death. For the uninitiated, an Ozu film may seem as slow-paced and special, at first glance, as a Japanese tea ceremony. But have patience. "It's people who tend to complicate life . . . life itself is simple," is Ozu's timeless message, expressed here, as usual, with unfailing humor and transcendent poetic truth.

TELEVISION

Nostalgia is the key to some quality films-for-TV programing on ABC. Jane Fonda is scheduled to adorn the network on December 23 in Henrik Ibsen's classic of liberated womanhood, ***A Doll's House***, directed by Joseph Losey. It was a semihit in its American premiere last autumn at

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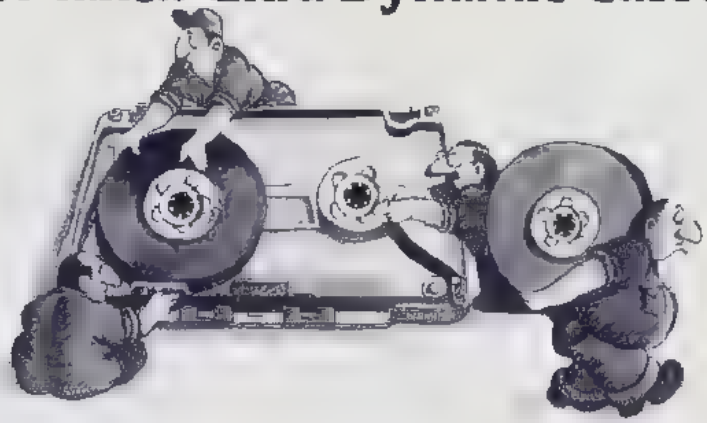

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the New York Film Festival. A rival movie version starring Claire Bloom as Ibsen's plucky Nora got into theaters first, and thus helped television sidetrack Jane onto the home screen—all to the good, since Fonda's performance has a decided edge in feminist militancy and contemporary zing. The evolution of Nora from caged canary to free soul was never stated more cogently.

•

Another glint of pure gold in ABC's line-up of films for television is provided by Katharine Hepburn in a new production of ***The Glass Menagerie,*** the luminous memory play by Tennessee Williams, first telecast on December 16 but slated for a rerun on January 20. Under producer David Susskind and director Anthony Harvey—who guided her through the film version of *The Lion in Winter*. Miss Hepburn delivers a performance as personalized as a monogram. In the role of Amanda Wingfield a Deep South supermom who wants only the best for her children, she expresses a New Englandy indomitability that's far sterner stuff than the gossamer castles in the air still spoken of in hushed voices by theater buffs who saw the original 1945 production starring the late great Laurette Taylor. No imitator, Miss Hepburn is inimitable. She also enjoys the advantages of fluid camerawork by England's Billy Williams (who filmed *Women in Love*) and a first-class supporting cast headed by Sam Waterston, Joanna Miles and Michael Moriarty. Though admirable one and all, Moriarty (the movie newcomer currently making a noise in *Bang the Drum Slowly*) plays *Menagerie*'s Gentleman Caller better than any predecessor, as if the part had been written for him just yesterday.

•

ABC's flashiest showpiece, however, will be ***F. Scott Fitzgerald and "The Last of the Belles,"*** a two-hour blend of pop biography and vintage Fitzgerald drama slated for Monday, January 7. While Richard Chamberlain and Blythe Danner, as Scott and Zelda, are the nominal stars of the opus, they are of secondary importance to the play-within-a-play offered by the Emmy award–winning team of writer James Costigan and director George Schaefer. Costigan picks up the unhappy couple at a captain's gala aboard ship in 1928, as they return from a European voyage characterized by "booze and general unpleasantness." Costigan has Chamberlain collaring ship stewards with such lines as, "I'm F. Scott Fitzgerald . . . I expect you've heard of *The Great Gatsby*." If there is any valid point to these meandering scenes of marital unrest, it seems to be to remind the folks out in televisionland that Fitzgerald was, by God, a *very* distinguished but drunken American writer whose heroines often resembled his beautiful, flapperish wife.

Happily, though, the better part of two hours is taken up with Costigan's expert dramatization of a superior Fitzgerald short story titled *The Last of the Belles*. Shot on location in Savannah, *Belles* evokes an era of lost innocence in America between World War One and the Roaring Twenties. Its hero is a Harvard man in uniform (David Huffman) who apparently serves his country by paying court to the town's top debutante a devastating Dixie ouns named Allie Calhoun, the one local girl whose social credentials seem to be in order. As Miss Calhoun, whose feverish search for a young man with "sincerity" actually means that she demands uncritical worship of her somewhat shallow charms, Susan Sarandon (heretofore seen principally as a regular on ABC's soap opera *A World Apart*) is a funny, captivating, ineffably sad paragon of classic Southern coquetry.

Ignore an occasional flashback to Chamberlain Fitzgerald at his writing table—supposedly in the act of composition—and *Last of the Belles* outdoes most previous efforts to catch the essence of Fitzgerald on film. There's less stress on plot than on probing characters of a particular time and place and social milieu. Steaming silences on a country-club dance floor are part of it, or maybe jazzing around in a vintage flivver, or leaving discarded beaux in the dust, while a world at war, oceans away, cannot quite subdue the insistent ricky-tick beat of *Back in Your Own Backyard* and *Valencia*. If it all seems faintly archaic and magnolia-scented, like an early Warner Bros. period piece with Bette Davis as the vixen in residence, that's because Costigan, Schaefer and Miss Sarandon have done their work so well. The much bigger names behind an imminent movie remake of *The Great Gatsby* may find this a tough act to follow.

THEATER

If a line such as "It will be the end of monarchy, I feel *ill* with shame" sends a shiver through your heart, then you may need medical attention—but by all means buy tickets to Royce Ryton's ***Crown Matrimonial.*** Everyone else could safely skip this

English import. Why bother retelling the story of the Duke of Windsor's abdication unless there is some new insight into character or politics? This is still the headstrong Edward (although there is a vague attempt to show that he would have been a modern, forward-looking king). And politics is largely a reason for name-dropping. "How was George of Greece?" said matter-of-factly, so that one knows that the characters are royal. The play's sole innovation is that Mrs. Simpson is kept offstage, leaving Edward—unconvincingly—to catalog her virtues and to reiterate that she is "the woman I love." Perhaps this should have been a musical. The most intriguing character is Queen Mary. Resolute, officious, she is devoted to the crown and negligent of her offspring. In a better play, Queen Mary would be monumental and—despite the familiarity of the drama—Edward might be tragic, but Ryton's writing is easy and predictable (here, with a third comes another curtain line). Although he has an occasional tendency to sound and look more like young Winston than young Windsor, George Grizzard gives quite a creditable performance and Eileen Herlie has thickly brocaded herself into the costume and the role of Queen Mary. The acting is lively, but it cannot vivify a lifeless play. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

•

A Japanese thief—he has just stolen a camera from another Japanese, because he is offended by the stereotype that all Japanese have cameras—is handcuffed to a radiator in the middle of a living room and, to his dismay, is not the center of attention. In fact, everyone ignores him. All around him is exploding a crazy anarchic comedy called ***Nourish the Beast*** and he is the least of the oddities onstage. The heroine of this new play by Steve Tesich (a comic discovery of the American Place Theater) is a casual Earth Mother named Goya. This is her house and these are her people—an orphan who grows up to be a large stolid cop (and finds neither role satisfying), Goya's hysterical prodigal daughter, a grandfatherly graybeard who becomes violent when anyone calls him grandpa, and the latest in a series of husbands (when one dies, she places a husband-wanted ad). The current one is dying—very gracefully—and this time *he* takes out an ad which keeps the doorbell buzzing and the comedy cascading. Like that thief, the author smashes stereotypes. His message is: You can be whatever you want to be. At times the humor is a bit too insistent, and some of the monologs go on too long—the play could use some judicious pruning—but it's original and effervescent, a wise, crackling contemporary equivalent of *You Can't Take It with You*. The cast (directed by Edwin Sherin), particularly Olympia Dukakis as Goya and Randy Kim as the thief, is blissfully in tune with Tesich. At the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce Street.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am unusually afraid to ask an attractive girl for a first date, whether she is an old friend or a new acquaintance. I fantasize that she will think that I am after her bod, that she will be repulsed, offended or, more realistically, that she will just not be interested. In most cases, I would like to have sex, but I am never pushy on the first date and I play it conservatively by ear after that. The risk of rejection, of being put down by a no, is greater than the possible benefit and ego boost of her saying yes. What should I do?—K. A., Edison, New Jersey.

Avoid confusion: Ask her to leave her bod home on your first date or ask her for a second date first. Your fear is self-defeating. Risks aren't real until you take them, and then they become consequences, which are a lot easier to live with. Failure at least gives you something tangible to work with; your forebodings of rejection don't. If she says yes, keep in mind that there are better parts of the anatomy to play it by than your ear.

During a forthcoming vacation, I expect to travel to England. I've heard that it is possible to buy an old prewar luxury auto—a Bentley or a Rolls—for less than $5000. Is this true and, if so, would I run into any trouble trying to get one into the United States?—A. A., St. Louis, Missouri.

A sales representative for Rolls-Royce says that it is possible to buy a vintage Rolls at a low price from a private source in England but that the chances of finding one are thin, especially on a brief visit. He also warns that the quality of a luxury auto available for $5000 probably would leave much to be desired and that unless you found a real bargain, the expenses involved in transporting and restoring the vehicle could bring the final cost close to the price of a new model. Current U.S. auto-safety requirements would not interfere with your scheme, since you would probably license the car as an antique vehicle. (Caution: Some states restrict highway use of antique cars.) None of the above arguments would discourage a true classic-car buff. Good hunting.

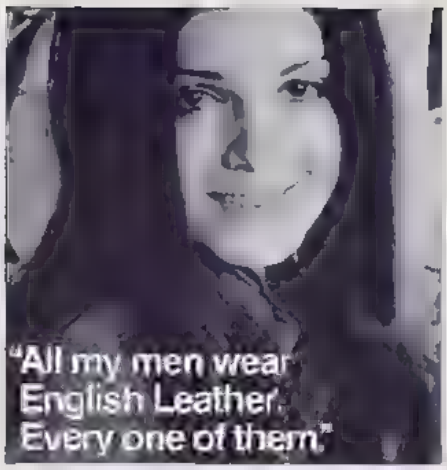
As a salesman for a clothing firm, I often entertain clients. An incident occurred on my last trip that has me puzzled. I called the buyer of my largest account and invited him to lunch. He accepted. When I met him at his office, he asked me if I had an expense account. I told him the truth, that I did not. He said that fact changed the place where we would eat. Instead of an expensive repast, we had beer and sandwiches at a quiet restaurant. I don't think I will lose the account because of this incident, but I wonder what I should do if the question arises again?—S. S., Chicago, Illinois.

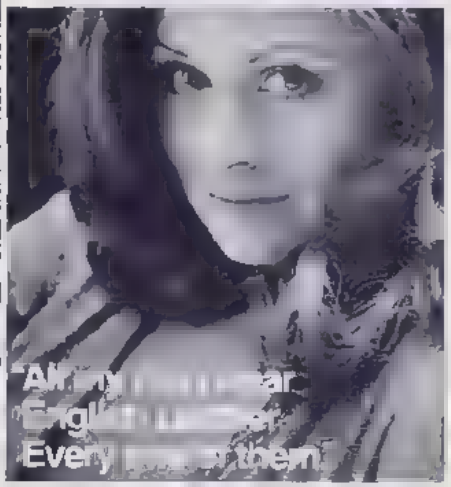
The debt of a salesman concerns no one but the salesman and the Internal Revenue Service. Although the buyer was presumably looking out for your interest, he really should not have inquired. The next time someone asks, imply that you will be reimbursed for the meal. Even if you aren't on an expense account, you can still say that it is a business expense and claim a tax deduction.

Since I was 16 years old, I have entertained the fantasy of being spanked bare-bottomed. I confided this desire to my husband, but he seems reluctant to do it. We have an extremely good sex life—expressive, inventive, loving—and this is the only area in which we disagree. Consequently, I am becoming more and more frustrated. How can I convince my husband to try spanking?—Mrs. R. C., Fort Worth, Texas.

The desire to be spanked is a common sexual idiosyncrasy; an open mind and an open hand combine well with a person who gets turned on when turned over. After all, the buttocks are a legitimate erogenous zone, even if neglected by many lovers. Ask your husband to explain his reservations. He may be afraid that he will hurt you—tell him that you'll be sure to ask him to stop if you become uncomfortable. He may think it is wrong—ask him to let the punishment fit the crime. We think that he can be persuaded to try spanking (at least once). Sexual experimentation is its own reward and you may end up hearing your husband exclaim: "This is going to please me more than it pleases you."

For the past few years, I've been living with a gentle, slightly withdrawn longhair. I dig our relationship—we're into drugs, music and lots of guilt-free sex. Now, through my job, I have been approached by many attractive, well-off, straight guys who'd like to date me. I have gone out with several of them and must admit that they are a different breed of cat from my old man. They seem to expect me to go to bed with them, as though it has become a social nicety to ball your escort (like tipping a cabdriver or a bellhop). I'm miles from being a prude, but I've grown used to sex in the context of involvement and I'm put off by this casual payoff-for-the-dinner attitude. Is it possible to ball





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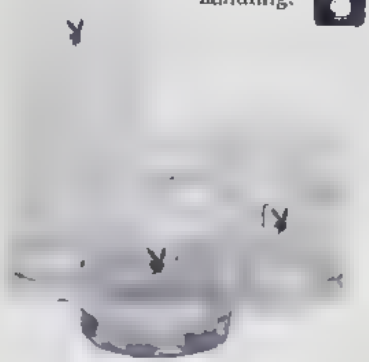

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meaningfully with jocks? I'd like to know how to refuse their demands without becoming uptight.—Miss M. M., Flagstaff, Arizona.

Sexual freedom gives you the right to have sex and to be free of it. You can refuse to go to bed with your dates and probably should if you feel they view the act as obligatory payment for the evening. But do it with style. One of our favorite parables tells of a young girl who, passing the courtyard of a rich merchant, saw a kettle filled with boiling broth. She had only a loaf of bread for dinner, so she held the loaf over the kettle so that the vapors would add flavor to her meager fare. The merchant came out of his house, saw what was happening and demanded payment. The girl reached into her pocket, rattled a handful of coins and announced: "I will pay for the scent of your broth with the sound of my silver." It's up to you to determine the currency and the rate of exchange according to your own interests. Meaning is where you make it.

One of the guys I drink with always asks for buffalo-grass vodka or Polish bison brew. Most bartenders say they've never heard of the stuff or ignore him, figuring that his request is an ethnic slur or an old joke. Seeing as there are no buffalo in Poland, I'm inclined to think my friend is putting us all on. Do you agree?—D. O., Macon, Georgia.

There are buffalo in Poland; they are called zubra and they are fond of a wild grass that grows in the Bialowieza Forest. Zubrówka or Bison Brand vodka is filtered through this grass, which imparts a pale green color and an aromatic herb flavor to the beverage. (There's a blade of buffalo grass in each bottle.) Zubrówka is the traditional drink served to returning hunters in eastern Poland. It is available in this country, although not in most bars, and it makes an excellent aperitif.

About a month ago, I married a wonderful girl whom I had dated for two years. Now I find myself in a dilemma. Her sex drive isn't nearly what mine is and it's driving me up a wall. For the many months we dated, she insisted on a hands-off policy, which I assumed was due to a series of unsuccessful affairs in her past. In the month we've been married, we've had intercourse only twice. The rest of the time she insists that I stay on my side of the bed, and she politely but firmly resists any affectionate approaches. She stays up watching late movies or reading murder mysteries until two or three in the morning in what I think is her way of avoiding intercourse. Ironically, when the subject of newlyweds comes up in conversation with friends, you'd swear she was a slave to my sexual desires. I might mention that when we do have intercourse, there is no problem—she seems to enjoy it as much as I do. I deliberately have not subjected her to unusual positions or unique sexual methods. I performed oral sex on her once and she obviously enjoyed it, but since that time she has resisted my advances. Is there anything I can do to improve the situation?—F. R., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The other night we heard a character in that old movie "Lady Luck" tell a troubled friend: "Son, you just broke the eleventh commandment—never accuse a woman of your own imagination." Or lack of one. Your letter is a catalog of things you assume about your wife. Get her side of the story and you'll probably have company on your side of the bed.

Hoping to be able to move off campus, I placed a want ad on a school bulletin board for a couple of roommates to share a nice apartment I had seen. As a sort of joke I added, "Men and women considered on an equal-opportunity basis." Well, sure enough, two young ladies called in response. Although they could be pulling my leg, it is possible that they are serious. Should I do it?—D. B., Norman, Oklahoma.

Oklahoma doesn't have a law against cohabitation, so go ahead. A mixed apartment, with everyone taking a full share of rent, cleaning, cooking, etc., can be very enjoyable and preferable to the dormlike atmosphere of living with the guys. But if you anticipate a harem arrangement, with the ladies taking care of everything and catering to your whims—if, indeed, your fantasies have them pulling more than your leg—you may be in for a rude awakening. Know what you want, know what they want and be sure to read the lease as to financial liability for the rent, should the arrangement not work out.

Can the use of amphetamines (speed) increase one's sexual desire? I am a 23-year-old graduate student and I use amphetamines (black beauties and crossroads) quite frequently, especially around exam time. I become extremely aroused whenever I take one. Also, I don't consider myself addicted to speed, but I wonder if the two or three pills I take each week could affect my offspring.—L. G., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

According to "Sex and Drugs," by Robert A. Wilson, amphetamines affect the entire central nervous system and, hence, all bodily functions, including the sex drive. Speed increases circulation and the pace of nerve impulses and produces an exhilaration that sometimes makes sex more enjoyable. Typical black beauties and cross-roads are dextroamphetamines, the least harmful of the drug group. However, with chronic abuse, even these can produce anxious or paranoid states. Damage to future offspring has not been

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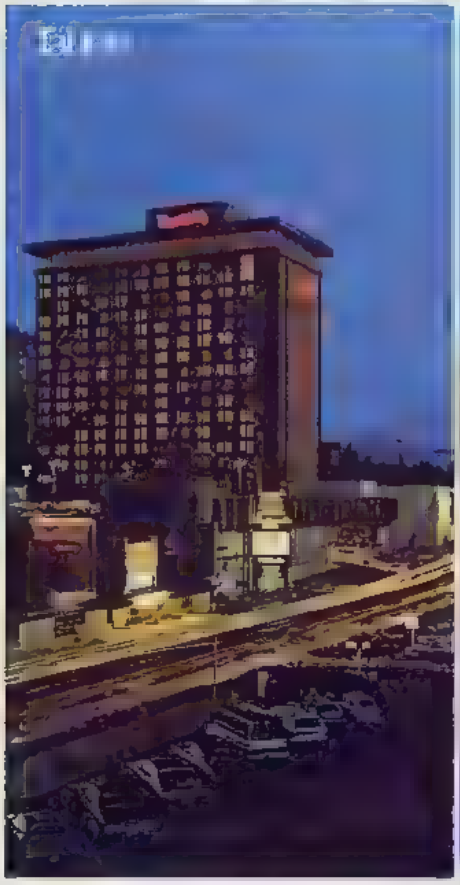

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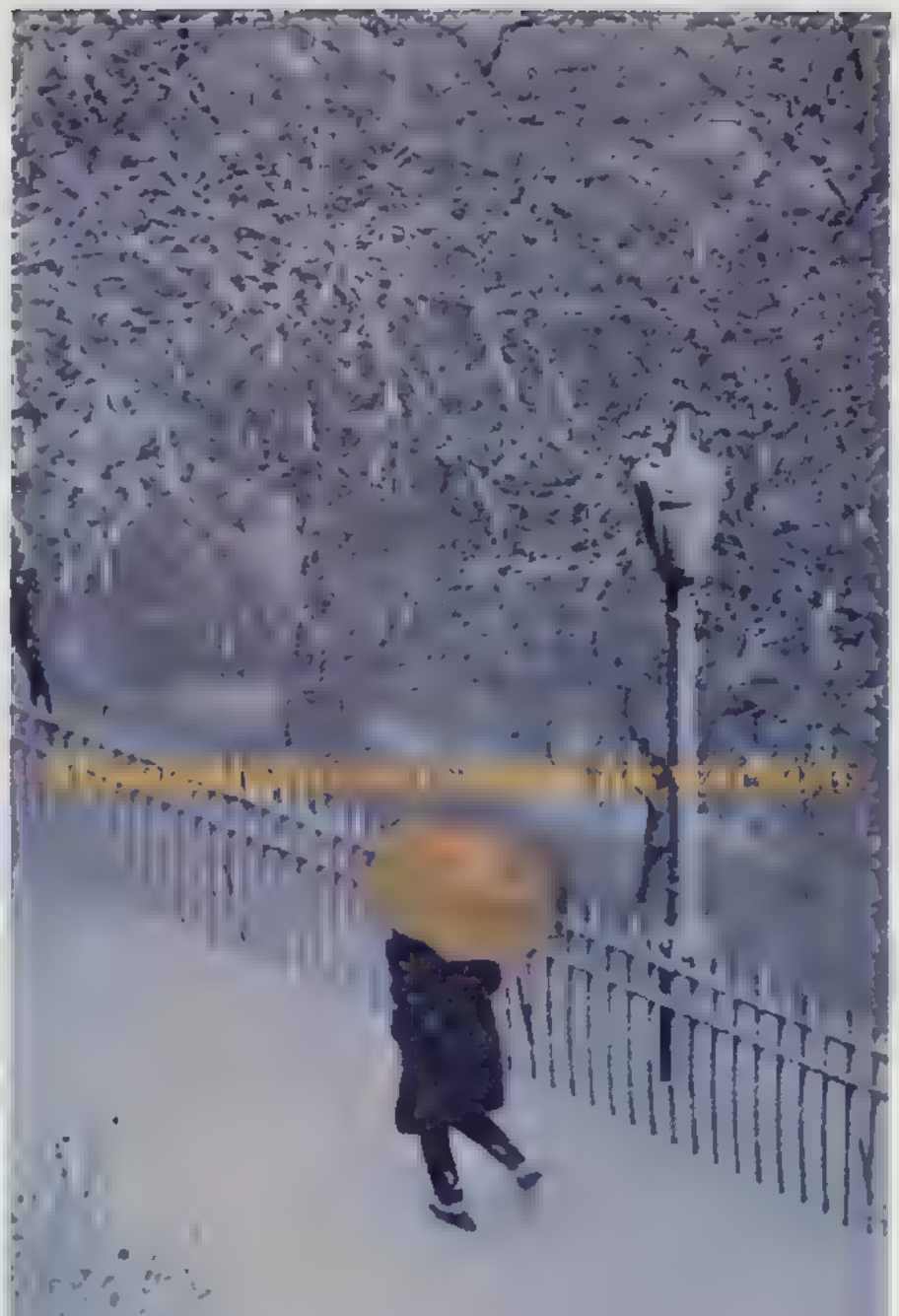
conclusively documented, but we do know that speed freaks tend to be distraught, emaciated and potentially dangerous individuals, highly suspicious and easy to anger. With a personality like that, we wouldn't worry about offspring—the problem would be finding someone who would put up with you long enough to conceive and bear your child.

Because I have a problem with premature ejaculation at the age of 23, I am still a virgin. Is there a solution?—R. B., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

First, define your terms. In one sense, every ejaculation that a virgin has is premature, but that is not the same as a shortcoming. If you discovered your problem while masturbating, then you do not have a problem. If you discovered your problem during an intimate encounter, then you do have a problem but probably not the one you think you have. It's called end point release. For some men, sex is a test and ejaculation becomes the bell that signals the end of the exam period. You have to hand in your answer whether you think you've passed or not. Relax. One orgasm is no reason to end the evening. It's not hard to recover and there are plenty of things to do in the interim. Don't feel embarrassed or anxious; we heard of one guy who, having ejaculated, tried to change the subject and started lecturing his date on the political implications of Watergate. She lost interest, as you can imagine. Don't digress and don't expect your hair-trigger sensitivity to disappear overnight. Novelty creates a friction that can come as a surprise to the most experienced lover. Masters and Johnson say that before you can condition yourself, you must first learn to sense the level of sexual stimulation that precedes the stage of orgasmic inevitability (just prior to ejaculation). When you've learned to identify this (masturbation is one way to learn, intercourse another), ask your partner's help in remaining relatively inactive at that point. The urge will die down, then you can start coital activity again. You may have to start and stop many times, but eventually you should develop a sure sense of control. Don't be afraid to talk to your companion; more and more women realize that duration of intercourse involves both partners' response ability and are willing to improve the state of the union.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

THE COURT'S OBSCENITY DECISIONS

In the October 1973 *Playboy Forum* editorial statement titled *The Court and Obscenity*, you severely criticized the Supreme Court's obscenity rulings, but you failed to say how they will specifically affect PLAYBOY. In fact, your comment that "national publishers . . . will be forced to meet the most conservative common denominators for sexual materials or face constant litigation at the whim of local prosecutors" hinted that PLAYBOY might do an about face and march straight back into the Fifties. So far I have heard little to dispel that impression. If you do plan to retreat to the safety of euphemistic prose and coyly hidden pubic areas, please let me know so that I can cancel my subscription.

Thomas Cunningham
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We will not retreat from our present editorial or pictorial policies. To alter PLAYBOY *in response to the Court's rulings—which are directed at hard-core pornography—would mean that we have been publishing obscenity—which we have not. Our warning about the possible effects of the Court's obscenity rulings refers to the danger that the community-standards doctrine, carried to its logical extreme, will, as Justice Douglas put it, "make it possible to ban any paper or any journal or magazine in some benighted place." Though there have been occasional attempts over the past 20 years to prosecute* PLAYBOY *for obscenity, none has ever succeeded. The fact that the Court has permitted local communities to determine their own standards for obscenity means that there will probably be more litigation, but in any community where our editorial integrity is challenged, we will defend* PLAYBOY *as vigorously in the future as we have in the past.*

PLAYBOY's editorial statement on the Supreme Court's decisions on pornography described many Americans as "frightened by the transition to greater freedom of sexual expression in recent years." I am not afraid of free expression about sex, but I despise pornography. Sex to me is a profound experience that engages many of the special qualities that make us human. People want to care about someone and be cared about. Pornography totally ignores this human dimension.

But I do agree with PLAYBOY that each adult should be free to choose whatever material he wants to read or see. A moral decision is meaningful only when it is a free choice, and censorship prevents such freedom.

Donald Boyd
Seattle, Washington

Your editorial statement misses an important point. There is an analogy between the problem of air and water pollution and the moral issues raised by the sale of pornographic literature. If one group's consumption imposes hardships on others—be they automobile exhaust fumes or the sight of pornographic literature—then the group of consumers should be penalized for *their* actions. You may not think that people should be bothered by pornography. That is irrelevant. As long as people think they are bothered, then in fact, they are.

The Court recognized that morality is important only to the extent that people think it is, therefore, it did not attempt to impose a national moral standard. Some communities may adopt quite puritanical laws. But this is a problem many industries routinely confront when they must conform to different air-quality standards for different communities.

David Levy
Lewiston, Maine

Exposure to pollution is usually unavoidable and involuntary, whereas exposure to pornography is a matter of choice, and pollution does not simply offend people, it measurably injures them. One of the main issues in the obscenity controversy is the procensorship forces' bland dismissal of the abundant scientific evidence that pornography hurts no one. Also, your argument implies that the majority in a community has a right to suppress any sort of literary or pictorial matter that offends it. To adopt that principle would be to abolish the First Amendment altogether.

MIND-BOGGLING SACRIFICE

Everyone knows that pornography twists and destroys the minds of those who view it. It is good, therefore, that our Supreme Court has taken steps to curtail the distribution of this dangerous filth. However, we are concerned about the judges who will have the responsibility of protecting the moral sensibilities of their communities. So much smut is being produced that these men may be

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forced to spend all their time reviewing it and thus will be hindered in their ability to mete out justice to other types of criminals. Also, since immersion in obscenity can only degrade and pervert one's outlook, how long will it be before these same judges, their minds tortured by what they have seen, take to molesting innocent tots and other equally disgusting forms of perversion?

Recognizing these dangers, we are prepared to make a monumental sacrifice for the American moral heritage. To save our nation from moral subversion and our judges from mental perversion, we are offering to sacrifice our own minds to view and pass judgment on these lewd literary and cinematographic debaucheries. Indeed, to paraphrase another patriot, we only regret that we each have but one mind to give for our country.

Ron Cluskey
Joe Gelling
Brimfield, Illinois

REDEEMING SPACIAL VALUE

So pornography has no value? Not true, according to a story in *Time* magazine about the stresses astronauts and submariners endure when spending long stretches of time isolated from the normal world. On nuclear submarines, the men are keen consumers of X-rated movies and what they call "crotch novels." The article quotes a psychologist who has studied the submariners as saying, "The pornographic route has probably served a useful purpose." Pornographic libraries are even being proposed for nuclear subs, to ease tension. Much of this submarine research will be used to help astronauts endure long space voyages such as the proposed two-year trip to Mars. Don't be surprised if the first movie shown in deep space is *Deep Throat*.

Miroslav Novotny
Kaneohe, Hawaii

THE TWO FACES OF DALLAS

A Dallas jury gave maximum sentences of five years in prison and $5000 fines to three men and two women convicted of violating the state's obscenity law by showing *Deep Throat*. But, according to *Dallas Morning News* columnist Robert Miller, "some people in the office of District Attorney Henry Wade, the same office that prosecuted the [theater] employees, are showing the film around privately to various groups."

Arthur Lewis
Houston, Texas

PORNOGRAPHY IN DENMARK

In its decisions on obscenity issued last June, the U. S. Supreme Court, in the absence of any supporting scientific evidence, said that it is reasonable for legislatures simply to assume that pornography is harmful. Is it really so reasonable? A number of years ago, Denmark removed restrictions on pornographic

FORUM NEWSFRONT

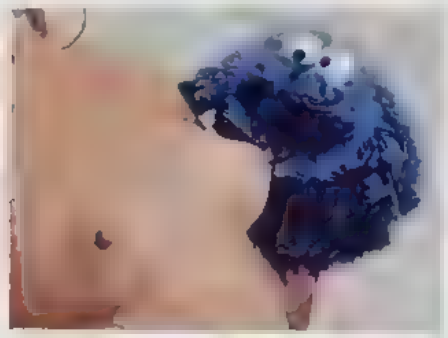
a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

BEDSIDE MANNERS

LOS ANGELES—*Of 460 doctors responding to a survey, about five percent said they have had sexual intercourse with some of their patients and another eight percent said they occasionally used other erotic practices as treatment. However, 87 percent flatly rejected all forms of sex as destructive to the doctor-patient relationship, unethical or "professional suicide." The study, conducted by a team of UCLA psychiatrists and reported in the* American Journal of Psychiatry, *found that the doctors most opposed to sex with patients were psychiatrists, obstetricians and gynecologists.*

NEW TREAT ON *SESAME STREET*

MONTREAL—*The National Cablevision Company has apologized to Montreal parents whose children tuned in "Sesame Street" and ended up watching the Miss Nude Galaxy Pageant. A Cablevision official explained that an electronic*



switch automatically shut off a weakening line signal carrying the children's program and substituted the program on the studio's test monitor. As it happened, station employees were using the test monitor to look at a video tape of the nude beauty contest.

LETTER OF THE LAW

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—*The British Columbia Liquor Control Board threatened to close down a night club because it featured nude dancers without having at least a three-piece orchestra as required by law. The owner willingly complied, hiring an orchestra consisting of three nude girls. The board found this acceptable. Said a spokesman, "As long as he has three musicians, how they are attired is of no concern to us."*

THE PORN PICTURE

The U. S. Supreme Court's decision to let states define pornography on the basis of community standards has inspired fewer prosecutions than first expected and so far, at least, judges and juries have not displayed a strong inclination toward censorship.

• A Manhattan supreme-court judge ruled that four hard-core sex movies were "patently offensive" but refused to close them down, because "There is no evidence before me to gauge the contemporary standards of the New York community." He went on to declare the New York State obscenity law unconstitutionally vague.

• A jury in Little Rock, Arkansas, found "Deep Throat" obscene by community standards, but a jury in Jacksonville, Florida, decided that the same film was acceptable.

• In Los Angeles, an attempt to close down "Deep Throat" as a public nuisance under the state's Red Light Abatement Act failed when a local judge ruled that the law applied to brothels, not to movies.

• In Washington, D.C., a jury of ten women and two men watched the sex-orgy film "Distortions of Sexuality" and acquitted its distributor of violating Federal laws against transporting obscene materials across state lines. The Federal prosecutor said the verdict would not halt future obscenity prosecutions, but added that further acquittals would compel his office to "rethink" its attitude about acting against sexually explicit films.

• The supreme court of Puerto Rico, in overturning the conviction of a magazine-store cashier, declared that the act of censorship is more offensive than the pornography it is supposed to control and called on law-enforcement officials to concentrate their efforts against murderers, robbers and other criminals. The court said that the "confiscation of books, magazines and newspapers by agents of the public order is too reminiscent of the tragic Nazi era to be a tolerable activity."

• The city council of Riverview, Michigan, invited the neighboring community of Inkster to join in endorsing proposed state legislation against pornography and obscenity. In response, the Inkster city council sent the city fathers of Riverview a copy of the First Amendment.

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE

CHESTER, NEW JERSEY—*A 16-year old high school student has sued the FBI for $65,000, alleging that the bureau intercepted her letter to the Socialist Labor Party and then subjected her to a security investigation. The letter was written as part of a school social-studies project to compile general information on the different political parties in the U.S. The suit, supported by the American Civil Liberties Union of New Jersey and the Rutgers Constitutional Litigation Clinic,*

seeks punitive and compensatory damages, the surrender of any FBI files on students in the school project and a court order forbidding the bureau from interfering with citizens' mail to lawful political organizations.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS VICTORY

SACRAMENTO—*California husbands lose their legal status as head of household and women acquire equal credit rights under a new state law that takes effect this month. The Equal Property Rights Act gives a wife joint control to acquire and dispose of community property, meaning that spouses will have to obtain each other's permission before they sell even household effects and clothing. A companion law makes it illegal to refuse credit to women for reasons of sex or marital status.*

ILLEGITIMATE FATHERS

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—*A three-judge Federal court has upheld a Connecticut law under which a court may order unwed welfare mothers to name the fathers of their children. The decision permits state welfare officials to deny welfare funds to women who refuse to help the state compel the fathers to pay child support. Legal Aid Society lawyers argued that the law was used as a means of forcing women off welfare rolls and that it was as much an invasion of privacy as forcing a wife to testify against her husband. The court ruled, however, that "The relationship that these unwed mothers seek to protect from disclosure is emphatically different. There is no privilege to withhold the testimony of a mere paramour."*

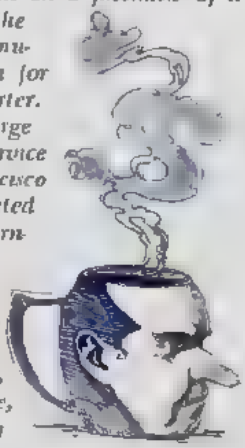
FOGGY BOTTOM FOLLIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Security officers, acting on a tip, searched the U. S. State Department Building and discovered a*

room apparently used by Government employees for surreptitious sexual activities. State Department press officials first denied any knowledge of the matter but later confirmed the report and said the room, intended for storage of janitorial supplies, was on the third floor in a section of the building occupied by the Agency for International Development.

THE PRESIDENT'S MUG

SAN FRANCISCO—*Citing a Federal counterfeiting statute, the U. S. Secret Service has seized and destroyed some 2000 novelty coffee mugs bearing a caricature of President Nixon on a facsimile of a three-dollar bill. The mugs had been manufactured in Japan for a giftware importer. The agent in charge of the Secret Service office in San Francisco said the mugs violated currency laws governing "similitude"—resemblance to U. S. paper money. "Even one minute corner of the bill, if it's in similitude, is usually deemed a violation. And that's regardless of the material, whether it's paper, cloth, glass or anything." The local U. S. Attorney, who has declined to prosecute, said, "This doesn't sound like the most serious violation I've ever heard of."*



KEEP 'EM IN THE CLINK

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*The Texas court of criminal appeals has struck down the provision of the state's new liberalized marijuana law that would have permitted sentence reductions for an estimated 400 to 800 people convicted under the old statute, which made even first-offense possession a two-years-to-life felony. The court held that the provision violated the state constitution by delegating to judges clemency powers vested solely in the governor and board of pardons. The law was challenged by Austin district attorney Robert O. Smith, who has obtained hundreds of pot convictions and who opposed resentencing of Frank A. Demolli, serving a 25-year prison term for pot possession ("The Playboy Forum," April 1973). Austin attorney Sam Houston Clinton, Jr., who represented Demolli, had argued that "We're unable to discover why criminal courts cannot by legislative enactment be given control over their own judgments." He said he now hoped that Governor Dolph Briscoe would respond to the spirit of the new law and the intent of the legislature by exercising his clemency powers in the cases that probably would have been affected under the statute's original resentencing provision.*

books for adults and later did the same for movies. I don't believe there was even a ghost of a whisper of the word Denmark in any of those five turgid, philosophically mixed up decisions issued by the Burger Court. This leads me to suspect that the Danish experience with unrestricted pornography for adults has proved what every intelligent, nonbrainwashed person in the U. S. could reasonably assume—that pornography is totally harmless. Could *The Playboy Forum* confirm this?

Charles Harris
Miami, Florida

In 1967, Denmark removed legal prohibitions on the sale of written pornography to those 18 years of age and over, and in 1969, it ended the ban on pictorial pornography and lowered the permissible age of access to 16 or over. If pornography causes antisocial sexual behavior, the number of sex crimes in Denmark might have been expected to rise from 1967 on, but it has declined. This killed the theory that pornography is a trigger of sex crime, but raised the possibility that pornography might actually be a safety valve for the impulses of potential sexual criminals. Psychologist Berl Kutchinsky, director of Copenhagen's Institute of Criminal Science, has been investigating the relationship between pornography and sex crime in Denmark. Kutchinsky found that there has been no change in the rate of rapes in Copenhagen between 1959 and 1970, which seems to mean this crime has not been affected by availability of pornography. There were drops in other sexual offenses during the same period: exhibitionism (a decrease of 58 percent), peeping (an 80 percent decrease), molesting of women (down 56 percent) and molesting of girls 11 years of age and under (a decrease of 69 percent).

The sharpest decline in these crimes occurred after 1967, when pornography was first legalized. After analyzing records of each type of crime, Kutchinsky concluded that, in today's more relaxed sexual climate, instances of exhibitionism and mild cases of fanny-patting and the like often don't bother people enough to make them go to the police. However, Danes consider peeping an invasion of privacy and do report it, and both police and civilians continue to take a serious view of child molestation, so any reduction in the reporting of these crimes is unlikely. Kutchinsky tentatively concludes that potential child molesters are able to satisfy their sexual feelings through pornography, probably combined with masturbation. As for the drop in voyeurs' bothering private persons, that's easy, because Denmark with free access to pictorial pornography has become, as Kutchinsky remarks, a "peeper's paradise."

Much of this information has been available to U. S. authorities for years,

Mary Rooney

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since Kutchinsky reported his interim findings in 1970 to the Federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. President Nixon and his appointees on the Supreme Court chose to ignore this evidence.

CENSORING *MAUDE*

An attempt by the United States Catholic Conference to prevent the rebroadcast of two *Maude* TV episodes dealing with abortion succeeded to the extent that the shows were not aired by CBS affiliate stations in 39 cities. Seven major U. S. corporations also withdrew sponsorship of the broadcasts.

The debate about whether sexual material should be protected under the First Amendment will continue for a long time. But there is no question about the *Maude* incident. As Archbishop John F. Whealon, Catholic Primate of Hartford, said in a published statement, "I see this . . . as a use of TV to advance the doctrine that abortion is an acceptable solution to an inconvenient pregnancy."

Precisely. And that doctrine, whether the archbishop likes it or not, is protected by the First Amendment. Even if the Supreme Court can define pornography as nonspeech, and thereby take away its First Amendment legitimacy, nobody can claim that a doctrine about abortion, whether pro or con, is not precisely the sort of speech the First Amendment was intended to protect. By blocking the expression of this point of view, the Catholic Church has set itself above the Constitution and invaded the civil liberties of us all.

I was delighted to see that the National Organization of Women, Zero Population Growth and the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws strongly oppose the Catholic Church on this. I was sorry to see that Catholic liberals were not heard in defense of our freedom of speech. If I were a Catholic, I would howl long and loud against this attempt to make my church the proponent of un American and undemocratic practices.

George Jackson
Phoenix, Arizona

Also condemning this TV censorship were the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council of Churches, the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Young Women's Christian Association—U. S. A. and the Freedom to Read Committee of the Association of American Publishers. In a joint statement deploring the obstacles encountered by "Maude" and the TV version of the antiwar play "Sticks and Bones," the groups stressed television's responsibility to offer the public diverse points of view and declared that failure to do so "amounts to self-censorship on the grounds of mere controversiality, a most insidious abridgment of free expression. . . . The public interest is not served when a station's program decision is made on the basis of fear of controversy, or when an advertiser's sponsorship is determined by fear of economic reprisal."

CRO-MAGNON ATTITUDES

Wendy Berlowitz, whose letter describing her arrest for taking her bra off in public appeared in the October *Playboy Forum*, has been acquitted. The judge in her case ruled that the Oklahoma law that makes it a felony for one to "lewdly expose his person" is unconstitutional because of its vagueness. He added, interestingly enough, that there is no "authority that breasts are part of the . . . 'private parts.'" If generally accepted, this would mean that the law could not prevent women from going bare-breasted in public. The police chief of Norman, Oklahoma, commented, "I think that this puts us back in the primitive ages when people were allowed to do these things."

Robert Foster
Carson City, Nevada

OUT OF THE SEWER

In a TV debate on erotic entertainment here in Honolulu, the participants were Jerlene Rome, mistress of ceremonies at the Dunes night club, who spoke on behalf of night-club owners and defended their right to show whatever the customers will pay to see; John Flint, of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom, who presented the traditional libertarian position that one should mind one's own business; and Gerri Madden, of the Hawaii League of Decency, who espoused her own right to mind everybody else's business.

Rome and Flint emphasized that there is no scientific evidence that nudity and sex on stage lead to crime and that no minority has the right to enforce its own prejudices on other people. Against this rational and democratic position, what did Madden have to offer? I quote from the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*'s report on the debate:

> Sex is sacred. Anything that's sacred, you don't joke about. And what does laughter mean? They laugh in insane asylums. We must demand that the community does not sink further into the mire. The individual's soul is the business of everybody . . .
>
> A man carried away by lust will commit horrible crimes. When you have sex aroused through imagination, that's damnable. . . . Their will is weakened, and they go out of there picturing things, picturing debased sex. . . .
>
> I don't need to climb down a sewer to know there's filth in there. I know what they do at those shows. They cavort around and show their penises. Don't you put in the paper that I said that. . . .
>
> And one other thing that bothers me—those conservationists always talking about "quality of life." I get so mad at them. Purity of the water, purity of the air—who cares? It's purity of soul that we should be worrying about.

As far as one can find an argument amid all these blind assertions, Madden seems to be saying that the peculiar manner in which she perceives sex ("mire," "sewer," "filth," etc.) is the way sex really is and that those who do not perceive it that way must be compelled by law to act as if they do.

We'd better watch this woman. She may be Nixon's next appointment to the Supreme Court.

B Benson
Honolulu, Hawaii

DIVINE LAWGIVER

In his letter titled "Crybaby Freaks," R. H Woods writes, "You don't acknowledge the existence of God, so how do you know that murder is wrong?" (*The Playboy Forum*, October). This is an attitude typical of people who have been raised to think that we can't discover good and evil for ourselves but need a divine lawgiver. Actually, of course, we do figure out good and evil for ourselves whether or not we acknowledge it. The old prohibitions against killing, stealing and other antisocial behavior were devised by men in prehistoric times. Then, to give these necessary social rules weight, early men fabricated tales of gods who had decreed these laws together with promises of supernatural rewards and punishments. Such fairy tales (Woods's attempted sarcasm is unwittingly accurate in calling the Bible a fairy tale; it is also science fiction with a bit of history thrown in for good measure) may have been useful in more ignorant ages. But today we are as well equipped as ever to see what is good and what is bad in human conduct and we don't need to complicate the issue by bringing in mythical deities.

Albert Plante
Montreal, Quebec

BIBLE VS. BIOLOGY

I read in the papers that the legislature of Tennessee has enacted a law ordering that biology textbooks must give equal space to both scientific and Biblical accounts of the origins of the earth and of mankind. To set a crown of theocratic tyranny on top of this pumpkin headed statute, the law further states, "The teaching of all occult or satanical beliefs of human origin is expressly excluded from this act." Books on Oriental religions or minority traditions within Judaeo-Christian theology are frequently classified as occult, this law can easily exclude cabalistic Judaism, Christian Gnosticism, Sufism, spiritualism and theosophy. Finally, as a last blow at rationalism and liberalism, the law ordains that

the so-called Holy Bible is defined as a reference work, not a textbook and, therefore, unlike the science texts, does not have to carry the disclaimer that *its* account of creation is theory.

A few years ago in California, the board of education set up guidelines (since modified) requiring biology textbooks to include the Genesis myth as an alternative to the theory of evolution. And last August, in California, two devout members of the Assembly of God fundamentalist church took insulin away from their diabetic child because a faith healer in the church said the boy was cured. Their son died, of course, and the parents then announced that he would be miraculously resurrected four days later. (He wasn't.) But how long will it be before dim-witted legislators in some state, acting on Chief Justice Burger's declaration that praiseworthy laws may be based on assumptions unsupported by scientific facts, require medical texts to give faith healing equal space with insulin?

Last year, two members of a snake-handling cult in Tennessee killed themselves trying out the Biblical text that says those with faith can safely drink poison (*Forum Newsfront*, August 1973). Meanwhile, Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, displaying no more intelligence than any of these other benighted souls, work to make theological prohibitions of pornography into the law of the land.

Backward, Christian soldiers. It's a long trek to the 13th Century but, with the political leadership we have these days, we can do it.

Kevin O'Flaherty
San Francisco, California

THE BLOODTHIRSTY MR. LOEB

William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader*, wrote to *Dear Abby* to give his opinion of pornographic movies, to wit: "When it comes to trying to put a stop to this type of filth, I believe they should shoot the people who exhibit these films."

Even in the light of the recent U.S. Supreme Court obscenity decisions, shooting pornographers is going a bit far!

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

A letter in the October 1973 *Playboy Forum* quoted the insulting language used in an editorial published in the *Manchester New Hampshire Union Leader* in reference to homosexuals. Here's what publisher William Loeb had to say in another signed editorial—this one about Jane Fonda: "It is the suggestion of this newspaper that Miss Fonda either be refused readmission to the United States or, immediately following her return, be tried for treason. She should be shot if a verdict of guilty comes in."

Betty M. Graber
Houston, Texas

Jane Fonda is alive and well and will

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be interviewed along with her husband, Tom Hayden, in the April PLAYBOY.

WAVES FROM WATERGATE

As the earlier phase of the Watergate investigation recedes into history, the outlines of what we've learned begin to appear. First of all, if this is to be a constitutional republic and not a totalitarian state, the shibboleth of national security does not justify burglaries, spying on lawful political activity nor the covering up by Government officials of their involvement in criminal acts.

Secondly, Watergate is not merely a matter for the courts: The publicity attendant on the Senate investigation has been extremely valuable. Public reaction at the ballot box is more important than making sure that a few low-level culprits go to jail—the issues of political principle at stake are more important than questions of individual guilt or innocence. The American electorate, *not* the courts, must be the final judge of the Nixon Administration.

Thirdly, it is not true that press coverage of Watergate has been unfair. If it were not for the press, this infection in the body politic might never have been discovered. Virtually all the newspapers in the U. S. endorsed Nixon in the last election. We heard no Administration complaints about bias in the press then. Nor do I recall that Nixon or Agnew chid the press for excessive preoccupation with the Eagleton affair. A free press must have the right to investigate and criticize the public conduct of public officials.

Finally, there is no analogy—as Nixon has tried to claim—between the civil disobedience of the Sixties and the illegal activities of the Watergate culprits. The former were open, nonviolent protests against laws and Government actions made by citizens in pursuit of civil rights. The latter were illegal, clandestine attempts by Government agents to deprive people of their civil rights. Anybody who can't see the difference is politically and morally blind.

Edward Thomas
New Orleans, Louisiana

LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT

The *San Francisco Chronicle* reports a California supreme court decision that held that a teacher may be deprived of her teaching license for immorality. The case involved a 48-year-old married woman who, with her husband, belonged to a club called The Swingers, where a police spy observed her performing oral copulation on three men. The court said that this indicated "immoral and unprofessional conduct . . . moral turpitude . . . unfitness for service . . . a serious defect of moral character," and so forth.

These judges seem quite mad to me. I would say that this teacher performed a kindness for the three men far superior to loaning them five bucks till payday or removing a speck from their eye or giving them lodging for the night. People who give sexual pleasure are probably doing more to make the world a better place than all the doctors and psychiatrists alive, and certainly more than the judges and the politicians. In short, the judges' view of morality is precisely backwards, because giving a man a blow job is a kindness, whereas locking him in a cage is an atrocity. In a sane society, Linda Lovelace would be more likely to get elected President than any of the types currently being considered for that office—if she weren't canonized a saint first.

Warren Robertson
Cuernavaca, Mexico

REMEMBER THE CHICKEN RANCH!

Anyone with a deep respect for tradition will be saddened to learn that law and order has finally come to Texas and forced the closing of one of this state's most historic institutions. The so-called La Grange Chicken Ranch, an east-central Texas house of ill repute whose lineage stretches back to the 1840s, had served and serviced so many generations of Texans that it was practically a state shrine, like the Alamo. It operated respectably and openly (if illegally) with community consent, till a thoughtless television journalist in Houston chose to cite it as an example of selective law enforcement, compelling state authorities grudgingly to do their duty (*Forum Newsfront*, December 1973).

Not only did the Chicken Ranch provide our citizens with an old and stable rock to which they could cling through these perilous times of social turmoil but it also helped to bridge the generation gap between sons and fathers and even grandfathers and possibly great-grandfathers. Of course, it's a little ironic that a house of prostitution should now become a sentimental landmark, but the truth is that the Chicken Ranch will be missed as much by those who never experienced its dubious pleasures as by its regular customers.

Dr. Joe B. Frantz
University of Texas at Austin
Austin, Texas

NOBLE NAVEL

I'm a navel lover, like the man in Kankakee, Michigan, whose letter appeared in the October 1973 *Playboy Forum*. One day it occurred to me that the world's most erotic outfit is a pair of low-slung hip-huggers and a snug halter, and that thought led me to elevate the belly button to the status of most exciting part of the female body.

Up to now we've hidden behind anonymity, as the man from Kankakee did, from the scorn of the tits-and-ass majority. But I say enough of that. I'm calling on fellow navel watchers to come out of their closets to breathe and ogle in daylight. Our preference has dignity. The navel is noble!

Alan L. Weinstein
Phoenix, Arizona

SWINGING AS A HOBBY

My wife and I have been swinging for four years, and reject the frequent assertion that most people are potential swingers. We've heard lots of stories of swingers who tried to turn on straight friends, and most of the attempts resulted in a loss of friendship. Swingers who are evangelistic tend to forget that the successful swinger is a somewhat contradictory blend of childlike hedonism and emotional maturity, and that the vast majority of Americans find such characters either morally objectionable or emotionally threatening.

Just about all new swingers go through a frustrating and discouraging period of answering ads until sooner or later they find a couple who will guide them into the "in" group. People who are looking for meaningful relationships probably will not find them through swinging. Most of the couples we know are swingers in the same sense that they are stamp collectors, skiers, veterans, church members, home improvers, athletes, garden enthusiasts, college graduates and parents. Swinging is a part of their lives; it doesn't define them. Swingers are interested in sex with attractive, considerate, friendly hedonists. Meaningful relationships do occur among swingers, but they are not the norm, because a common interest in extramarital sex is no more logical a basis for a deep friendship than a common interest in mixed-doubles tennis.

(Name withheld by request)
Tampa, Florida

NEW SEXUAL LIFE STYLES

Throughout the discussion in the *Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles* (September 1973) ran a thread of implication that if one does not enjoy, or at least accept, sexual diversion ranging from bestiality to swinging, he or she is not really with it and is therefore immature, stunted and provincial. I can't help thinking that many mature, satisfied, happy people will be misled into thinking that they have not arrived sexually until they can embrace all the types of behavior described by your panel. Should we not allow that it is quite possible for a man and a woman to find complete sexual fulfillment within the confines of traditional marriage?

Kenneth P. Turner, M.D.
Logan, Ohio

I found the *Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles* fascinating but utterly depressing. The only members who avoided the meaningless psychosociological drivel that inundates the "sexologist"

(continued on page 60)

Annual Report

THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

During 1973, the Playboy Foundation participated in a movement that won a major court victory, expanded its work into new areas and continued its support of numerous other projects to advance the social and legal reforms advocated in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

The victory came with 1st January's Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. This was especially gratifying because of the Foundation's long campaign for reform, which began in 1966. The Foundation helped several abortion reform groups, including Illinois Citizens for the Medical Control of Abortion, the Clergy Consultation Service on Problem Pregnancies, the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws, the Women's National Coalition and local organizations in several states. These organizations and others constituted the movement whose efforts ultimately carried the issue to the Supreme Court and produced the favorable ruling. Though a decisive battle has been won, the Foundation will remain alert to attempts by anti-abortion forces in state or local governments to limit the availability of abortion through restrictive guidelines or policies.

One of the new recipients of Foundation support is the National Women's Rights Project of the American Civil Liberties Union. The project, which received a substantial two-year grant, will provide the following legal and legislative services:

- Direct legal representation in selected cases of national significance as well as legal and strategic assistance to cooperating attorneys in other specific litigation.
- Compilation and analysis of existing Federal and state laws that are sexually discriminatory.
- Publication and dissemination of material informing women of their rights in areas such as marriage, divorce, employment, education, birth control and credit.
- Conducting conferences and training programs for people working in the area of women's rights.

The Foundation has also made a sizable grant to the A.C.L.U.'s Sexual Privacy Project, whose purpose is to challenge laws that restrict private sexual behavior between consenting adults. Like the National Women's Rights Project, this agency will act as a resource for attorneys and bring significant test litigation. This grant is a logical outgrowth of *The Playboy Philosophy* and Hugh M. Hefner's commitment to individual liberty in sexual matters. Other 1973 Foundation projects related to sex law reform include:

- Assistance for the appeal of a California woman convicted and sentenced to jail for performing oral intercourse with a consenting adult in a sex film that was made several years ago.
- Support of legal-aid lawyers in challenging the constitutionality of procedures under Illinois' Sexually Dangerous Persons Act. The act allows a psychiatrist to institutionalize indefinitely a person he has judged to be "sexually dangerous," without the legal safeguards afforded convicted criminals or mental patients.
- Support through the A.C.L.U. of Northern California, of a project to educate the public in the cost of enforcing laws against such victimless crimes as prostitution and consensual sex and to draft model legislation designed to redirect law-enforcement efforts to public safety.
- Aid to the Homosexual Information Center in challenging California sex laws against homosexual acts between consenting adults.
- Support of a case challenging the right of the Government to deny civil service employment to homosexuals.

Drug-law reform has long been a major concern of the Foundation, which has participated in numerous cases challenging both the laws and unusually severe punishments; it continues to offer substantial support for the legal and educational programs of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). Thanks in part to the efforts of NORML, the Texas legislature was persuaded to liberalize the state's strict marijuana law and the American Bar Association voted to support the decriminalization of pot. NORML also campaigned in Oregon where the marijuana law was liberalized in 1973. Former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark has now joined NORML's advisory board and will argue the organization's suit challenging the constitutionality of Federal marijuana laws.

These were the Foundation's major reform efforts during 1973. Others include:

Capital Punishment: In response to the restoration of the death penalty in a number of states, the Foundation contributed funds to various organizations and cooperating attorneys to monitor capital-punishment cases in order to ensure full protection of the law and the right of appeal to prisoners. These groups will also coordinate sociological, psychological and historical research aimed at challenging the constitutionality of death sentences.

Rights of Prisoners: In cooperation with the A.C.L.U., the Foundation continued to support the Prison Rights Project, which deals with virtually every kind of problem faced by prisoners. The Foundation also aids Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost (JAIL), an organization that locates and assists people imprisoned in foreign countries.

Police Misconduct and Community Redress: In addition to joining the A.C.L.U. in supporting specific litigation, the Foundation is helping the Chicago Council of Lawyers develop a legal-referral service, conduct training seminars and assemble a litigation manual for attorneys seeking redress of grievances against public agencies and officials.

Sex Research: The Foundation continues to assist Masters and Johnson's Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, the University of Minnesota medical school's program in human sexuality, the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS) and selected other groups and individuals doing research on sexuality, sex education and population control.

The Public's Right to Know: The Foundation is contributing funds to Ralph Nader's Center for Responsive Law in a three-year program to compel Government agencies to comply with the Federal Freedom of Information Act in areas of legitimate interest to journalists, scholars and citizens.

Censorship: Besides participating in specific censorship cases, the Foundation continued its support of such organizations as the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, the Freedom to Read Foundation of the American Library Association and the PEN World Association of Writers.

Civil Rights and Liberties: The Foundation is aiding the National Lawyers Guild's Grand Jury Defense Witness Project. The project will assist attorneys in representing witnesses called before grand juries, especially in investigations of the media, political associations and dissenters. Other projects in this area concern the rights of mental patients, the constitutionality of courtroom procedures and the improvement of military justice.

Since it was established in 1965, the Playboy Foundation has helped hundreds of individuals and organizations, but there is much more to be done. During the coming year, the Foundation will especially concern itself with such serious threats to our free society as censorship, wire tapping and electronic surveillance and Government encroachments on basic civil rights.

were Al Goldstein, Troy Perry and Madeline Davis. At least they displayed some genuine feeling, in contrast to all the others, who, with their dogged earnestness and belief that they knew what was good for us, seemed to jump out of the pages of *Brave New World*. Of these, however, quite the most repulsive on every tenet of human contact—whether physical, emotional or intellectual—were panelists Betty Dodson and the Kronhausens. If these pathetic souls, vibrators in hand, are the arbiters of international sexual taste, we are truly lost. But congratulations, anyway, for giving this revolting trio the opportunity to discredit themselves so completely before the largest liberal readership in the world.

G R Greenhous
Maidenhead, England

The panel on new sexual life styles makes an important contribution to greater public understanding and acceptance of divergent sexuality. As a staffer on a suicide-prevention service, I can tell you that many of the problems plaguing people nowadays relate to sexuality and sexual roles. Your panel went a long way in clearing up some of the misconceptions, prejudices and anxieties that surround the subject.

Tim Williams
Buffalo, New York

SEXY SENIOR CITIZEN

The oft-repeated claim that masturbation is immature is just puritanical balderdash. At 65, I often vent my semen by hand. My wife lost interest in the sex department about five years ago, though she is still quite happy to accommodate me when I have the urge. I love her as much as ever, for a wonderful 35 years in bed and out, and I have resolved to spare her the bother of sexual intercourse as a sort of gift of love from me to her. She's more in love with me than ever, and if I need the relief that comes with ejaculation, I masturbate or visit the neighborhood massage parlor.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

NO, NO, ONAN

The guy who wrote that he masturbates before a date because it delays his orgasm when he's screwing later in the evening (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1973) seems to think he's doing his women a favor. Ridiculous. Why doesn't he save *both* orgasms for the ladies; a one-shot lover has to be one of the greater trials the fair sex must face.

This poor fellow has a lot to learn, including the fact that the woman's orgasm isn't dependent on his. There are all kinds of ways to satisfy a woman, with or without male orgasm, so it's stupid to worry about timing. As for his own fun, if after he comes (prematurely or not—it doesn't matter), he uses his fingers,

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970s
PART IV: EXTRAMARITAL AND POSTMARITAL SEX

article **By MORTON HUNT** *sexual liberation hasn't increased the rate of infidelity, nor decreased the consequences, but it's done wonders for the divorced*

THE PLAYBOY SURVEY finds that, contrary to popular belief, sexual liberation has had little impact on traditional attitudes toward or adherence to the ideal of marital fidelity. In Kinsey's time, married people had only two alternatives to lifelong sexual exclusivity: divorce and secret extramarital relations. Since then, we find, sexual liberation has made the divorced far freer in postmarital sexual behavior, but it has had little effect on secret extramarital sex. As for the new alternatives about which there is so much talk—open marriage, mate swapping, group sex, group marriage, etc.—the data suggest that they are mostly just talk.

. . .

Kinsey's data combine the widowed with the separated and the divorced (here called simply the divorced). Later studies showed the widowed to be sexually less active than the divorced, but by omitting data for people over 55 (to exclude most of the widowed) and by reweighting Kinsey's figures, we can make reasonably sound comparisons of our sample with his.

Man, 41: "My marriage had been so rotten that I almost never felt any sexual desire. . . . I lost all belief in myself as a man. After I left [my wife], I couldn't bring myself to try it for nearly a year, and then I was only half hard and just barely made it. . . . Things slowly got better; with one girl, I was functioning marvelously. But for several years, my first time with any new woman was always a time of nervousness and worry."

Many forces have made it socially, economically and emotionally more feasible for men and women to quit unsatisfactory marriages; the divorce rate is now more than twice as high as it was in 1938, when Kinsey began his studies. Sexual liberation has played a major role, taking much of the onus off postmarital coitus and permitting the divorced to lead full and relatively normal sex lives. This was not the case a generation ago.

• Of Kinsey's under-56 postmarital males, from four percent to 18 percent were having no coitus at all, the figure being higher among older men. In our sample, no divorced man of any age was coitally inactive in the past year. (In all comparisons with Kinsey, whose sample was all white, we use only the white portion of our own sample.) Even more striking is the change in coital frequency: The median is more than twice a week—more than double the median that Kinsey found.

• The contrasts are even more impressive for divorced women. Roughly a third of Kinsey's younger postmarital women and a majority of those beyond the mid-40s were having no coitus at all. Only a tenth of our sample is sexually inactive. The median frequency for the active is almost twice a week (nearly as high as for divorced men)—roughly four times greater than in Kinsey's era.

Woman, 31: "I had always thought that sex with my husband was very good. After we broke up, I began to find out what it was all about. One man taught me how to be really aware of my own body and my reactions. . . . Another man was so sensuous that I became that way myself. . . . But I have this fear of getting trapped again. I get into a panic whenever I think I'm too involved with someone."

While today's divorced people—females in particular—are far freer in their sexual behavior, they have not become notably indiscriminate. Yet, for various reasons—maturity, fear of premature entanglement, need for self-retesting—they are distinctly more casual and experimental than young singles. For instance:

• Divorced males have a median of eight coital partners a year; single men under 25 have 1.5; and single men 25 to 34 have four.

• Divorced women have a median of 3.5 coital partners a year; single women under 25 have one; and single women 25 to 34 have three.

Kinsey published no data on the numbers of postmarital coital partners, but it is reasonable to suppose that our findings reflect increases since his time that are similar to the increases in coital frequency of the divorced—that is, between twofold and fourfold.

Kinsey also published no data on techniques of foreplay and coital variations used by postmarital people. In-depth interviews with which we supplemented our study suggest that divorced people today are a good deal freer in both than were those of a generation ago, and our survey data show them to be as free as or freer than today's under-25 husbands and wives (who, aside from a

handful of sexual radicals, are among our most liberated respondents). *Item:* Nine tenths of our divorced men and more than four fifths of our divorced women had at least some oral-genital experience in the past year—about the same number as under-25 married people. *Item:* Divorced men and women were more likely than under-25 husbands and wives to use positional variations in coitus. *Item:* Half of the divorced engaged in anal intercourse at least once in the past year—twice as many as in the under-25 married group. *Item:* Nine tenths of divorced women and even more divorced men rate sex as pleasurable or very pleasurable, and more than four fifths of the women reach orgasm at least three quarters of the time.

Postmarital life still involves many deep, complex problems—largely social and emotional—but sexual liberation enables the great majority of the divorced to lead healthy, constructive, satisfying sexual lives as they repair their egos, test out new relationships and work their way back into marriage—as, indeed, at least four out of five do.

Man, 45 (physician, married): "She was 20 years younger than I and very seductive, long-legged, high-breasted. She took the initiative, there on the waiting-room couch. At first, I was all torn up about it, but it made me feel younger and more attractive, completely reawakened inside. It went on for months. . . . And now, listen to the funny part—she was *no* good at all, sexually . . . she was frigid."

In contrast, sexual liberation has made little change in extramarital sexual behavior. Recent opinion polls have shown that general disapproval of extramarital sex persists in the United States, and 80 percent to 90 percent of the husbands and wives in the Playboy survey say that they and their mates would object to any such activity by each other. Significantly, most of the young are as unwilling as older people to tolerate such behavior in their mates.

Or in themselves. Most husbands and wives, at all ages, voluntarily refrain from extramarital sex. A few do so for practical reasons (fear of V.D. or pregnancy), but most do so for moral reasons. A very few of the latter rigidly follow religious edicts ("It's a sin to commit adultery," said one Roman Catholic housewife. "I couldn't do it if I wanted to."); more have nonreligious moral revulsion ("It's wrong to play around, once you've made your commitment," one blue-collar man said. "It's dishonest. If I did, I'd be miserable and disgusted with myself."); most restrain themselves out of moral concern for their partner's feelings and for the integrity of the married love relationship (a TV executive said: "My wife and I have a very good and rare kind of marriage, and I know it would hurt her badly and make her feel terribly insecure, so I simply don't let myself do it").

Man, 45 (married). "I was ripped up by it, but for months I couldn't break it off—I felt as if I were hooked on some drug."

Despite all the talk, the Playboy survey finds little increase in extramarital coitus in the past generation. Kinsey estimated that about half of all married men committed adultery. In our sample, only 41 percent have ever done so. To be sure, many of them still are fairly young; an eventual lifetime figure, we think, would be about the same as Kinsey's—but no higher. We do, however, find an unmistakable increase in one part of the sample: 32 percent of our under-25 married and divorced men have had at least one extramarital experience, as compared with 27 percent a generation ago.

Our data show no over-all increase for women from Kinsey's time. Indeed they seem to show a drop, but this is because Kinsey's female sample was overweighted with divorced women, whose extramarital rates are higher than those of married women; if we reweight his data to correct the imbalance, we find no over-all decrease—but no over-all increase, either. By the age of 45, for instance, the adjusted figure for a *(continued on page 286)*

tongue and toes to keep the woman going—instead of lying back like some spent stud—he's likely to discover a few things he didn't know about his own body's responsive potential.

Michael Yaeger
Altea, Spain

MALE WHO CARES

I think the woman from Trenton, New Jersey (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1973), is wrong in saying that in sexual intercourse only five percent of men care whether or not a woman has an orgasm. I believe I'm a typical male, and I am willing to devote a great deal of tender, loving care to my partner's orgasm.

For example, I once ran into a woman who, at 25, had never experienced an orgasm. I make no claims to being a sexual athlete, so by conventional methods I couldn't pull her over the finish line. She was normally passionate and enjoyed intercourse up to a point, but then her excitement would tend to fade rather than mount to a climax. After a few episodes like that, I decided to postpone intercourse and devote myself to trying to masturbate her to orgasm. Each time we did this she seemed to enjoy it a little more.

Then one day as I was stroking her clitoris she built up a big head of steam and had her first orgasm. Soon she was having one nearly every time. And then every time. She got to enjoying them so much that she'd squirm all over the bed and I'd have to hold her down to keep my educated finger in the right spot.

From time to time, we tried screwing without preliminary masturbation, and it wasn't long before she got so she could have an orgasm during ordinary ten-toes-up-and-ten-toes-down intercourse, too. One day she told me that for the first time in her life, she felt like a normal woman. After that, our custom was for me to masturbate her to climax about three times, and then we'd screw once or twice. Having never had any orgasms before, she wanted to make up for lost time.

What I did was apply common knowledge—the value of foreplay in sex—to a particular situation. Our attitude was important, too—an amalgam of optimism, patience and mutual concern. I can only guess that the young woman from Trenton has had a run of bad luck in sexual partners.

(Name withheld by request)
Mt. Sterling, Kentucky

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

JOY
DE
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY . . THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HUGH M. HEFNER

a candid conversation with playboy's editor-publisher on our 20th anniversary

From the moment PLAYBOY *first hit the newsstands in December of 1953, it was obvious that Hugh Marston Hefner's new publication—a 48-page, undated issue with a cover and center spread featuring Marilyn Monroe—wasn't going to be just another magazine. It was Hefner's own vision of what a men's magazine ought to be: a judicious blend of fiction, nonfiction, humor, art and photography—all reflecting a healthy appreciation of the opposite sex and of what he called "the great indoors." There had never been anything quite like it on the market; something about it struck a chord with the 70,000 readers who made the first issue a sellout. Within months, in an era in which publishing empires were crumbling,* PLAYBOY *was thriving; it went on to become the industry's biggest post–World War Two success. As* Time *magazine commented in a 1967 cover story about Hefner: "He was the first publisher to see that the sky would not fall and mothers would not march if he published bare bosoms; he realized that the old taboos were going. . . . He took the old-fashioned, shame-thumbed girlie magazine, stripped off the plain wrapper, added gloss, class and culture. It proved to be a sure-fire formula."*

So much so, in fact, that in less than a decade, its creator had become not only a multimillionaire but the subject of countless profiles in other publications. He had also become the most flamboyant practitioner of the affluent, sexually unrepressed lifestyle he presented in his magazine. During the Sixties—while Hefner hardly ever ventured out of the self-contained total environment he'd constructed for himself in his Chicago Mansion—the magazine grew into a diversified empire, with a string of Playboy Clubs in 19 cities and hotels in Jamaica, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Chicago and Miami Beach.

As the decade ended, Hefner "came out"—with gusto—purchasing the world's most luxurious private plane, a customized DC-9 he calls the Big Bunny. He's used it to take a number of trips to Europe and Africa and to commute from Chicago to the latest addition to his personal and corporate world, the Playboy Mansion West, a five-and-a-half-acre estate from which he supervises the company's further expansion into films, television, records and other areas of the entertainment business.

Despite—or perhaps because of—the conspicuous success of the magazine and its offshoots, PLAYBOY *and its Editor-Publisher have been subjected to criticism from various quarters. First there were the sexual puritans, who were shocked at the sight of bare flesh, however tastefully displayed. Then came the religious commentators, who took issue with "The Playboy Philosophy." As flak from the right died down, it appeared from other quarters: the radical left, denouncing* PLAYBOY*'s "materialism," and the shriller fringes of the women's liberation movement, reviling its supposed sexism. Both leftists and feminists chose to ignore the commitment of the magazine—and the Playboy Foundation, established in 1965 as an activist force in the battle for preservation of constitutional rights—to the very causes they espoused.*

Even more than critics, though, PLAYBOY *has spawned imitators—most of them unabashed rip-offs of what they see as the* PLAYBOY *formula. Some are prospering, but* PLAYBOY *readership, meanwhile, has continued to climb toward an all-time high of some 26,000,000 monthly—more than the total of all its imitators combined.*

With PLAYBOY *approaching the end of its second decade, we decided to ask our Editor-Publisher—who selects all the names for this feature—to approve our suggestion for the subject of this 126th "Playboy Interview." We couldn't think of a more fitting occasion than our 20th Anniversary Issue for the controversial target of so much attention from the*

"I enjoy the public's fantasies about the way I live almost as much as the way I really live. And I can't deny being amused at the mixed reactions I arouse, often in the same people."

"There is an enemy out there. This country—indeed, the whole world—consists of two opposing forces: us, and those who would force their own values and attitudes on us."

MINDAS

"They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, so I guess I've been flattered more sincerely—and more blatantly—than any other magazine publisher in history."

press to speak for himself in the pages of his own magazine: discussing what the past 20 years have signified to him personally, to PLAYBOY *and to its readers, and what the next 20 years may hold. Not without some reservations—which he confides in the interview—Hefner agreed.*

For this unprecedented assignment, we picked free-lance writer Larry DuBois, a 31 year old former Time *writer and correspondent whose penetrating "Playboy Interviews" with Jules Feiffer, Jackie Stewart, Roman Polanski and Jack Anderson convinced us that he had the experience, ability, tenacity and good humor we knew this job would entail. We were right about it and him. Here's his report:*

"In the Butler Aviation terminal at O'Hare airport outside Chicago, where the private-plane set is pretty blasé about your average limousine, people still snap to attention when a huge Mercedes 600—license number HH1340—pulls up, and when the owner steps out, the place practically freezes like a snapshot to watch him stride briskly through, followed almost at a trot by a couple of beautiful blondes—one his girlfriend, the other his highly competent secretary, who's madly taking notes as he dictates a memo on the fly.

"A few hours later, over Los Angeles, he and his friends are finishing their last game of Monopoly, and as his plane zooms in low over the freeway, traffic slows to a crawl when drivers catch sight of that sleek jet-black DC-9 with the Rabbit's head on the tail. It belongs, of course, to Hugh Hefner; everybody knows that. It's the most famous private plane in the world, he's the most famous publisher in the world and he leads one of the most publicized personal lives of anyone in public life.

"Then why do people always ask, when they find out you've met him, 'What's he really like?' It's a good question, and the fact that it gets asked so often is as good a demonstration as any that, while Hefner has managed to make his name perhaps as well known as that of his magazine, the conflicting stories about him have obscured his identity so effectively that most people don't have a clue to what sort of man he actually is. After getting to know him as well as anyone but his oldest friends, I still don't have any final answers to that question myself, but I can say that in many ways, he is an even more remarkable figure than his legend. And trying to reconcile one with the other turned out to be an unforgettable experience.

"Last March, I showed up at Hefner's Mansion in Chicago, expecting to be there for the first of a couple of two-hour interview sessions. I ended up staying six months. I'm still not sure exactly how that happened. Part of it, I must admit, was the irresistible, almost extraterrestrial seductiveness of a sybaritic environment hermetically sealed from the strife and seasons of the outside world. But the main reason I stayed—and stayed—was that I realized soon after arriving that this was the only way I'd ever walk out with an interview I'd want to see published anywhere, let alone in Hefner's own magazine.

"During our first tape session, he responded to my questions about the magazine and its critics with all the facility and polish of an uncommonly shrewd politician; but it was obvious to both of us, I think, that if we went on like this, I'd have just another slick interview with the thinker and theorist; we'd never pass beyond that. He's got a tremendous reserve, I found, and he's not about to surrender much of himself to a stranger. So he invited me to be his guest at the house for a while so we could get to know each other better.

"We quickly became friends, and I enjoyed myself enormously. Hefner's world really is fun. After months of playing backgammon and pinball, getting to know his friends, feeling the special rhythms and patterns of his private world, the tone of our interview sessions became very personal—sometimes serious, sometimes jocular, always enthusiastic and untiring. 'Being around Hefner,' one of his friends had told me, 'is like plugging yourself into an electric socket.' He was right. The man is 47, but his energy is staggering and he seems to know one emotional pitch: flat-out, hard-charging, turned on.

"Some days we'd talk far into the night. Other days, when business matters were piling up, he surrendered himself totally to meetings with executives that turned into 24-hour marathons; and when the last bunch stumbled away at ten in the morning, as likely as not, Hefner would make a dash for the game room to rendezvous with his pals and do a fiercely competitive and often raucous six hours on the pinball machines before retiring to his quarters with a girlfriend. So much for the popular notion that beneath all the glitter, Hefner must be jaded or bored. He's not.

"Whatever he's into at the moment, his powers of concentration are—well—overwhelming. Until you've had his attention, says one of his old staffers, you've never had attention. His mind is so quick, so totally focused on whatever he's doing that if it doesn't involve you, you might as well not exist. One night, a pretty young TV correspondent who had interviewed Hefner earlier in the evening and experienced that riveting attention of his approached him at the Monopoly table to say good night. For at least a couple of minutes, she stood at his side waiting for him to look up and acknowledge her. Finally, growing uneasy, she tapped him on the shoulder; he jerked his head around and practically jumped to his feet to shake her hand. It was one of those moments that could have been interpreted as rudeness, but it wasn't. He'd been so involved in that Monopoly game that he hadn't even noticed her standing six inches away from him.

"And so it goes. That kind of energy, enthusiasm and concentration make him an incredibly compelling personality. Though none of these qualities has ever been explored much by writers who've tried to portray Hefner, they shouldn't come as a surprise to anyone who's been around him longer than an hour. But there was one tremendous surprise for me, which is a side of him that I hadn't seen recorded anywhere, even though I'd read everything there was to read about him. When he's not serious, the man is positively zany. A routine night of playing games with him is as funny and off the wall as—and not unlike—a Marx Brothers movie. And in a conversation with him about, say, that day's Watergate news, he offers the same kind of mordant satirical perceptions you might expect from a Lenny Bruce, who happened to be a cherished friend of his. I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that if Hefner had the kind of personality that opened up in a crowd, he could be a very successful stand-up comic.

"But he saves all this for his close friends and, believe me, it wasn't easy to get it on tape. Much of what I consider the best of our interview sessions, in fact, came from questions I asked as a result of bantering at the Monopoly table, playing backgammon, splashing in his Jacuzzi grotto in Los Angeles, riding in the Mercedes to and from airports. If he hadn't been willing to share those moments with me, I wouldn't have been able to share them with the reader.

"As a result, I think you'll be able to get some sense, if not of what Hugh Hefner is really like, then at least of what it's like to be around him. I think you'll also see that it's a forceful, funny, absolutely extraordinary experience. Like his legend, Hefner is larger than life, the kind of elusive, contradictory, sometimes maddening, sometimes just mad genius it required not only to build a $200,000,000 business empire and to create a private world that's been called—rather unimaginatively—a 'Disneyland for adults' but also to have an absolute ball playing with it all."

PLAYBOY: Why are you doing this interview?

HEFNER: It seemed like a natural, if unique, editorial notion for our 20th Anniversary Issue.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any reservations about being interviewed in your own magazine?

HEFNER: Well, I hope it doesn't seem like a man talking to himself when it appears in print.

PLAYBOY: Do you think readers will believe that you agreed to do this without any special controls or limitations?

HEFNER: Certainly. Just don't bring up anything that might jeopardize your future as a PLAYBOY contributor.

PLAYBOY: What could be fairer than that? OK, let's begin at the beginning. How did you happen to start PLAYBOY in the first place, and why?

HEFNER: Well, to *really* begin at the beginning, I got the journalism bug early. I was publishing my own neighborhood newspaper at the age of eight or nine—laboriously typing out each issue on an old Royal—and selling it door to door for a penny a copy. As a child, I spent most of my spare time writing and cartooning—fantastic stuff, filled with mad scientists, monsters, supersleuths, space travel, that sort of thing. I remember being reprimanded by one of my grade school teachers for drawing cartoons in class when I was supposed to be studying. She sent the drawings home to my mother with a note saying that if I continued to waste my time this way in school, I would never amount to anything.

In high school I started drawing a cartoon autobiography called *School Daze* for the amusement of my classmates, which continued after graduation—through two years in the Army and college after that—and eventually turned into an autobiographical scrapbook that I still update from time to time. In the Army, I became a magazine buff—studying the editorial concepts and contents of various publications. By the time I was graduated from the University of Illinois—where I drew cartoons for the *Daily Illini* and edited *Shaft*, the campus humor magazine—I knew I wanted to start a magazine of my own. The only thing wrong with that dream was the money: I didn't have any.

I tried to sell a couple of comic strip ideas to the newspaper syndicates, but they weren't interested, and I wound up working as a copy writer in the ad department of Carson Pirie Scott for $40 a week. That led to my next job, as a copy writer in the promotion department of *Esquire*, at $60 a week. I thought that would be exciting, because in my early teens, *Esquire* had represented a world of urbane sophistication that really appealed to me. But the magic I'd found in the magazine wasn't present in the job. There weren't any Petty Girls working at *Esquire*.

PLAYBOY: Is that story true about your leaving *Esquire* because they wouldn't give you a five-dollar raise?

HEFNER: I not only didn't get the raise, the head of the promotion department spent almost an hour trying to convince me that I wasn't a good "company man" to consider quitting for that reason. He was right. Anyway, *Esquire* moved to New York and I started thinking seriously about a magazine of my own.

The most popular men's magazines of the time were the outdoor-adventure books—*True*, *Argosy* and the like. They had a hairy-chested editorial emphasis, with articles on hunting, fishing, chasing the Abominable Snowman over Tibetan mountaintops. I confess that I'm a little more urban oriented than that; I'm an indoor guy and an incurable romantic, so I decided to put together a men's magazine devoted to the subjects I was more interested in—the contemporary equivalents of wine, women and song, though not necessarily in that order. *Esquire* had changed its editorial emphasis after the war, eliminating most of the lighter material—the girls, cartoons and humor. So the field was wide open for the sort of magazine I had in mind.

PLAYBOY: What made a guy like you, from a fairly straitlaced Protestant background, want to publish a magazine like PLAYBOY?

HEFNER: Perhaps in part it was *because* of my straitlaced Protestant background. My parents are wonderful people and they instilled in me an idealism for which I'm grateful. As a kid, I remember being moved to tears by such classic movies of the Thirties as *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, which dealt with the typical American theme of one man against society fighting for the most basic democratic ideals, and so I admired the image of an iconoclastic individual who questions the accepted "truths." But my parents also raised a son whose skepticism of bullshit included even the bullshit they themselves accepted; they had been reared in a very strict, almost puritan Protestantism. So at a very early age, I began questioning a lot of that religious foolishness about man's spirit and body being in conflict, with God concerned primarily with the spirit of man and the Devil dwelling in the flesh.

The Puritans thought they could simply repress man's sexual nature, and they reaped a whirlwind as a result. Their code of sexual morality—which became America's—was nothing more than a set of rules laid down by people who believed that all pleasure was suspect. H. L. Mencken defined the puritan as a person who is terribly afraid that someone somewhere is having a good time. That carried over into the idea that work was virtuous but that enjoyment of the rewards for that work might somehow lead to decadence. I wanted to edit a magazine that would express my views on these subjects, a magazine free of guilt about sex and the benefits of materialism, a magazine that tried to put some of the play and pleasure back into life. So partly, I guess, I started PLAYBOY as a kind of cause. But the other half of it is that publishing a sophisticated men's magazine seemed to me the best possible way of fulfilling a dream I'd been nurturing ever since I was a teenager—to get laid a lot.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

HEFNER: Sorry, that just slipped out. I don't know what came over me. I remember, in the days prior to PLAYBOY, walking the streets of Chicago late at night, looking at the lights in the high-rise apartment buildings and very much wanting to be a part of "the good life." I thought the people in those buildings must be leading it. I suspect that a great many young men who haven't yet found what they want in life have had similar feelings. I wanted to be where it was happening—whatever "it" was. When I finally found out, of course, it wasn't what I thought it would be; it was infinitely *better*, unbelievably more exciting than I'd ever dreamed. But there was no way I could guess what was coming when I started the magazine.

I still didn't have any money, but I was 27 years old and I was afraid that if I didn't try it on my own soon, I might have to learn to be a good company man after all. I went to the bank and got a housel old loan of $200, then I went down the street to Local Loan and put up my furniture as collateral for another $400. Then I went to friends, relatives, friends of friends—anyone who'd listen—and managed to raise another $3000. A hundred dollars here, $50 there; I took whatever I could get. One writer friend contributed an article for the first issue and took his $200 payment in stock. That was probably the most lucrative magazine article anybody ever wrote. It made him a millionaire.

Anyone familiar with the business could have told me that there's no possible way to start a major magazine on $3600, but I didn't know that. It's a good thing I didn't have any friends who were familiar with the business. As a frame of reference, Time, Inc., started *Sports Illustrated* about the same time I started PLAYBOY, and I understand they went through $80,000,000 before it turned a profit. If I'd known as much about publishing then as I do today, I probably wouldn't have been foolish enough to take the chance. Sometimes ignorance really *is* bliss.

PLAYBOY: Were you confident of PLAYBOY's success from the very beginning?

HEFNER: On the contrary, I was so uncertain about the magazine's chances that the first issue didn't even have a date on it. I figured, well, if it doesn't sell out in

the first month, we'll leave it on the stands a second month. I was the entire editorial staff and I didn't have a single day of professional editorial experience.

We printed 70,000 copies of that first issue—and sold almost all of them in the first couple of weeks. With that initial response, I got a small advance from a distributor and we were able to print a second issue, and then a third, and so on. PLAYBOY was a success, as far as I was concerned, when I realized it was going to produce enough profit to permit me to continue publishing it.

On our first anniversary, I remember, the employees of the company—seven of us by that time—celebrated in a booth at a local sandwich shop. I knew we were in business to stay, so I picked up the check. I still had no idea, of course, that in the years ahead PLAYBOY would become the most successful magazine of its time and that the Rabbit would become famous around the world as the insignia of a huge, diversified empire. Did you know that I almost called the magazine *Stag Party* and the symbol was originally going to be a stag? I changed my mind just before we went to press, thank God. Somehow, it wouldn't have been the same. Can you imagine a chain of key clubs staffed by beautiful girls wearing antlers?

PLAYBOY: We'd rather not. How do you explain the magazine's phenomenal success?

HEFNER: I think it was the right idea in the right place at the right time. A great many of the traditional social and moral values of our society were changing, and PLAYBOY was the first publication to reflect those changes. We offered an alternate lifestyle with a more permissive, more play-and-pleasure orientation. People get less sense of identity out of their jobs now than ever before, and with increasing affluence, how one spends one's leisure time and finds value in it is more important than ever. An article in a university quarterly a few years ago offered an interesting comparison of PLAYBOY and *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Ben Franklin was writing a guidebook for coping with life when a more frugal, work-oriented puritan ethic was essential to survival in a frontier society. PLAYBOY came along and offered a new set of ethical values for the *urban* society. The editorial message in PLAYBOY came through loud and clear: Enjoy yourself! Paul Gebhard, director of the Institute for Sex Research, once said that the genius of PLAYBOY was that it linked sex with upward mobility, and that's a sociologist's way of expressing what I'm talking about.

In the years since he said that, of course, PLAYBOY has become much more than that—more than the embodiment of an upward-mobile, pleasure-oriented lifestyle, and more than just a magazine of "entertainment for men." Since our rather modest beginnings, it's become not only one of the most popular magazines in publishing history but also—graphically, literarily and journalistically—one of the best in the world. Hell, it's *the* best.

It may not surprise you to learn that I also think PLAYBOY is one of the most important and influential magazines in the world, in terms of the impact it's had not only on sexual mores but as a champion of individual rights. Somewhere between our covers—though you look like the type that never gets beyond the centerfold—you may have noticed that we've devoted a great deal of space, in articles, in interviews, in *The Playboy Forum*, to championing for others the same freedoms and opportunities we're lucky enough to enjoy ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Have you done anything to support these freedoms and opportunities, apart from advocating them in the magazine?

HEFNER: That's why I started the Playboy Foundation, which backs many of the same causes we espouse in the magazine—especially the ones that are unpopular enough to have been left largely unattended to by the Government and other foundations. We've supported countless civil liberties cases, the antiwar movement, Jesse Jackson's PUSH and other civil rights organizations, political reform, sex research and education, abortion reform before it became popular, prison reform before *it* became popular, and the continuing campaign to reform our repressive sex and drug laws, as well as any number of charities and community-fund efforts. For a long time, we were the chief sponsor of the Kinsey Institute and the research of Masters and Johnson, and right now we're the biggest financial supporter of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, because I think making criminals out of people who smoke marijuana is very damaging to the social fabric of this society. I've made the social commitment through this and a similar foundation formed at the same time; they're the major beneficiaries of my stock in Playboy.

PLAYBOY: The funds for your Foundation come from profits on what *Life* called "the house that flesh built." By talking only of PLAYBOY's editorial and financial commitment to social and political causes, aren't you downplaying the importance of nude pictures in the magazine's success?

HEFNER: I never want to be accused of that. I love those ladies. They are, and always will be, an integral part of PLAYBOY's total editorial package, just as sex should be an integral part of the total human experience. PLAYBOY has tried to integrate the erotic and intellectual interests of its male readers, and that has proved to be a far more controversial and misunderstood editorial concept than I could have guessed when we began. Even as relatively sophisticated a magazine as *Newsweek* has criticized PLAYBOY for marring its otherwise excellent editorial content with what it termed a "peek-a-boo" interest in sex; but as far as I'm concerned, incorporating the two is PLAYBOY's greatest virtue. There's a decontaminating process that takes place as a result of the open publication of nude pictures of the human body. I'm convinced that because of PLAYBOY, our society suffers from fewer sexual hang ups than it did 20 years ago.

There are still people, of course, who insist that they don't think sex is dirty but that it ought to remain private, a concern of the individual. They fail to understand the nature of human sexuality. If you don't encourage healthy sexual expression in public, you get unhealthy sexual expression in private. If you attempt to suppress sex in books, magazines, movies and even everyday conversation, you aren't helping to make sex more private, just more *hidden*. You're keeping sex in the dark. What we've tried to do is turn on the lights.

PLAYBOY: But the magazine's nude photography has been criticized for encouraging not open, healthy sexuality but a voyeuristic, look-but-don't-touch attitude.

HEFNER: There's a lovely line in our new film, *The Naked Ape*: "Voyeurism is a healthy, nonparticipatory sexual activity. The world *should* look at the world." We are sexual beings, whether we try to deny it or not, and open, healthy sexuality requires that we not be ashamed of our own bodies. When PLAYBOY started, most men probably would have been uneasy, in the presence of a wife or girlfriend, about opening up a magazine with nude pictures in it. What PLAYBOY has been saying is that a person shouldn't feel guilty about an open interest in sex. We've taken some of the shame and mystery out of human sexuality, and it's this kind of repression of our sensual interests that has led to the kind of voyeurism that makes looking a substitute for, rather than a preamble to, touching.

PLAYBOY: Don't you enforce a look-but-don't-touch policy in the Playboy Clubs?

HEFNER: Of course we do. And we've been criticized for it by the same people who'd shout even louder if we permitted any other policy. One critic referred to the Clubs as "a bordello without a second floor." If we permitted members to manhandle the Bunnies, we'd have the equivalent of that second floor, and you don't need a vivid imagination to see where that would lead. The policy was established for the protection of the Bunnies, and we've continued it at their insistence. We don't attempt to police their personal lives, just keep them separate from the operation of the Club.

PLAYBOY: In editing the magazine, as well

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as choosing Bunnies for the Clubs, your taste in women has been criticized as immature, showing an almost infantile preoccupation with big breasts.

HEFNER: Well, I can't deny that I prefer big ones to small ones, but to me that's rather like saying that I prefer girls to boys. I'm very suspicious of the pop psychoanalysts who suggest that there's something infantile about being attracted by those physical characteristics that most distinguish the sexes. In fact, the way women are built is, to me, one of the inspired notions of creation, and PLAYBOY has unashamedly fought the asexual image of female beauty long projected in the women's fashion magazines with their flat-chested, bony ladies.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that PLAYBOY is hung up on youth as well as on pulchritude, that it's doing a disservice to older women by fostering an adolescent taste in men for pretty young girls.

HEFNER: Does that mean PLAYBOY would be more mature if it ran photos of 40-year-old Playmates? If I prefer to publish pictures of pretty young women—and I do—it seems to me that says less about PLAYBOY's maturity or mine than it does about our society's emphasis on youth and beauty. My taste in women isn't exactly a personal aberration; it happens to be shared with some 26,000,000 PLAYBOY readers. PLAYBOY's readers are no different in this regard from the overwhelming majority of the male population of the world. Since time immemorial, youth has set the universal standard of physical beauty, and the reason is simply that a shapely, firm young face and body are more attractive sexually and aesthetically than bulges, sags and wrinkles.

PLAYBOY: The girls you feature in the magazine may be too young to have wrinkles, but PLAYBOY has been accused of retouching its pictures to eliminate every other flaw of nature, thus creating a fantasy of female perfection that the reader will find unattainable in real life.

HEFNER: That's simply untrue. We do try to pose and photograph our Playmates as attractively as possible, but the editorial emphasis in PLAYBOY has always been on feminine beauty that's both real and natural, with a sort of girl-next-door believability. They may be better looking than the girl who lives next door to you, but that's only because we have photographers scouting all over the country for candidates for our centerfold. We publish pictures of beautiful women—the most beautiful we can find—because I'm reasonably certain our readers would rather look at a pretty face and figure than a plain one. It's also healthier, in my opinion, to associate the erotic aspects of our photography with images as attractive as we can make them. But we do relatively little retouching. As a matter of fact, we cosmetize our pictures far less than the women's magazines do, and probably no more than our ladies do themselves before they go out on a date.

PLAYBOY: How about the criticism that – until recently—you cosmetized your nude pictures by not publishing any that showed pubic hair?

HEFNER: Personally, I've always felt that the hang-up with body hair was so incongruous as to be laughable, even though it was, and still is for some people, what separates obscenity from acceptable erotica. It's amusing to consider the fetish our society has made of pubic hair in light of the hang-up the older generation has also displayed over the long hair of young people. If these foolish fuddy-duddies are to be believed, the fall of Western civilization is imminent because of an excess of body hair. But as society began to mature in its ability to accept reality, I felt we could begin to present photography with more realism, and at the point when frontal nudity became commonplace in both motion pictures and the legitimate theater, I was satisfied that a major part of the public was no longer hung up on hair, and we decided, early in 1969, to "go pubic," as one wit put it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you made the right decision—and at the right time?

HEFNER: It was certainly the right decision, and my feeling that the public was ready to accept it turned out to be right. The initial reaction was mixed, of course; it seemed at first as though we'd be damned because we *did* just as much as we'd been damned before because we *didn't*. But thanks to the taste with which we've always tried to edit the magazine, the readers seem to have accepted pubic hair in PLAYBOY just as they do on their own bodies. It's about time.

PLAYBOY: With or without pubic hair, according to some members of the women's liberation movement, the girls featured in PLAYBOY—particularly the Playmates—are treated as sex objects.

HEFNER: PLAYBOY treats women—and men, too, for that matter—as sexual *beings*, not as sexual objects; not as things but as people. In this sense, I think, PLAYBOY has been an effective force in the cause of female emancipation. Gloria Steinem once called me the father of women's liberation, and I rather liked that. She didn't mean it in the complimentary sense, of course, but there's more truth to that interpretation than Gloria would care to admit.

As far back as *The Playboy Philosophy*, I wrote that the major beneficiaries of sexual emancipation would be women, because they've been the major victims of our repressive sexual heritage, which relegated women to the level of chattel—first the possession of their fathers and then of their husbands. Female virginity has been prized in our society simply because an unused possession is valued more highly than a used one. It's part of our Judaeo-Christian heritage that women are either "good girls" or "bad girls"—on the basis of their sexual behavior.

Women have traditionally been either put on pedestals or damned as the source of all sexual temptation and sin. These are two sides of the same coin, since both place women in a nonhuman role. PLAYBOY has opposed these warped sexual values and, in so doing, helped women step down from their pedestals and enjoy their natural sexuality as much as men.

PLAYBOY: Does that involve their becoming as sexually aggressive as men?

HEFNER: Whatever turns them—and their men—on. But I'm not suggesting that women become *like* men. Our deepest drives and most fundamental identities are rooted not only in our sexuality but in the differences between the sexes. It's on this point that I part company with the more radical members of women's lib who suggest that the ideal we should strive for is some sort of unisex society in which all cultural and behavioral distinctions between men and women cease to exist. What a drab, unexciting world that would be!

PLAYBOY: Well, no one could accuse PLAYBOY's Playmates of being indistinguishable from men. The trouble is that many women find the image of a pinup nude dehumanizing.

HEFNER: The innovation of our Playmate pictorials was an attempt to *humanize* the pinup concept. There's a rich tradition of pinup art in America that goes back to *September Morn*, the Gibson girl at the turn of the century, the John Held girl in the Twenties and the Petty and Varga girls in the Thirties and Forties. They were all unreal, highly stylized projections of erotic male fantasies. Pinup photography followed in the same tradition, using movie stars and glamour girls of the period—sexual images unattainable to mere mortals—in unnatural poses and artificial studio sets.

PLAYBOY changed all that. For our Playmate features, we choose girls from everyday life—secretaries, college students, airline stewardesses—instead of aloof movie queens or professional models, and we pose them naturally, in real life settings. Accompanying the pictures is a story about the girl that adds to her reality as a person. The entire girl next-door concept that we created for our centerfold was intended to make the Playmates more a part of real life for our readers. If some people still consider it dehumanizing for a woman to appear naked in the pages of a men's magazine, they're really objecting to the sexual

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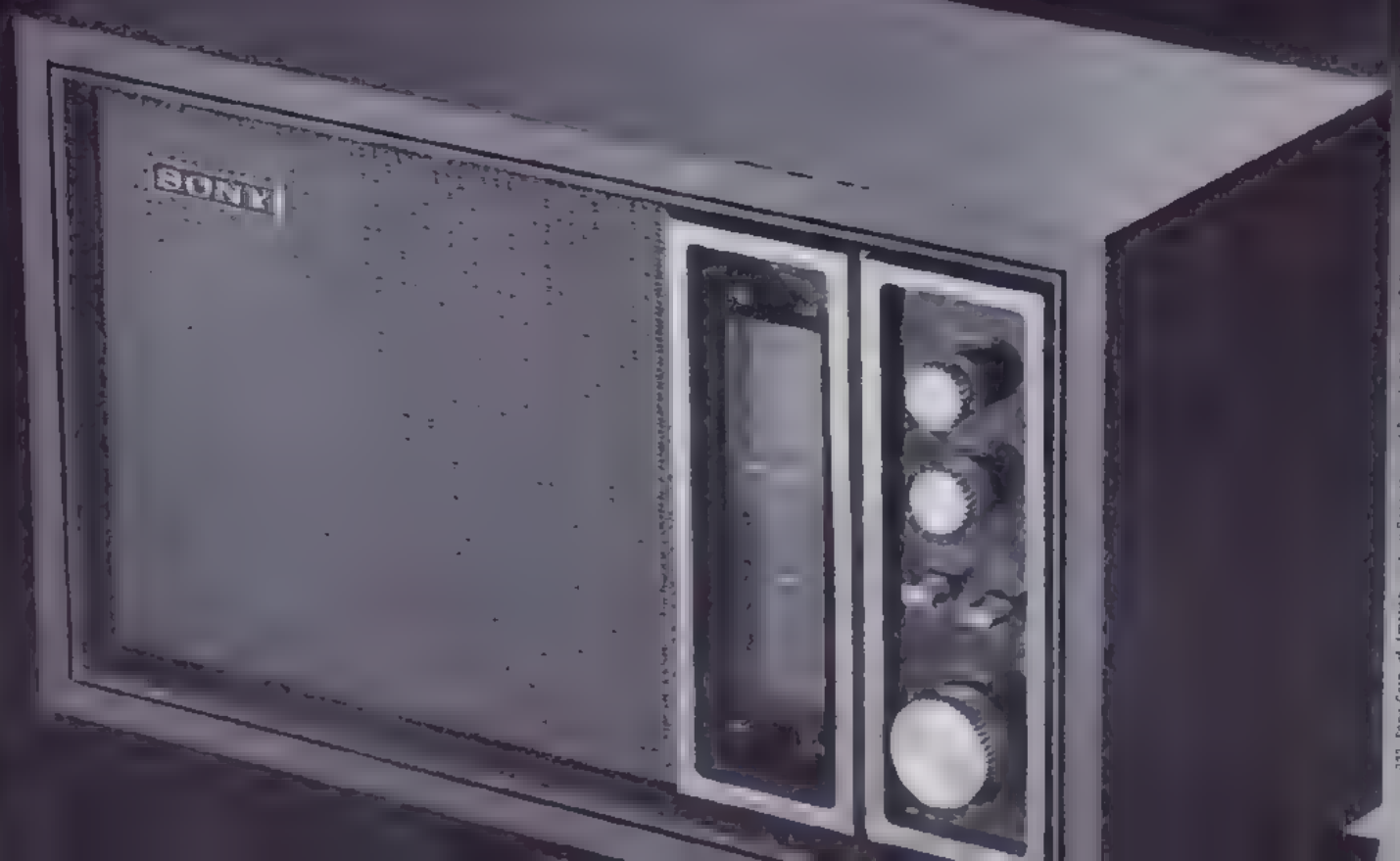


connotation in the pictures, and that's just the same old repressive puritanism under a different label.

PLAYBOY: As you know, some feminists think that the Bunnies, too, are a male-chauvinist creation and that the costume is demeaning to the wearer.

HEFNER: When we first conceived the idea for The Playboy Club, we simply wanted a distinctive costume for the girls who waited on our members, and an adaptation of our already famous Rabbit trademark seemed logical. The extent to which our Bunnies have become known around the world suggests that we were right; the word Bunny has even entered the language as a synonym for a pretty girl.

PLAYBOY: The fact that attractive girls are part of a slickly packaged lifestyle/business enterprise convinces many of PLAYBOY's adversaries that you regard women, if not as sex objects, then as no more than an accessory to "the good life," along with clothes, sports cars, stereos and penthouse pads.

HEFNER: Anybody who feels that way obviously misses the whole point of what PLAYBOY is all about. Far from being an accessory to the good life, women—and the romantic liaison between them and our male readers—are the very point and purpose of what PLAYBOY espouses as a guide for living. The physical accouterments are there to provide the most pleasant possible environment for the relationship between two people to flourish. And since the magazine has always been an extension of my own dreams and fantasies, it shouldn't be too difficult to figure out what's most important to me. The fact is that if you could find your way to the very heart of Hugh Hefner, what you would find is a man motivated by romance. More than wealth and power and whatever other primary motivations most men have, what lights my fire is my romantic relationships with women.

PLAYBOY: Haven't most men passed that period by the time they reach their 40s?

HEFNER: After their 30s, too many people "settle down" into a kind of dull, gray tedium that's rationalized as maturity. It's an aging process that might more rightly be called hardening of the emotional arteries. It dries up one's enthusiasm, snuffs out our lust for life. When I was in college right after the war, there was a great resurgence of interest in F. Scott Fitzgerald, and I got very caught up in his works, but even then I was struck by his downbeat attitude toward middle age. There were many aspects of his writing I could relate to, but I couldn't understand that melancholy feeling about life's being downhill after 40. I refuse to succumb to that. My 40s have been better than my 30s, which were fabulous, and I expect my 50s to be even better than my 40s, because until it actually starts to impair you physically, aging is largely a state of mind. It's been said that the boy is father to the man, but in my case, I think the boy was father to the boy.

PLAYBOY: That boyish enthusiasm of yours obviously extends to your relationships with women. What kind of woman are you attracted to?

HEFNER: Well, there isn't any one physical type, since the most important women in my life have come in a variety of shapes and sizes: some blonde, some brunette, some tall, some short, some big-breasted, some small breasted—believe it or not. What really turns me on is a woman who is bright, unaffected, enthusiastic, open, sincere and honest. What often passes for sophistication in our society holds no appeal for me whatever.

PLAYBOY: Aren't women—even unsophisticated ones—ever put off by your reputation?

HEFNER: Some are, of course, but I'm not apt to come in contact with them in the PLAYBOY-oriented world I live in. Curiously enough, a great many women are attracted to a man who has been romantically involved with a number of other women. There's also something complimentary about being singled out for attention by a man who has numerous lovely ladies to choose from.

PLAYBOY: Part of the public's curiosity about you has to do with the nature of your personal relationships with the women you pick as Playmates. Tell us about it.

HEFNER: There isn't any casting couch involved, if that's what you mean. I've been personally involved with a number of our Playmates over the years, but I've never let my personal life interfere with the editing of the magazine, or vice versa. Curiously enough, however, there does seem to be a rather high correlation between our most popular Playmates and those who have been the most important to me personally.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously living a life that a great many men relate to in their fantasies, but fantasies are often disappointing in real life. Isn't there a danger that you'll become jaded?

HEFNER: No way. If anything, it seems to be working the other way around. I'm more turned on by a romantic relationship today than I would have thought possible a few years ago. I'm more open, more sensually and sexually responsive now than at any previous time in my life.

PLAYBOY: Most of the women we've seen around you are at least 20 years younger than you. Why?

HEFNER: For one thing, I simply find them more attractive physically than women my own age. There's also something nice about an affair that's the first serious relationship in a girl's life: it permits you to recapture your own early romantic responses. It's a way of holding onto your youth and the enthusiasm you first felt about life and love.

PLAYBOY: It's been argued by a number of female writers who've written articles about you that what you're really doing is avoiding more mature women who might challenge you more and demand more equality in a relationship.

HEFNER: I don't think an older woman is necessarily any more of a challenge than a young one. Young people today have really got it together—in a way that we never did when we were their age. I think it's a mistake to prejudge any relationship on the basis of the ages of the two people involved. Our society's condemnation of relationships between older women and young men is particularly strong, and it doesn't make any sense to me at all. I have a secretary who happens to be into younger guys right now, and I think it's groovy. Each individual has to decide what's right for himself or herself, and no one else is really in a position to make that decision for him. Different strokes for different folks.

But let me also add that I don't go looking for any sort of challenge in a romance. I want a woman who complements the person I happen to be, not one who wants to make me over or demands a kind of relationship I'm not comfortable with. I'm not looking for a female Hugh Hefner. A romantic relationship for me is an escape from the challenges and problems I face in my work. It's a psychological and emotional island I slip away to—away from the trials and tribulations of the rest of my life. I pity the man who goes home from the hassle of his workday to a wife or girlfriend who also gives him a hassle.

I'm not going to pattern my life after some fashionable notion of an emancipated relationship in which both partners are equal. If that works for others, that's OK, but it wouldn't work for me. I admit to being a rather strong-willed individual. I make most of the decisions in my life, and I like it that way.

PLAYBOY: Do your girlfriends like it, too?

HEFNER: If they didn't, they wouldn't stick around. But I tend to be attracted to the sort of woman who isn't competitive and doesn't feel frustrated or resentful because she isn't in charge. There are still a great many women around who want a man to call the shots, establish the nature of the relationship, and so forth. If that's male chauvinism, so be it. It's the way I am, and I don't apologize for it.

But that doesn't mean I exploit a woman with whom I'm involved or that I'm insensitive to her interests or desires. Quite the contrary. All I'm saying is that each individual ought to seek the kind of relationship that most satisfies his or her

needs—with a partner who complements him rather than competes emotionally

PLAYBOY: Surrounded as you are by women, there must be a great temptation to simply play the field. Yet, over the years, you've always had a girlfriend with whom you've preferred to spend most of your time. Why?

HEFNER: While variety certainly has its own rewards, I'm essentially a sentimental, quite sensitive, romantic fellow, and I need the kind of emotional rapport that's possible only in a long-term relationship

PLAYBOY: Your most publicized romance in recent years has been with Barbi Benton. What drew you to her?

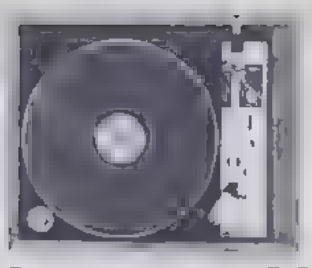
HEFNER: Barbi is something special—bright, spirited, with an enthusiasm for whatever she's into that's really quite contagious. She was a college kid when I met her—a Sacramento girl, straight-A student, ex-cheerleader, ex–Miss Teenage America contestant—who'd gone down to Los Angeles to study premed at UCLA. She was working part time as a model and I met her on the set of our TV show *Playboy After Dark* early in the first season.

We started rapping while they were setting up the lights and cameras to taped the next segment, and I invited her to come along with me and a few friends to the Candy Store, a local *discothèque*, after the show. I already had a date, but that night I only had eyes for Barbi. One of my friends—I think it was Shel Silverstein—asked her whether she ever dated older men. She said she'd never been out with anyone over 24, and I told her that was OK; neither had I.

So we started dating, but it remained rather casual for a while, because she really wasn't sure she wanted to get involved with a guy with my reputation. I remember the first night I picked her up at her college dorm. I pulled up in a limousine, which really freaked out her girlfriends, and instead of being impressed by that sort of status thing, she made a point afterward of driving her own car and meeting me someplace else for our dates. I dug that.

It took a while for the relationship to get serious; there was a college boyfriend in the picture, and she was also getting the rush from guys like Jimmy Caan. But once she decided our relationship was what she wanted, it was wonderful.

She's a sports nut—an expert skier, swimmer and gymnast—and I, as I've said, am a very indoor guy. I remember one trip we took to Acapulco, soon after our romance got going, when some of the gang decided to go kiting over the bay. Naturally, Barbi had to be the first one to try it and, romantic fool that I am, not to be outdone by my new girl friend, I decided to try it, too. So there I



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was, high above Acapulco Bay, hanging onto that kite for dear life, wondering if the motorboat that was pulling the kite would be able to put me down safely on the little raft where I'd started. From that height, the raft looked about the size of a postage stamp, and I can't swim a stroke. Fucking incredible!

PLAYBOY: You must have been crazy.

HEFNER: Love crazy. My life is too sweet to be risking it with such daredevil foolishness, but there I was, just the same. The only other time I got involved in such a dangerous sport was when I was in college. I learned to fly, got my pilot's license and spent one summer learning to do stunts in a Stearman trainer—doing stalls, spins, loops, Immelmanns, everything. But even then, I never went stunt flying over any lakes.

PLAYBOY: There's also been considerable publicity recently about your concurrent relationship with Playmate Karen Christy, who lives in the Chicago Mansion. *Time* reported, "Long a two-of-everything consumer, Hefner has lately extended the principle to his romantic life. . . . Somehow the arrangement continues to work." Does it?

HEFNER: Not as well as it did before the press started playing around with it. Some of the gossip columnists in Hollywood have made it sound as though Barbi is being replaced, which isn't the case at all.

PLAYBOY: Isn't any involvement with more than one girl at a time bound to cause complications?

HEFNER: It depends on the relationships, I think, and what sort of understanding you have with the girls involved. There's always the chance of someone's being hurt in any romantic situation, and if you care about the feelings of others, that can produce conflicts and tensions—some of them self-imposed, some imposed by circumstances. I'm aware that any woman with whom I'm involved may have needs or desires that are different from my own, and when that happens, you have to adjust the relationship accordingly.

PLAYBOY: Does the subject of marriage ever come up?

HEFNER: Occasionally.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle it?

HEFNER: By simply being open and honest about it. But I have the advantage of being preceded by my reputation, which announces that I'm not apt to be getting married in the near future and that my lifestyle isn't apt to dramatically change as a result of any new relationship. So in most cases, a girl has different expectations with me than she might with another man, and that makes it easier for me to avoid disappointing her.

You know, I tried marriage once a long time ago, right after I got out of college, and I took the idea of being married very seriously. I don't enter into anything halfheartedly. I expected to be married to the same woman the rest of my life, but even then the misgivings were there, the feeling that something was missing; I knew it was less than what I really wanted but I thought that was one of those things you had to settle for. My marriage was like the jobs I had before I started PLAYBOY—the kind of compromises most of us make in the adult world. And, like those jobs, the marriage wasn't a happy experience.

It had nothing to do with Millie, my ex-wife. She's a great lady. We're still close friends and we have dinner together regularly with our two children: our daughter Christie, who's a Phi Beta Kappa at Brandeis; and our son David, who'll be graduating from high school this June. It turns out Hefner's a family man. How about that? I sure love those two kids. But when the marriage was over, I felt like I had broken out of prison. I obviously wasn't ready for marriage then, and maybe I never will be.

PLAYBOY: Is it even a possibility?

HEFNER: Of course. But I do enjoy the advantages of bachelorhood without most of the disadvantages. I don't have to do my own cooking and cleaning, and I don't have very many lonely nights. I'm not saying my lifestyle is the one that's right for everybody. There are legitimate reasons for getting married; but there are also legitimate reasons for *not* getting married, and in my case, those are rather dominant. I have this keenly developed sense of personal freedom, a portion of which you inevitably give up when you accept the responsibilities that go with marriage. It would mean that I'd be living much of my life according to a preconceived set of expectations that—at this time, at least—I'm not willing to accept. I think most people wind up living their lives according to other people's expectations and forgetting about what it is they really want for themselves. All that would drive me up a tree.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you're selfish.

HEFNER: *Everyone* is, and should be. It's just that we all have different ways of expressing our self-concern—some of it enlightened and some of it hurtful—to ourselves and to others, as well as to society at large. "This above all: To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." I think there's considerable merit in that, and it was a favorite quote of mine as I was growing up.

I expressed some of my views on enlightened self-interest in *The Playboy Philosophy*, and some of the critics claimed I was advocating a form of selfish hedonism, which isn't the case at all. What I'm saying is that every one of us needs a personal sense of identity and self-worth in order to function satisfactorily in society. If you haven't worked out your own needs, how can you successfully deal with anyone else's? If you don't like yourself, you're not going to be able to like those around you. As one who has learned to like himself just fine, I think I've taken an important step in getting myself together as a person. It's amazing how, once you take that step, a lot of the need to throw your weight around disappears, because if you're content with who you are, you don't need to prove anything—to yourself or to your subjects.

PLAYBOY: Right, Hef.

HEFNER: One of my little jokes.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you make us kiss your Playboy ring when we arrived at the Mansion?

HEFNER: I heard you've got a kinky thing for jewelry.

PLAYBOY: The public has heard, in numerous stories about your personal life, that you have a kinky thing for a lifestyle that's one continuous round of champagne and caviar, communal sex with wall-to-wall women, water beds, baby oil, vibrators, mirrors on the ceiling and video-tape equipment for instant replay.

HEFNER: Sounds OK. But you ought to come to one of my *wild* parties.

PLAYBOY: Frankly, in the weeks we've spent at both Mansions, we haven't seen anything wilder than a couple of your pet flamingos humping on the lawn in L.A.

HEFNER: Sorry I missed that. But for real excitement, you should take a dip in the fish pond when the carp are spawning. You know, Art Buchwald, who's a friend, once wrote a very funny column about the first time he stayed at the Chicago Mansion. He had all these wild expectations, and he described how he ended up spending all night playing gin rummy with me and some of the guys. He went downstairs to the pool, he said, and it was empty. He checked the steam room and there, barely visible through the haze, was what he thought must be one of the Bunnies who live in the house. It turned out to be Shel Silverstein.

Buchwald spoofed the Playboy mystique, but other reporters have seemed genuinely disappointed not to find a full-scale orgy taking place in the ballroom on their arrival. They've dismissed the tales of revelry in the Mansion and attempted to create an image of Hefner as a square rather than a sybarite.

PLAYBOY: Which image is the true one?

HEFNER: The truth is somewhere in between.

PLAYBOY: You have two dozen Bunnies living in the Chicago Mansion, plus visiting Playmates and others aspiring to be Playmates or posing for various pictorials for PLAYBOY. Doesn't that create any problems?

HEFNER: Nothing we can't handle.

PLAYBOY: Guests who stay at the Mansion—celebrities, writers working on assignments for the magazine, personal friends—must expect some fun and games with these girls.

HEFNER: Gloria Steinem did an article-interview on me for *McCall's* a couple of years ago in which she described a writer arriving at the Mansion being asked by a PLAYBOY executive if he would like a Bunny sent to his room. A few minutes later, the executive supposedly called the writer's room and asked, "Well, how was she?" That was a complete fabrication.

My male guests usually know me well enough to be aware that whatever happens in the house is a matter of individual initiative and the personal preferences of the people involved. The sort of impersonal exploitation suggested by the story in *McCall's* is completely foreign to me. It's simply not my style.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that that sort of misrepresentation occurs very often in stories about you and PLAYBOY?

HEFNER: I think writing about PLAYBOY and the lifestyle of its publisher is rather like a Rorschach test. Our society suffers from so many hang-ups related to the enjoyment of sex and materialism that writers frequently produce pieces that are more a projection of their own prejudices and fantasies—or those of their readers—than they are about us.

PLAYBOY: In an article for *Esquire*, Rust Hills marveled at the private world you've managed to create for yourself—a controlled environment in which, in contrast to the world outside, everything *works*. Is he right?

HEFNER: Nothing *always* works. But mine comes about as close as humanly possible for a total environment as complex and ambitious as the one I've created. Hills saw that the Playboy Mansion is more than just an elaborate pleasure palace; it's a place in which I can both work and play without unnecessary interruptions or inconvenience. Man is the only animal capable of controlling his environment, and what I've created is a private world that permits me to live my life without a lot of the wasted time and motion that consume a large part of most people's lives.

The man who has a job in the city and a house in the suburbs is losing two or three hours a day simply moving himself physically from where he lives to where he works and back again. Then he has to take the time and energy to go out for lunch in some crowded restaurant, where he's more than likely dealt with in a rushed and impersonal fashion. He's living his life according to a preconceived notion—certainly not his own—of what a daily routine ought to be. I've eliminated that problem by having my office,

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personal staff and a conference room here on the premises. In addition, I have a video-phone hookup with the Playboy Building a few blocks away, which permits me to hold instant minimeetings with fellow Playboy executives when necessary.

The details of most people's daily regimen are dictated by the clock. They eat breakfast, lunch and dinner at a time generally prescribed by social custom. They work during the day and sleep at night. But in the Mansion it is, quite literally, the time of day that you want it to be. I happen to be a night person, so if I want to begin my day in the late afternoon, as I often do, I can. The round-the-clock services of the Mansion permit me, or any of my guests or any of the Bunnies, to order breakfast at midnight or dinner at noon if we wish. With our video-tape equipment, I can watch a TV special when it's actually aired or the following day, if I prefer. A pool table, pinball machines and other electronic games in the game room, a bowling alley, gym, swimming pool and steam room are all available to anyone in the house at any time of day or night. We also have a library of feature films on hand for our guests that ranges from Disney to *Deep Throat*. Norman Mailer observed, after staying at the Chicago Mansion, that it was like being in a spaceship "outward bound and timeless," and I think that captures the feeling of the place very nicely.

PLAYBOY: Isn't your fascination with fancy electronic gear more than a matter of personal convenience? In one interview, you were quoted as saying, "Next to beautiful women I like gadgets best."

HEFNER: Next to beautiful women, I like beautiful women's gadgets best. The electronic equipment simply makes life more enjoyable as well as more efficient—providing everything I need for work and play right here at my finger tips. OK, I admit that I'm also intrigued with the James Bondian gadgetry that can enhance any man's mid–20th Century lifestyle. But where Bond used his gadgetry for death and destruction, mine is intended for living and loving.

PLAYBOY: Tom Wolfe called your ultimate gadget—that rotating, vibrating circular bed—"the center of the Playboy world." Is it?

HEFNER: It's certainly the center of my world when I'm in Chicago, since I work in it, play in it, eat and sleep in it.

PLAYBOY: Is there really any advantage to a round bed?

HEFNER: Well, it gives me something to do with all those round sheets in the linen closet.

PLAYBOY: Much of the control you exercise over your environment—including the electronic gadgetry that's built into and around your bed—has been made possible only by the technological advances of the past 20 years.

HEFNER: That's true. And I think that increasingly, others will be applying advances in electronic technology to the same ends. Marshall McLuhan predicted that improved methods of electronic communication will make it possible for more people to avoid the inconvenience of separating where they work from where they live and to turn their homes into electronic entertainment complexes. Our homes will become the centers for most of our activities. In that respect, I suppose you might say that the controlled environment of the Playboy Mansion is the shape of things to come. But you're going to have to find your own Bunnies.

PLAYBOY: Why is control so important to you?

HEFNER: I'd like to hear the arguments on the other side. What virtues are there in being without control? One of the greatest sources of frustration in contemporary society is that people feel so powerless, not only in relation to what happens in the world around them but in influencing what happens in their own lives. Well, I don't feel that frustration, because I've taken control of my life—and I'm even lucky enough to have some influence outside it as well.

PLAYBOY: Some people might wonder whether it's possible to get the most out of life when the private world you've created seems to cut you off from so much of the rest of it.

HEFNER: Physical insulation isn't the same as psychological isolation. A private world that manages to minimize wasted time and motion actually permits greater attention to individual interests and matters of greater importance. During one period in the Sixties, when I rarely ventured outside the Chicago Mansion, I developed a reputation as a Howard Hughes–style recluse. We've both chosen to live in self-contained, separate physical worlds, but Hughes has purposely cut himself off from all contact with other people, and the Playboy Mansion was conceived as an environment in which I could more readily *enjoy* the company of others.

When PLAYBOY first started, I was a familiar part of the social scene on Chicago's Near North Side. Then the magazine began growing so rapidly and I got so totally immersed in it that I found it more convenient to live at the office than to go home to an apartment. That arrangement worked for a while, but by the end of the Fifties I'd decided I needed a place to escape to when the work was done—a house elegant and elaborate enough to make me want to leave the office routine occasionally, and that turned out to be the first Playboy Mansion.

The concept worked so well that within a year I was doing almost everything in the Mansion. I moved my office and a secretary in and, with the arrival of the Bunnies, my social life was increasingly concentrated there, too. The house soon became a favorite hangout for friends, associates and visiting celebrities. Instead of going out for a few drinks in some crowded, smoke-filled bar, we relaxed and rapped in front of the fireplace in the main room, ordered our favorite food and drink from kitchen and bar facilities superior to most of the restaurants in town, played pinball or pool in the game room, took a swim or a steam, or unwound in the romantic comfort of the underwater bar, which can be reached most easily by sliding down a fire pole from the floor above. The pole was typical of the playful innovations I introduced as a contrast to the grand turn-of-the-century elegance of the house. Such a place should also have secret passageways, I figured, and since there weren't any, I added them. The Mansion ended up working so well that going out came to seem like a useless exercise. What the hell was it I was supposed to go out for?

PLAYBOY: Perhaps to visit places that couldn't be brought to you.

HEFNER: Places hold no interest for me. A friend recently suggested driving up from L.A. to San Simeon, the old Hearst castle. He thought I might be interested in seeing how another famous editor-publisher had lived. But I don't relate to Hearst, and the grandeur of his old domain is now something for the tourists. What I'm interested in is relationships with people. Visiting the most beautiful or historic spot in the world would have no meaning for me unless it were shared with someone I cared about. Visiting Paris just to see the sights would bore me. But if a girl I was romantically involved with were there and couldn't come to me, I'd go halfway around the world to be with her.

PLAYBOY: During the Sixties, when you spent virtually all of your time in the Chicago Mansion, didn't you ever feel like just taking a stroll around the block or a drive in the country?

HEFNER: When I felt like it, I went out. It's that simple. Obviously, I didn't feel like it very often, because there were often weeks, and sometimes months, when I didn't go out at all. I remember one winter, Chicago had a record snowfall. I thought that was too good to miss, and since I couldn't bring it inside—at least not without melting—my girl and I took a midnight walk and wound up building a snowman in front of the Mansion. When we got back, we learned that the news had spread through the house like there'd been a prison break—"*Hef's gone out! Hef's gone out!*" There were a lot of jokes of that sort—even around

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here—about my lifestyle, but life is always a matter of choices. I'm painfully aware that there simply isn't enough time in one short life to do all the things I want to do, so I've tried to eliminate the distractions, inefficiencies and inconveniences that get in the way of whatever I'm doing. That's really what the house is all about.

PLAYBOY: Then what made you decide, in the late Sixties, to widen your horizons—build your private plane, take trips, buy your West Coast Mansion?

HEFNER: I think a lot of men begin to reevaluate the pattern of their lives in their middle years, whether they're married or single, successful or unsuccessful, and I decided that what had worked very well for me earlier in the decade wasn't satisfying any longer. I was fortunate enough to be able to dramatically change the pattern of my life when I wanted to. That's another example of the importance of staying in control of your life. The company had grown so big that one man could no longer hold onto the reins as tightly as I had. I began to delegate an increasing amount of authority to my key executives, and that wasn't easy, because Playboy has always been such a personal enterprise.

I agreed to host a new TV series, *Playboy After Dark*, to be taped in Los Angeles, because I knew that would force me out of the house and into new areas of activity. In addition to its obvious promotional values, the TV show was intended as a first step in Playboy Enterprises' West Coast diversification into motion-picture, television and record production. We bought the private plane to provide prompt, comfortable transportation between our Chicago headquarters and our expanding enterprises throughout the country and the rest of the world.

The plane is a logical extension of the concept behind the house: We ordered a stretched version of a DC-9 from Douglas Aircraft, with additional gas tanks to give it international capability, and had a custom interior designed that turned it into an airborne apartment. In that way, whatever time is spent in transportation isn't wasted, since I can do anything aboard the Big Bunny that I do in the Playboy Mansion. Well, almost anything. We don't have a swimming pool or a bowling alley on the plane.

I'd had an apartment on top of the Playboy office building in Los Angeles for several years, but with more of our activities centered there, I decided to get a house. What I found was something even more than I had envisioned—an elegant English Tudor home, set on five and a half acres of ground just a block and a half from Sunset Boulevard in Holmby Hills, that became Playboy Mansion West. I now spend almost as much time there as I do in Chicago.

PLAYBOY: What's the attraction?

HEFNER: I don't think anything I could say would adequately describe the place. The main building was inspired by a mansion in England called Holmby House; it's built of stone with slate roofs and leaded windows. The grounds are handsomely landscaped, with rolling hills, a variety of trees, plants and flowers and what is reputed to be the largest redwood forest in Southern California. We added a tennis court and a swimming pool, with adjoining ponds and waterfalls, and introduced exotic varieties of fish, birds and animals as a finishing touch. It isn't as large as the Chicago Mansion, but it's even more impressive because of the elegance of the architecture and the grounds. There's a separate guesthouse, a greenhouse and a game house, with an outdoor bar and buffet area done in the same stone as the main building. But the most popular spot on the estate is a grotto we built, as a part of the pool, that can be entered by swimming through a waterfall and includes an elaborate series of Jacuzzi baths that are enjoyed more as a center of social activity than for their therapeutic value. In short, the West Coast Mansion is a veritable Shangri-La, and rumor has it that you really do start aging perceptibly after leaving the grounds.

PLAYBOY: As a guy who earned rather than inherited his money—who started out as a middle-class working stiff—don't you ever take a look around you at all this incredible luxury and wonder if it's too good to be true, feel that it's all a dream and maybe you'll wake up and it'll all be gone?

HEFNER: I still have a certain sense of wonder at all that's happened, but that adds to my enjoyment of it. I don't think I'll ever become jaded by the success or the life I'm leading; it's simply not my nature. As a matter of fact, I feel like a kid in the world's biggest candy store.

PLAYBOY: Must you be so blasé?

HEFNER: I could pretend to be blasé, but I'm having too good a time. Playing it cool, affecting that hip sense of weariness with it all that's so fashionable these days, would be foreign to me. If my enthusiasm strikes some people as unsophisticated, that's their problem, not mine.

PLAYBOY: A good deal of your enthusiasm is directed, during your leisure hours, toward games—backgammon, Monopoly, pinball, cards and a dozen other such pastimes. Why?

HEFNER: When I finish with my work, I like to lose myself in games of various kinds with friends. If my game playing is enthusiastic, it's because that's the way I approach almost everything I do. I enjoy the competitive nature of game playing, as well as the social contact that goes with it. Most of my friends are serious game players, too. Backgammon is what we're really into now, as you know. It's a great game—relatively simple in concept and easy to learn, but quite sophisticated in its strategy once you begin to really get involved in it. It's a much faster and more exciting game than chess and, unlike cards, it's an open game—played on a board where everyone can see the moves—with the opportunity for considerable interplay.

A couple of friends and I recently started a private club in L.A. called Pips—after the triangular shapes or points on the board where you move your pieces—and the major appeal of the club, along with an excellent restaurant, bar and *discothèque*, is backgammon. Pips has become, in the few short months since it opened, the most popular celebrity hangout in town, just as backgammon has become the most popular game.

PLAYBOY: You said most of your friends are serious game players. Being serious about games seems a contradiction in terms. Isn't it rather frivolous to devote as much time and energy as you do to that sort of thing?

HEFNER: The ability to enjoy such frivolous pastimes is part of what life ought to be all about. The notion that work is socially redeeming, but that play isn't, is a puritan hang-up that still persists in our society. After the meetings, dictation and editing are done, I'm ready to relax and play—whether it's in my rotating bed or in the game room with the gang.

PLAYBOY: Or in your rotating bed with the gang?

HEFNER: You've been peeping.

PLAYBOY: Your guest registers at both Mansions read like the proverbial *Who's Who* of show business, sports, politics, journalism, art, science, law and even religion. Do you consider yourself a celebrity buff?

HEFNER: Unashamedly so. But most of us are, no matter what degree of success we have achieved. I grew up in the Thirties and Forties, and film stars were my idols as a kid, so the celebrities of show business have special meaning for me. They're the closest thing Americans have to royalty, and the biggest of them enjoy much the same prestige.

PLAYBOY: Among the celebrities you've entertained are George McGovern, Ringo Starr, Rudolf Nureyev, John Kenneth Galbraith, Liz Taylor, Timothy Leary, Ralph Nader and Linda Lovelace. What do you have in common with such a diverse list of people?

HEFNER: Some are close friends who stay at the house whenever they're in town. Others are just casual acquaintances I

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know socially or with whom I share some common interest. In terms of common interest, I remember an evening of serious conversation with the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., and fellow clergymen Bishop John Robinson, Dr. Harvey Cox and the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Jesse has become a close friend in the years since King's death, and the Mansion is something of a sanctuary for him when he feels the need to get away from it all.

On another occasion, about a year before his marriage to Miss Vicki on the *Tonight Show*, Tiny Tim spent a nervous evening here asking my advice on women. He obviously didn't take it.

PLAYBOY: The Rolling Stones stayed for four days at the Chicago Mansion during their last American concert tour. What can you tell us—for publication—about that legendary visit?

HEFNER: Mick and the boys spent most of their time with us conversing on important social issues of the day over brandy in the library. And for relaxation, we played a few games of chess.

PLAYBOY: Sure.

HEFNER: Won't buy that, eh? Well, let's just say that a good time was had by all—starting in my Roman Bath and ending four nights later with an impromptu concert by the Stones and Stevie Wonder in the ballroom. When the tour was over, the Stones told the press that the high point of their eight weeks in America had been the time they spent at Hefner's house in Chicago.

PLAYBOY: Does that kind of informal concert happen often?

HEFNER: Well, Buddy Rich is a guest in the Chicago Mansion whenever he's in town, and one evening he brought his entire band over as a surprise. They set up their stands at one end of the ballroom and did an entire show for us. On another evening, we were throwing a party for some visiting dignitaries from Morocco when the entire cast of *Hair* came in singing *Aquarius*. They wound up naked in the pool doing most of the score from the show.

Most of the musical moments at the Mansions aren't that elaborate, of course. Harry Nilsson entertained us around the piano with several of his songs at a party last New Year's Eve. Tony Bennett did the same thing on a different occasion. Shel Silverstein—who is one of my closest friends and stays at one of the Mansions as much as he does on his own houseboat in Sausalito—regularly regales the Bunnies with his songs, a number of which have been inspired by incidents that took place here.

PLAYBOY: Including *Freakin' at the Freakers Ball*?

HEFNER: No comment.

PLAYBOY: Tom Jones has been an occasional guest of yours; has he ever performed at either Mansion?

HEFNER: Not musically.

PLAYBOY: Got any more hot items for the gossip columnists?

HEFNER: Well, let's see. I don't want to compromise Chuck Percy's reputation, and I don't know what this may imply in terms of his Presidential chances in 1976, but on a recent visit to the Chicago Mansion, the Senator challenged me to a game of ping-pong—and lost decisively.

PLAYBOY: That's not quite the kind of story we had in mind.

HEFNER: Oh, no? Well, Masters and Johnson, the noted sex researchers, spent a night here prior to their marriage, and they stayed in separate—but *adjoining*—bedrooms. Norman Mailer and Budd Schulberg once spent a long weekend in the same two adjoining rooms, but their relationship didn't work out quite as well. On the second night, I had to referee a verbal bout that threatened to turn physical. When Mailer invited Schulberg to step outside for some old-fashioned fisticuffs, Budd—the soberer of the two—declined with the observation that he had once refused to fight with Hemingway, and if he hadn't fought Hemingway, he wasn't going to lower his standards now and fight with Mailer.

Most of the time around here, though, it's make love, not war. Warren Beatty, another noted sex researcher, spent a considerable amount of time at the Chicago house when we were both actively involved in the McGovern campaign, but I see him more regularly now at the L.A. Mansion, where he can usually be found heading in the general direction of the Jacuzzi, being a well-known lover of water sports.

PLAYBOY: Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the Russian poet, stayed at the Chicago Mansion during one of his visits to America. Did you get along?

HEFNER: Well, we spent several hours debating the relative merits of our two systems of government. But he departed early the next morning, disgruntled because he hadn't been able to interest any of the Bunnies in further cementing Soviet-American relations.

PLAYBOY: You haven't mentioned the big parties you throw for a few hundred friends every week or so in either Chicago or Los Angeles. Do the stars come to gaze at one another on these occasions?

HEFNER: And at our Bunnies, and at the Playmates—and vice versa. But our biggest turnouts—in terms of show-business celebrities, at least—are the popular closed-circuit telecasts of sporting events that I host several times a year. Last summer in the L.A. house, we screened a Muhammad Ali fight, and half the male stars in town were there, plus a few female fans as well. Groucho Marx and George Raft were on hand, representing the old Hollywood; Bill Cosby, Jack Nicholson, Burt Bacharach, Joe Namath, Jim Brown, Tony Curtis, Bob Culp, David Steinberg, Jimmy Caan, John Derek, Clint Eastwood, the ever-popular Warren Beatty, Harry Nilsson with Sally Kellerman, Ryan O'Neal with Ursula Andress, Don Adams with Don Rickles—*everybody* was there. Tommy Smothers looked around at the room of familiar faces and said, "If somebody set off a bomb in here tonight, you'd have to start show business all over again."

PLAYBOY: In another interview, you said you enjoy your reputation almost as much as you do your lifestyle. What did you mean?

HEFNER: I meant that I enjoy the public's fantasies about the way I live almost as much as the way I *really* live. And I can't deny being amused at the mixed reactions I arouse, often in the same people. Even if they put me down, they eat it up. They want to know what's going on in those Mansions. What's it like on that plane? What does he really do with those Bunnies? There's even a story going around about the stars on the cover of the magazine representing the number of times I've made love with that month's Playmate.

PLAYBOY: The version we've heard involves the girl on the cover.

HEFNER: I hate to spoil all those fantasies, but the number of stars designates nothing more than the geographical edition of the magazine. I think it's been of great value to PLAYBOY, though, that the boss isn't a faceless chief executive but a guy people can fantasize about and see as a representative of the good life the magazine promotes.

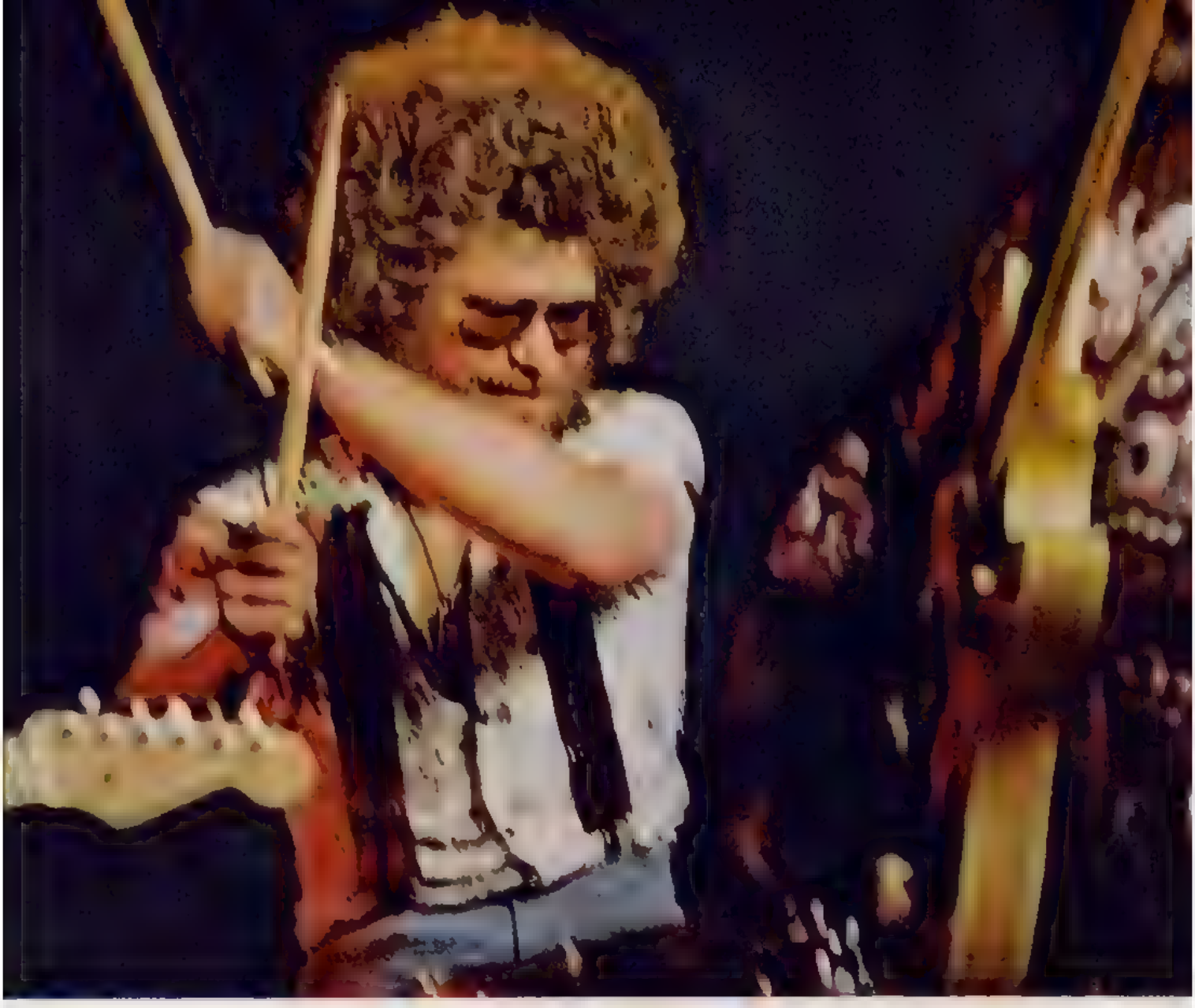
PLAYBOY: A number of your personal tastes—for simple clothing, food and drink—don't exactly fit that image.

HEFNER: PLAYBOY has never taken the position that there's only one right kind of neckwear or music or one right way to live your life. The magazine promotes not what people should be doing to look hip but an attitude that has to do with savoring life *however* you choose to go about it. I'm a living testimonial to that. It would be an affectation for me to wear things I didn't enjoy because I felt I ought to. And Pepsi happens to be what I like to drink. As a matter of fact, I like Pepsi so much that I used to polish off 25 or 30 bottles a day, and I started worrying about putting on weight, so I began smoking my pipe, thinking that would cut down my drinking.

PLAYBOY: Did it?

HEFNER: No, I just acquired another bad habit. As for my plain tastes in food, I simply enjoy fried chicken more than pheasant under glass. It's a hang-up of mine, probably a result of retarded eating habits in my misspent youth.

PLAYBOY: Is it really true, as we've heard,



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that when you went to Maxim's in Paris, generally considered one of the world's finest restaurants, you dispatched an aide to the kitchen beforehand to provide them with your personal recipe for fried chicken?

HEFNER: It's true. My aide spent the afternoon showing them how to prepare Southern fried chicken the way I like it, and with all due credit to Maxim's, it was delicious. It tasted just like Colonel Sanders'. You must understand that at that point, we'd been traveling for a month through Africa, the Greek isles, Italy, Spain, England, and so forth, and by the time I got to Paris . . . it sounds like a song: "By the time I got to Paris, she was risin'." Anyway, by then, I was pretty horny for some home-cooked chicken.

PLAYBOY: Did Maxim's ever recover from your visit?

HEFNER: Apparently they took it rather well, because later they tried to sell me the restaurant. But I didn't like the chicken *that* much. I guess the real bottom line about food is that it's just not important to me. I've been known to go for two days without it. All it gives me is the energy I need to do what I *really* get pleasure from. Do I need to spell that out?

PLAYBOY: Is it a four-letter word?

HEFNER: Four letters sounds like . . . And besides being fun, it's not fattening. I should have mentioned that in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

PLAYBOY: In areas other than food, drink and clothes, you could hardly be accused of simple tastes. Your lifestyle is so extraordinarily lavish, in fact, that some people regard it as an embodiment of the philosophy of conspicuous consumption.

HEFNER: Well, there's no denying that I'm one of the nation's major consumers—or that I haven't tried very hard to conceal that fact—but my feeling, frankly, is that I earned it and I have a right to do with it exactly what I damn please. And I'd feel the same way about it even if I didn't also spend a good deal of what I've made on the causes I happen to believe in. But beyond what anyone thinks of me, there's an implicit assumption I can't accept in the hostility some people—particularly among the affluent young left—feel not only toward conspicuous consumption but toward materialism itself, and the assumption is that it's evil. They make no distinction between the ills wrought by materialism—corporate greed, urban blight, pollution, artificial obsolescence and the like—and the *benefits* of materialism, which include, thanks to technological progress, a longer and healthier life and a better ability to feed and clothe the people of this planet.

They also fail to appreciate the fact that, thanks to the benefits of materialism, their own lives—however simply they choose to live—are very different from, and very much better than, the simple life led by those in the underdeveloped countries of the world. If a kid gets hungry in Taos, he can wash dishes somewhere and make enough to get by on. Or he can hock a watch to pay for a meal—or a doctor. Or if worst comes to worst, he can always go home to San Francisco. The kids in Burma and Tanzania don't have those options. I also don't see too many of these idealistic young kids throwing away their motorcycles and their stereos, or using the money they spend on jeans and flowered shirts to buy food and clothing for the poor instead. I'm not saying they should; but they should examine their own values before condemning other people's, and they should realize that by rejecting materialism itself rather than the excesses of materialism, they're throwing out the baby with the bath water.

PLAYBOY: Many of these young people you're talking about seem to feel that PLAYBOY accepts materialism as unquestioningly as you say they reject it.

HEFNER: We've never believed—or implied—that money can buy happiness. But we don't feel it's the root of all evil, either. It's all in what you do with it. Money can certainly be used exploitively and for destructive ends, the Watergate campaign funds are a perfect case in point. But it can also be used to enhance life—for oneself and for others—and that's what we've tried to promote in the magazine and the way I try to live myself. I'm fortunate enough to live very well, indeed, but it's not the money that matters to me; it's not even the things I can acquire with it. It's the pleasure—and the personal freedom—it can provide for me and for those I care about.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there any level on which the money itself—the fact that you made it yourself and that you've made as much as you have—is gratifying to you?

HEFNER: Certainly. The financial part of my success isn't meaningless to me. But it's much more meaningful to me that the thing I decided I most wanted to do when I was in college—to start and edit a magazine of my own that I could believe in—is exactly what I've been able to do. And I take great satisfaction in the fact that this has been the most imitated magazine of my time, that it's had so many different impacts on our social and sexual values. All these things are much more meaningful to me than the dollars I've earned.

People who are major business successes, with whom our net worth would be all we have in common, hold very little interest for me. I have very few friends in business, and sitting around with the head of a huge steel company talking about how we got to the top would bore me shitless. I know there are men for whom it would be important to make an extra half billion dollars so they could rise from being the 64th richest man in the world to the 23rd richest man. But I've never had any interest in making Playboy Enterprises as large as General Motors. What I've really sought is to create a unique and exciting company that also shows a nice enough profit so that we can do what we want to do without worrying about money.

PLAYBOY: Two years ago, you decided to finance future expansion and diversification by going public. After keeping Playboy an almost completely personal enterprise for so long, it must have been a painful decision to sell stock to the public.

HEFNER: Not at all. I only went from 80 percent ownership down to 70 percent ownership, so it wasn't exactly like selling out my control. But you're right to the extent that it wasn't a decision that came naturally to me. I'd equate it with my decision in the late Sixties to start delegating more authority. They were both made reluctantly but for the good of the company. When we went public, it was because I felt it was a proper step to assure greater growth.

PLAYBOY: To judge from how the stock has fared, Playboy's position in the market isn't very good.

HEFNER: I don't think the stock market reflects the true value of the company. We just happened to go public immediately before a dramatic bear mood hit the market, and as far as I'm concerned, the drop in the stock is related to the period of recession, inflation and poor political leadership that has caused the market to fall so much, rather than to any problems in Playboy, which is a very healthy and expanding enterprise.

Playboy is entering what is going to be a very exciting period of growth in all kinds of entertainment and leisure-time activities. Among the projects we've planned are controlled-environment residential villages located on the grounds of our hotel properties and offering hotel services. In the last five years, we've also invested $50,000,000 in our new resorts in Wisconsin and New Jersey; they're both expected to add considerably to the appeal of Playboy Club membership and to produce a very nice profit.

We're also considering a number of new magazines—fresh concepts, all of them very different from PLAYBOY and *Oui*—that promise to tap fresh markets for us. The film division, which has several major theatrical features in the works, has acquired the rights to *That*

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Championship Season, which won not only a Pulitzer Prize but the Tony awards for best play and best director on Broadway. And ABC led off its fall made-for-TV movie season with *Deliver Us from Evil*, one of three major television features we've completed—all of them produced under budget and all of them turning a nice profit.

PLAYBOY: You lost money on your first film, *Macbeth*. Didn't that chasten you?

HEFNER: It was only disappointing commercially, not artistically. It was well reviewed, and it was voted best picture of the year by the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, so I'm certainly not sorry we made it. The film business is always a crapshoot in which only a small percentage of films make money, but it's a calculated risk I'm happy to take, because, on a long-range basis, film making is going to be an increasingly important form of expression as society moves beyond the print era, and I want to be personally involved in Playboy's development of expertise in that field. In the not-distant future, when cable television, cassette video tapes and even electronic publications become major forms of mass communication, Playboy will have the experience to take advantage of those markets.

And we're in the process of shifting the emphasis in our Playboy Clubs to match the changing lifestyle of the last decade—from the traditional night-club atmosphere to more informal dining and drinking and to more contemporary entertainment of every kind for young singles and couples in search of enjoyable alternatives to the tube and the movie theater. We're also redesigning and expanding the facilities in many of our Clubs and several of them—in Montreal, Detroit and, most recently, Los Angeles—have been moved to new locations that reflect the shifts in urban centers of social activity.

But the most important news for our members is that I'm going to be more personally involved than ever before in the policies of The Playboy Club, and there will be an even greater emphasis on catering to our clientele—just as we emphasize our readers' interests when we're editing the magazine—that should make our Clubs, resorts and hotels among the most popular gathering places on the contemporary scene in the years ahead.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the proliferation of PLAYBOY imitators in the past year or two, and the fact that some of them are obviously trying to copy more than your magazine?

HEFNER: They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, so I guess I've been flattered more sincerely—and more blatantly—than any other magazine publisher in history. PLAYBOY has inspired an unprecedented number of similar publications since we started 20 years ago. The first of any significance was *Escapade*, followed by *Nugget*, *Dude*, *Gent*, *Rogue* and *Cavalier*. Each enjoyed some initial success, then floundered—to be replaced more recently, by *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, *Genesis*, *Coq*, a black version titled *Players* and several dozen foreign variations on the theme, such as *Lui* in France, *Playmen* in Italy, etc. The trouble with most of these magazines is that they try to compete by shamelessly copying our own publication instead of offering readers something fresh and original.

Penthouse is a prime example. It was going to be called *Playgirl* until lawyers warned its publisher, Bob Guccione, of the danger of trademark infringement in using a title so similar to PLAYBOY's. So he settled on *Penthouse*, a name closely associated with PLAYBOY—our first TV series was titled *Playboy's Penthouse* and Playboy Club showrooms are similarly named—but not close enough to be actionable.

The primary feature in each issue of *Penthouse* is a pictorial rip-off of our own Playmate of the Month, imaginatively retitled "Pet of the Month" which, in turn, inspired such derivative spin-offs as an annual Pet review, "Pet of the Year" and a Pet calendar.

This copycat concept extends to other editorial features as well—including the *Playboy Interview* and *Playboy Forum*, which *Penthouse* picked up without even bothering to retitle. Recent issues have included a kinky comic strip, à la *Little Annie Fanny*, while Guccione's personal cartoon contribution is pseudo Feiffer—an unreasonable facsimile of Jules's distinctive style and format, without any of his wit or insight. *Penthouse* even has a small symbol—a key instead of a Rabbit—which it places at the end of each story and article. Such inspired innovation. The only thing missing is a "What Sort of Man Reads *Penthouse*?" ad; and, believe it or not, some of the other imitators even include a copy of *that*, along with an attempt to duplicate the art and design of our magazine that prompted *Time* to refer to one recently as "PLAYBOY plagiarism."

Of course, the most blatant rip-off of all is *Gallery*. After taking offices across the street from the Playboy Building and hiring several lower-echelon PLAYBOY staff members, they produced a first issue that attempted to duplicate PLAYBOY exactly, page by page. Unfortunately, the result looked less like the original than one of the numerous PLAYBOY parodies produced by the college humor magazines.

PLAYBOY: Considering the debt that *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, *Genesis* and the rest owe to PLAYBOY, how do you react when their publishers tell interviewers that PLAYBOY is old-fashioned and that their own magazines are more in tune with contemporary standards?

HEFNER: I think it's very funny, but what else can you expect them to say? Because they concentrate almost totally on the most obvious aspects of PLAYBOY's appeal—the permissive sexual orientation and the nude pictures—these magazines are actually the old-fashioned ones, harking back to pre-PLAYBOY days when sex was separate from the rest of man's interests. Actually, I think the appeal of *Penthouse* is the implied naughtiness of the Victorian-porn approach it takes in its kinky letters section and its nude photography. It's so old-fashioned that it has the virtue of nostalgia going for it.

PLAYBOY: Considering the limited nature of its editorial content, how do you explain the favorable press coverage *Penthouse* has received in the past year?

HEFNER: The one thing Guccione does well is publicize his publication. He mounted an effective newspaper ad campaign a couple of years ago that used our Rabbit trademark as an attention-getting device and created the idea that *Penthouse* was out to give PLAYBOY some real competition. Guccione further dramatized the idea with personal attacks on PLAYBOY in the press. It's an obvious technique, but the media went for it. There's no denying that Guccione is a talented promoter, and he's also a good photographer; he's just not a very good editor.

PLAYBOY: In a recent interview with Guccione for *Screw*, the interviewer suggested that there's a love-hate relationship underlying his compulsion not only to compete with PLAYBOY but also to follow your footsteps in other areas—with a Penthouse key club in London, a resort hotel, a Penthouse book club, a line of Penthouse products and a recent announcement of plans to get into motion picture production.

HEFNER: The compulsion seems to extend to his personal life as well. He's attempting to create a very familiar public image for himself. I'm waiting for the announcement that he's moved into his own Penthouse mansion. But I don't really object to this energetic impersonation of his—if I were he, I'd want to be me, too.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to publish *Oui*, which might seem to some like PLAYBOY imitating itself?

HEFNER: I wanted to try some new ideas, variations on the theme, that wouldn't make sense in PLAYBOY but might in a new, slightly more frivolous far-out magazine. *Oui* is international in its editorial emphasis, which appeals to me, because

(continued on page 285)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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HUMBOLDT'S GIFT

fiction

By SAUL BELLOW

the check that bounced, the ruined mercedes, the mafioso furioso, the airplane bank notes— each step led toward the idea of the dead poet

IT SO HAPPENED that I, Charlie Citrine, a lanky bald person with kinky back hair, ambled into a sort of eminence while my friend Von Humboldt Fleisher dropped dead. He, the poet, died in a dismal hotel. I, a different sort of writer, remained to mourn him in prosperity. I couldn't help it, I had made money, too. Ah, money, the money! Humboldt thought I had a lot. He said I was a millionaire. He didn't say, he accused me of making millions.

And money wasn't what I had in mind. What I really wanted was to do something good. Besides, how much is a lot? In Chicago in the rackety Twenties, kids used to go treasure hunting in the March thaw. Along the curbs you sometimes found Indianhead pennies, buffalo nickels and other high valuables. And just this spring I found myself, almost an elderly fellow, treading the curbs, staring just as keenly into the slush. Because I needed some luck. Then I

PAINTING BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

realized with a shock of despair—what is a dime? And even if I were to find a dollar—what's a dollar?

But Humboldt would tell people, "Citrine? He's loaded. There's money in his kind of writing." Many reports were brought to me of all the damaging and mordant things he said. By this time—speak of writing!—there were stunning, pitiful, awful messages scribbled over Humboldt's wide, pale face. A poet obsessed by money; that, in part, was what Humboldt had become. He envied, hated and admired me for having made it. Well, he exaggerated, and he didn't live to see the witty, cranky Mammon take it all back. He died five years ago. Those five years have had the weight of 50.

In his day, Von Humboldt Fleisher was famous. That day was long ago and brief. A kid from West End Avenue in New York, he published at the age of 22 a book called *Harlequin Ballads*. You would have thought that a young man who had educated himself in the public schools, on the steps of the 42nd Street library (an intellectual forum) and at CCNY would be clumsy, that he would fumble, that his syntax would be course. Not at all. His Modernist avant-garde poems were musical, pure, piercing, radiant, witty, humane and lightly Platonic (desiring passionately to return to an original perfection). The words were impeccable. This poetry was the work of an angel.

I was then 19 and I used to play rotation pool in the Rathskeller at Madison, Wisconsin. Someone had left Humboldt's book lying on the felt-covered massive green slab under the warm light, and I pinched it. Instead of taking it to lost and found, I went out to the terrace and began to read. I read all afternoon and I stayed up all night, much moved. These poems also were treasure reclaimed from the gutter. The sublime and vulgar American mixture. Antichrist was supposed to come from the slums. All the genteel people were worried. But here instead, to surprise everyone, came a Humboldt. Perhaps he was not wholly American. In his elegance, he was slightly foreign. I was a bit foreign myself. All the closer to me, therefore, all the truer. He was willing to speak openly of deep emotions in a way that Anglo Saxons would call Oriental—all the better. I said in my thankful heart, "This guy is it!" At dawn I took off my clothes and jumped into Lake Mendota in my underpants. So early in the morning, I didn't think anyone would be watching, but an old woman ran out onto the pier threatening to report this obscenity to the police. I waded out dazed, and that afternoon in my suffocating attic on Langdon Street, I wrote Humboldt a letter.

Nineteen thirty eight was his big year. Conrad Aiken praised him. T. S. Eliot noticed the ballads favorably (this was intoxicating; Humboldt worshiped Eliot). Even that unappeasable purist Yvor Winters had a good word to say for them. Humboldt was made. First of all, he conquered Greenwich Village. The best doors in the Village opened to him. Behind those doors Russian literature and Marxist politics were discussed. New York was a very Russian city in the Thirties. It was a case, as Lionel Abel correctly said, of a great metropolis wishing with all its heart to belong to another country. Leninism, Stalinism, Trotskyism preoccupied thousands of people. Humboldt among them. He knew a lot about Bolshevism, the Smolny Institute, the Shakhty Engineers, the Moscow Trials, the Spanish Civil War. He had been much affected by Trotsky's history of the Russian Revolution and by Sidney Hook's *From Hegel to Marx*. We all knew those books. You couldn't be taken seriously in New York if you didn't know them. Some of us were on fairly quiet terms with this information but it was not in Humboldt to know anything quietly. He was a great talker—not garrulous but an extraordinary conversationalist. In fact, the Mozart of conversation. He was taken up by Harvard, Yale and Princeton, by scholars, editors and critics. He knew Max Eastman and Edmund Wilson, Calverton, Hook, the *Partisan Review*. He was invited to Kenyon by John Crowe Ransom, who said that he was a marvelous young genius. Twenty-two years old a poet and a critic, very handsome, he was taken seriously in the literary world, and he was also courted and flattered and pursued by women. When we met, he quoted Lenin to me. *"Es schwindelt!"* Lenin had said in 1917, when he saw that the Bolsheviks had captured the Russian government. He was giddy with power, with triumph. Humboldt later added that his own Manic fantasies had been realized in Success, for he often described himself as a Manic Depressive. To Succeed you needed Manic energy, but you paid the Depressive price. Humboldt had been warned against Fame and, like any well-read person, he knew what a lot of trouble Beauty was. He was in a dangerous position, he said. When he talked like this, his face and Danger glowed like twin globes at each other.

Humboldt had answered my Madison letter and in 1939 I had gone to New York to see him. He received me cordially in his room on Bedford Street and opened a bottle of gin, which we drank neat. Then he began, delightfully, to talk and he never stopped. His theme for the day was Success and, as we crossed the Hudson on the Christopher Street Ferry to have lunch in Hoboken, he lectured me endlessly about it. He covered the problem under numerous headings—Calvinism, Grace, Depravity; the stewardship of John D. Rockefeller, who insisted that his money had come straight from God. Next Humboldt spoke about the meaning of eminence in an age of social revolution. Masses, melting pots, seething populations, technical transformations. What was social station in a country like the U. S., anyway? Besides, Henry Adams had said that mechanical progress would break our necks in a few decades. There was a tremendous lot of embroidery in these monologs of Humboldt's. He reasoned, he illustrated, cited, adduced, he crooned, he barked, he laughed, he was somber.

Humboldt, that grand, erratic, handsome person, with his wide blond face, rounded at the temples, that charming, fluent, learned, deeply worried man to whom I was so passionately attached, lived out the theme of Success. Naturally, he died a Failure. That's all that can result from the capitalization of certain nouns. Humboldt, in my opinion, had far too many capitals—Poetry, Beauty, Wasteland, Politics, Unconscious. And I must not forget Manic and Depressive. "Lincoln was our great Manic-Depressive," he said. After the war, Humboldt added Winston Churchill to the list. "Churchill was a classic case of Manic-Depression. What's wonderful about Manic-Depressives, Charlie, is that they have the power to make entire nations act out their condition. Emerging from gloom they're irresistible. They make Wars and Revolutions. They capture History. They force mankind to enter into their cycles."

Poor Humboldt didn't impose his cycles on mankind very effectively. Other Manics with more energy, more lust, stronger demons beat him out. One morning he woke up to find himself, like young Byron, famous; 30 years later, the fame was gone and he died in a flophouse near Times Square. Just a little earlier, in June of that year, I'd had a glimpse of him across 46th Street. He didn't see me and, because we hadn't spoken in 12 years, I didn't approach.

I was appalled. He had become gross, he had gone all gray. His face was gray and mad. He had the grimness of death all over him. He stood at the curb eating pretzel sticks out of a bag, grinding them in his teeth hungrily. Hidden, still, bitter, very bitter, I watched him for a while and then I took off.

This gray, gross, weak Minotaur with bloodshot eyes, Humboldt, six months before his death had moved into the Iscombe Hotel, not far from the Belasco Theater. At the Belasco a dozen years ago, my play *Von Trenck* ran for eight months. Then *I* was a Success. Humboldt made a scene on the sidewalk opening night. He came from the Village with a group of eggers-on, his cheering section from the White Horse on Hudson Street. I knew some of those miserable bastards. He had then just been released from Bellevue. Of course, he was crackers. And suffering. He carried a picket sign. He

(continued on page 112)

"Gee, Mom—you were incredible!"

A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO MONETARY CRISES

article

By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

SINCE WORLD WAR TWO, the international monetary crisis has become a fixed feature of what people with a gift for cliché call the financial landscape. Through the Fifties and into the Sixties, crises happened in Britain roughly at two-year intervals. There were occasional unspectacular episodes involving the French franc and the Italian lira. In the past six years, the crises have been much more serious, and all have involved the dollar. The summer and autumn of 1971 and the autumn and winter of 1972–1973 produced spectacular episodes, the last blowing up without any seeming reason or warning. Both ended with devaluation of the dollar. Since then, the dollar has wavered and then got stronger. But more crises are ahead—perhaps next time for the pound again and maybe one day even for the yen.

A monetary crisis is, in all respects, a curious thing. It gets large and alarming headlines that are read by people who remain unperturbed. Things are not right in the world; there is mismanagement somewhere, but it is not a thing that will affect people personally. A monetary crisis is bad somewhere, but it does not have an identifiable effect on the life of anyone living in Des Moines, Lyons or London, Ontario. For most of us, it is an important nonhappening.

A further peculiarity is that neither its causes nor its consequences are much understood. Not only are the bystanders confused, which is understandable, but so also are many of the participants. When a crisis comes, the Secretary or Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, the Minister or Deputy Ministers of Finance, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve and other central bankers fly to meetings in London or Paris or Washington. When they emerge from these meetings, they are described as grim or unsmiling. Reporters question them, and after some thought they say, "No comment." This is not surprising, for a fair number either do not know what is wrong or do not know that they do not know what is wrong. The reporters, all of whom will write alarming pieces on the development, are, needless to say, similarly ignorant.

The problem is that there is no such thing as a purely monetary crisis. What is so described is a manifestation—a symptom—of more deeply seated problems in the economic life of the afflicted countries. And, this being so, it follows that there is no monetary remedy for the disorder. Durable improvement is only possible in consequence of fundamental changes in economic policies of the countries concerned—changes that, because they involve unions, taxes, prices and budget priorities, are not only politically contentious but far beyond the competence of monetary experts to bring about. Being human, the experts do not wish to admit that they are helpless—that they manipulate levers to which no machinery is attached. So they

what is a dollar and why are they saying all those bad things about it?

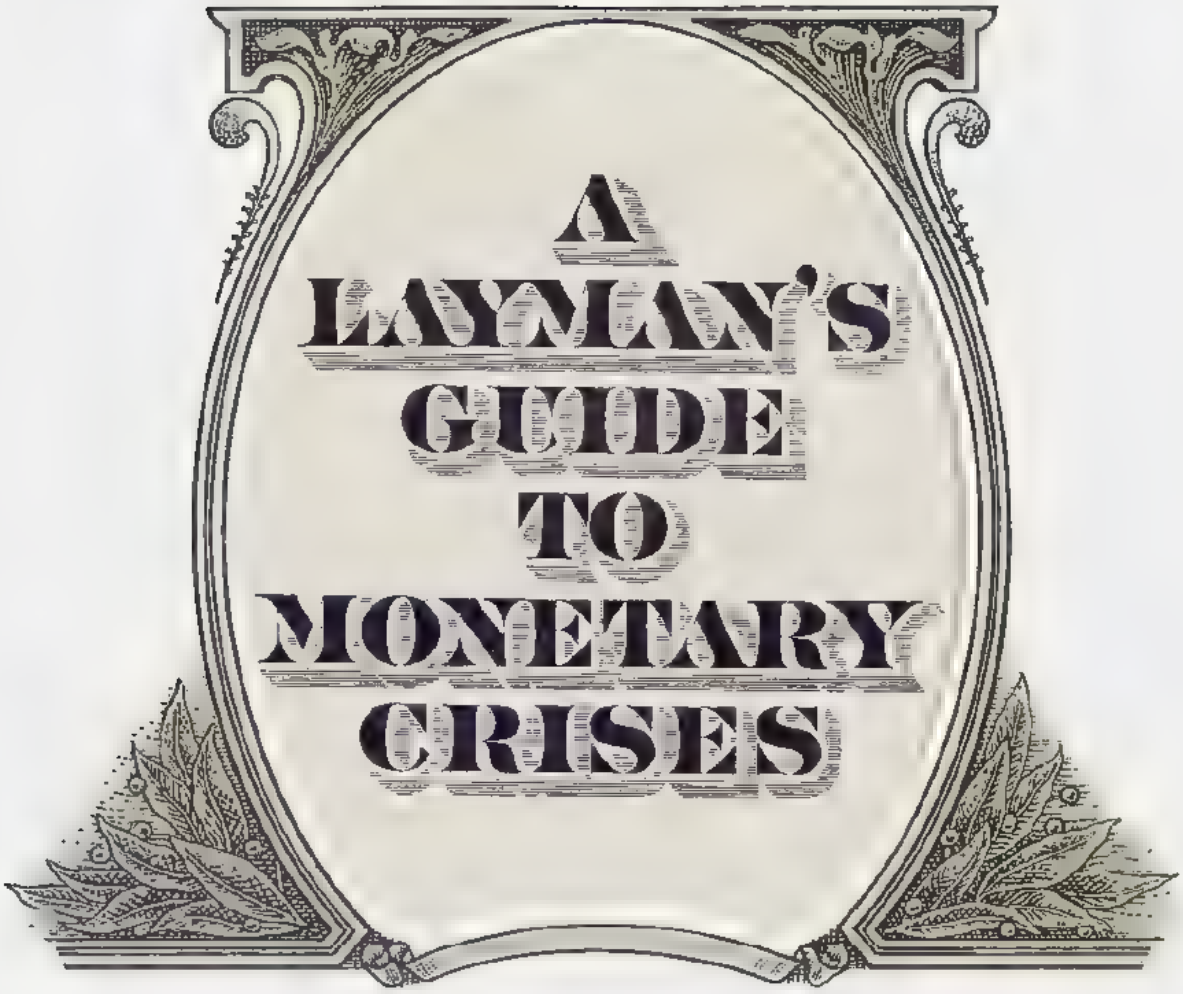
persuade the public, and more urgently themselves, that they have a solution. A little time and international good will, a further deployment of monetary expertise and there will be a new workable world monetary system.

It is hard to believe that such great matters involve such fraud – that those involved are fooling themselves as well as the public. Money is important to almost everyone. Its possession is agreeable and undeniably a solvent for many personal problems. There is a natural mystery as to how anything intrinsically so worthless as a few pieces of paper can do so much for the man who owns them. We want such things understood and handled. So the temptation to believe that there is some priesthood that has penetrated the mystery of money and can, by incantation, resolve its problems is overpowering. And so is the temptation to be a priest. Yet even a moment's thought is sufficient to raise doubts about the omniscience of those involved. The search for a solution to the world's monetary problems, in its modern manifestation, has been proceeding with mounting energy for half a century, without results. This should suggest that the effort, like the pursuit of perpetual motion, could be a chimera.

There is also the instant process by which monetary experts are made. Thus, on February 8, 1971, Mr. John Connally of Texas became Secretary of the Treasury. An eminently successful politician and lawyer, especially in the pursuit of his own ends and those of his more affluent friends, Mr. Connally had never been previously accused of having knowledge, training, background, instinct, insight or other qualification where monetary problems were involved, his own personal assets apart. His accession to office coincided with the onset of a monetary crisis; overnight, he became a world expert. His peer had not been seen since the days of Hjalmar Schacht, John Maynard Keynes or Montagu Norman. In a blaze of publicity that omitted reference only to his personal contribution, he was held to be leading a brilliant search for a solution, and finding it. Then Mr. Connally left office. His standing as an expert dissolved the day he resigned. Soon afterward, so did the remedy that he had negotiated. If such is the nature of the great monetary expert, the layman will perhaps be persuaded that monetary expertise does not come to much. He will be right.

• • •

The latter-day monetary crisis is the consequence of two irreconcilable but inescapable features of modern economic life, together with some subsidiary aggravating tendencies. The first feature is the compulsion of modern national states to manage their economic systems in their own way, in response to differing institutional development. Or, in the case of the United States, to make prayer, rhetoric, faith in the free market and predictions that are



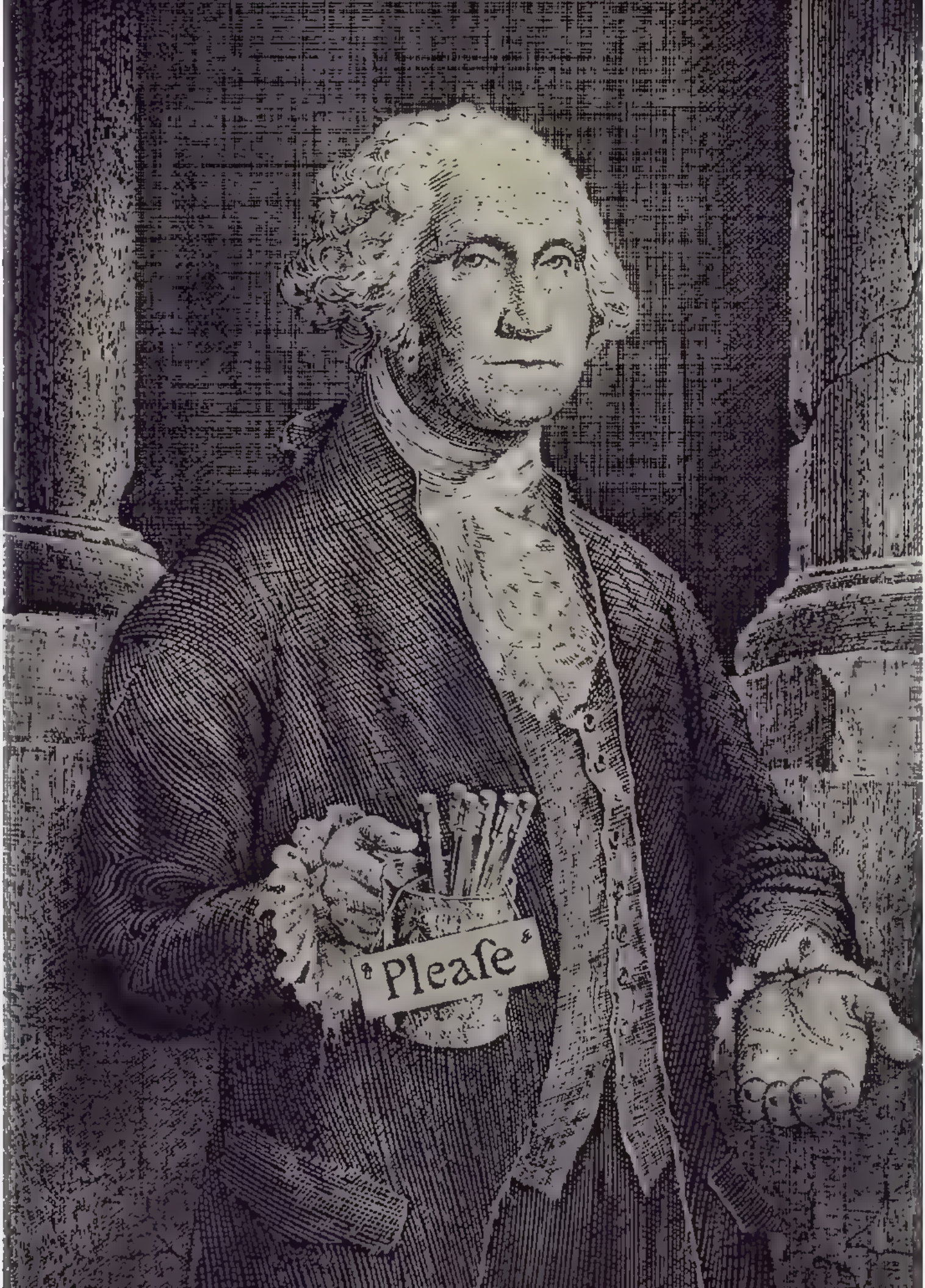
derived almost exclusively from hope a substitute for actual management. The second cause is the need, in a closely interconnected world where there must be a good deal of advance planning of economic activity, for some reasonably predictable relationship among currencies. Among the important contributing causes of trouble are the modern transnational industrial and banking enterprises that can shift funds across national lines with consummate ease and, increasingly, persuade the public that any adverse consequences are the shady work of international speculators and Arabian sheiks. Also heavily at fault are economists who have allowed their affection for gadgetry to obscure their judgment.

Divergence in national economic policies naturally causes divergence in the costs and prices of goods among different countries. It makes the costs and prices of tankers or television sets low in Japan, higher in Britain and maybe, as in the case of most ships, prohibitive in the United States. This divergence has profound competitive effects when costs and prices are converted from one currency to another—from yen or marks or pounds to dollars—at a fixed rate of exchange. So much is obvious, but a number of factors have combined to make the divergence in policy and in costs and prices particularly grave in recent times. Of these, the most important is the interaction of wages and prices in causing inflation.

Until sometime after World War Two the main influence inducing inflation was an unduly high level of private borrowing and investment or an undue excess of public expenditures over receipts. The remedies—higher interest rates, higher taxes, less public spending—were more or less equally available to all modern governments. And all or most governments had a tendency to apply the same final rule—to aim at a generally balanced budget unless unemployment or idle plant capacity minimized the danger of inflation and indicated instead the desirability of a deficit and the resulting expansion. In the past quarter century, however, major institutional changes—stronger unions, more competition among unions, a lessened incentive by the modern bureaucratic corporation to resist wage increases, a heightened ability and willingness to pass wage increases along to the public—have made wages in their direct effect on prices and prices in their effect on wages a primary cause of inflation.

The effect of a budget deficit was much the same in all countries. But the impact of wages on prices and the responding effect of prices on wages differ radically among countries, depending on the structure and traditions of the trade-union movement, the stage of development of the corporations and the sensitivity of the unions and corporations to international competitive effects—a sensitivity that is relatively high in Germany and Scandinavia but much lower in Britain and nonexistent in the United States. And, a most important point, as there is no very strong tendency toward convergence in wage-price behavior among the advanced industrial countries, so also is there none in the policy for dealing with it. Some governments, notably those of the United States and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN


Pleafe

Britain, admit of the need for controls in practice but not in principle. Some, as in the case of France, are unbothered by the principle of controls but do little to enforce them. Some use informal restraints. Some have no controls. Where wage-price inflation is concerned, divergent national tendencies must be assumed.

There is also continuing and perhaps increasing divergence among modern states in the productivity of labor. This too, affects costs. At some stage, with increased industrialization and affluence, it was always imagined that workers would reduce their efforts and substitute leisure or a lower level of diligence for pecuniary return. Numerous philosophers have won a modest reputation and income by warning that the time of increased leisure was near and explaining how it would be used. Such a slowdown evidently has been occurring and, as might be expected, it has come first in the older industrial countries, notably Britain and the United States. But when this enlightened embrace of leisure by the proletariat means not turning up for work on Monday or an occasional week at a time, praise for it is less universal or ecstatic than we were earlier led to expect.

A second factor affecting productivity is that different countries use their capital and technical resources in different ways. Since 1950, the United States has invested technical manpower and capital very heavily in armaments and in the space race, and we've exported them heavily for our Asian war. Germany and Japan, in part because of arms limitations imposed by the victorious powers after World War Two, have been forced to concentrate far more of their resources on their civilian industries, including their export industries. This has added powerfully to their competitive advantage. One wonders if it would not have been wise, in the negotiations seeking an end to the Vietnam war, for Henry Kissinger to have had Hanoi impose a similar restriction on us. I once suggested it, but the idea was not well received.

In the past ten years, all of the divergent factors—wage-price inflation, the predictable slowdown, the differing use of capital and technical resources—have been mostly unfavorable to the United States. Given fixed rates of conversion tying the mark, yen, pound and other currencies with the dollar, the result was inevitable. Where they were in competition, the cheaper overseas products progressively replaced the more expensive American products. This happened in the United States, in the markets of the competitive country and in third countries. The excess of sales over purchases—the favorable commercial balance long a feature of the American relationship with other countries—dwindled and disappeared. Overseas military expenditures and capital exports continued. So unspent dollars accumulated in foreign hands.

No one could avoid selling to Americans or serving American tourists. And since the dollars could be exchanged at the bank, there was no incentive to avoid us as customers. But since we were not an economical place to buy, the dollars so exchanged and accumulated were not as readily spent. And as dollar holdings increased, so did the anxiety as to their status as an asset. Eventually, the anxiety led to a general effort to be rid of them; and others, sensing the inevitable effect of these fears, borrowed dollars to exchange. It is, indubitably, one of the basic laws of economics that before anyone can sell, there must be someone to buy, and if there is a major desire to be rid of something, there will be a matching repugnance about acquiring it. Thus the currency crisis. Prior to the devaluations of 1971 and 1973, so many wanted to be rid of dollars, so few wanted to buy them that their purchase at fixed rates had to be abandoned.

* * *

In principle—a principle that has greatly captivated economists—currency crises can be avoided by not having fixed rates of exchange. If dollars or pounds are too plentiful and people desire to be rid of them, let them overcome the reluctance of buyers by taking a smaller number of marks, yen or Swiss francs. At some level, reluctance will be overcome. And at the new rate of exchange, since dollars or sterling exchange for less foreign currency, foreign products will be more expensive, domestic products cheaper. At this point, the underlying trade imbalance that produced the surplus of currency in foreign hands will be corrected. This solution, classical if not miraculous in its simplicity, has appealed as a flash of revelation to many economists. It is called the float. The name is used lovingly by the *cognoscenti*. It has, more than anything else, given rise to the notion that there is a purely monetary solution to monetary crises. Unfortunately, as a solution, it does not exist.

The shortcoming is simple but devastating. There is no way of conducting a vast number of business transactions without knowing, within fairly narrow limits, what you are going to have to pay or receive. There is an element of futurity in nearly every business transaction. This increases as economic life becomes more highly organized. The float makes the value of all future payments uncertain. A buyer can overcome uncertainty as to what he will have to pay by having the transaction in his own currency. But this only transfers the uncertainty to the seller, who does not know what he will receive. He can hedge—ensure against what marks will cost six months from now by buying them now for future (i.e., six months hence) delivery. But there is a charge for this, which, with uncertainty, has been increasing sharply. And it's a solution that is available to the sizable company only and only where the forward market is well developed. For the yen, for example, it has never been good.

The need for some degree of certainty is present in every kind of business transaction. The ordinary tourist planning a trip to Europe wants some reassurance that his dollars will pay for his hotels and meals. He can buy a package tour in dollars, that only transfers the risk to the company that organizes the tour. The company can make dollar arrangements with hotels abroad, that shifts the risk of currency fluctuation to them. As with these simple transactions, so with those who buy and sell automobiles, television sets, textiles, computers, art. To conduct international trade on a vast scale with large and unpredictable fluctuations in the rates of exchange between the relevant currencies may not be impossible. Trade survives many obstacles. But such uncertainty is a massive handicap.

Proponents of the float would agree that widely and erratically fluctuating rates are a handicap. Most of them would also concede that leaving rates to find their own level—reflecting not only the differences in national economic policies but also speculation on the course of these policies and the course of exchange rates themselves—will cause such fluctuation. Here enters one of the subsidiary causes of the present problem: the existence of large international corporations, including very specifically the banks, that are able to move funds between countries in very large amounts at very short notice or even to postpone movements they would ordinarily make. If a floating currency seems likely to fall, they can quickly desert it in large amounts for another that seems likely to appreciate. The act then fulfills the expectation. The resulting fluctuation can be very great. The word float has an ingenuously benign sound. One imagines drifting gently on a calm pool. But institutions and speculative opportunities being what they are, the float takes place on a very tempestuous sea.

The speculation that gives rise to the tempest, it must be emphasized, is under the most reputable auspices. In the crisis of early 1973, large sums were moved from dollars into marks to the eventual profit of those concerned. There was much mention of international speculators and the emerging international financial villains of our time, the Middle Eastern oil sheiks. Until there is absolute evidence of innocence, it had better be assumed that the major operators were the big commercial banks here and abroad and the corporations on one or another of *Fortune*'s lists, foreign or domestic. The U. S. Tariff Commission recently put the short-term liquid assets of corporations subject to such movement

(continued on page 248)

THE
SANTA
a procrastinator's
guide to last-minute
yule largess
NORELL

1. Battery-powered AM/FM multiplex stereo headphone radio, from Playboy Walk, $90. 2. Vinyl backgammon set with silk-screen board, from Z & Co., $30. 3. *Ellsworth Kelly*, published by Harry N. Abrams, $35. 4. The Clear Dial clock and hours of the day seem to float in air, by Panasonic, $75. 5. Bollinger 1969 brut champagne, from Julius Wile, about $14.6. Molded stacking ashtrays, from Playboy Walk, $6 for set of 4.7. Telecaster six-string electric guitar

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON AZUMA

...by Fender, $350. 8. Spanish-...made Tatú directional lamp, ...from George Kovacs, $66.50. ...9. Fiberglass Enduro motor-...cycle helmet, by Yamaha, ...$32.50. 10. Double old fash-...ioned crystal glass with coaster ...on chain, from Gucci, $29. 11. ...Ektesound 140 movie camera ...with fast f/1.2 Ektar lens, by ...Kodak, $274.50. 12. Plastic ...desk organizer, from Rayner, ...$9. 13. Trendsetter 11 solid-...state portable TV with 9-...diagonal-inch screen and ...instant-on sound, operates ...on A.C., by Philco, $124.95.

A NURSERY TALE

fiction

By

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

every woman he desired was his for the asking—
but there was just one little catch

FANTASY, THE FLUTTER, the rapture of fantasy! Erwin knew these things well. In a tram, he would always sit on the right-hand side, so as to be nearer the sidewalk. Twice daily, from the tram he took to the office and back, Erwin looked out the window and collected his harem. Happy, happy Erwin, to dwell in such a convenient, such a fairy-tale German town! He covered one sidewalk in the morning, on his way to work, and the other in the late afternoon, on his way home. First one, then the other was bathed in voluptuous sunlight, for the sun also went and returned. We should bear in mind that Erwin was so morbidly shy that only once in his life, taunted by rascally comrades, had he accosted a woman, and she had said quietly: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Leave me alone." Thereafter, he had avoided conversation with strange young ladies. In compensation, separated from the street by a windowpane, clutching to his ribs a black briefcase, wearing scuffed trousers with a pinstripe, and stretching one leg under the opposite seat (if unoccupied), Erwin looked boldly and freely at passing girls, and then would suddenly bite his nether lip: This signified the capture of a new concubine; whereupon he would set her aside, as it were, and his swift gaze, jumping like a compass needle, was already seeking out the next one. Those beauties were far from him, and therefore the sweetness of free choice could not be affected by sullen timidity. If, however, a girl happened to sit down across from him, and a certain twinge told him that she was pretty, he would retract his leg from under her seat with all the signs of a gruffness quite uncharacteristic of his young age, and could not bring himself to take stock of her: The bones of his forehead—right here, over the eyebrows—ached from shyness, as if an iron helmet were restricting his temples and preventing him from raising his eyes; and what a relief it was when she got up and went toward the exit. Then, feigning casual abstraction, he looked—shameless Erwin did look—following her receding back, swallowing whole her adorable nape and silk-hosed calves, and thus, after all, would he add her to his fabulous harem! The leg would again be stretched, again the bright sidewalk would flow past the window, and again, his thin pale nose with a noticeable depression at the tip directed streetward, Erwin would accumulate his slave girls. And this is fantasy, the flutter, the rapture of fantasy!

• • •

One Saturday, on a frivolous evening in May, Erwin was sitting at a sidewalk table. He watched the tripping throng of the avenue, now and then biting his lip with a quick incisor. The entire sky was tinged with pink and the street lamps and shop-sign bulbs glowed with a kind of unearthly light in the gathering dusk. The first lilacs were being hawked by an anemic but pretty young girl. Rather fittingly the café phonograph was singing the *Flower Aria* from *Faust*. A tall middle-aged lady in a charcoal tailor-made suit, heavily, yet not ungracefully, swinging her hips, made her way among the sidewalk tables. There was no vacant one. Finally, she put one hand in a glossy black glove upon the back of the empty chair opposite Erwin. "May I?" queried her unsmiling eyes from under the short veil of her velvet hat. "Yes, certainly," answered Erwin, slightly rising and ducking. He was not awed by such solid-built women with thickly powdered, somewhat masculine jowls. Down onto the table with a resolute thud went her

ILLUSTRATION BY ELIZABETH BENNETT

oversized handbag. She ordered a cup of coffee and a wedge of apple tart. Her deep voice was somewhat hoarse but pleasant.

The vast sky, suffused with dull rose, grew darker. A tram screeched by, inundating the asphalt with the radiant tears of its lights. And short skirted beauties walked by. Erwin's glance followed them.

"I want this one," he thought, notching his nether lip. "And that one, too."

"I think it could be arranged," said his vis-à-vis in the same calm husky tones in which she had addressed the waiter.

Erwin almost fell off his chair. The lady looked intently at him, as she pulled off one glove to tackle her coffee. Her made-up eyes shone cold and hard, like showy false jewels. Dark pouches swelled under them and—what seldom occurs in the case of women, even elderly women—hairs grew out of her feline-shaped nostrils. The shed glove revealed a big wrinkled hand with long, convex, beautiful fingernails.

"Don't be surprised," she said with a wry smile. She muffled a yawn and added: "In point of fact, I am the Devil."

Shy, naïve Erwin took this to be a figure of speech, but the lady, lowering her voice, continued as follows:

"Those who imagine me with horns and a duck tail are greatly mistaken. Only once did I appear in that shape, to some Byzantine imbecile, and I really don't know why it was such a damned success. I am born three or four times every two centuries. In the Eighteen-seventies, some fifty years ago, I was buried, with picturesque honors and a great shedding of blood, on a hill above a cluster of African villages of which I had been ruler. My term there was a rest after more stringent incarnations. Now I am a German-born woman whose last husband—I had, I think, three in all—was of French extraction, a Professor Monde. In recent years, I have driven several young men to suicide, caused a well-known artist to copy and multiply the picture of the Houses of Parliament on the pound note, incited a virtuous family man—but there is really nothing to brag about. This has been a pretty banal avatar, and I am fed up with it."

She gobbled up her slice of tart and Erwin, mumbling something, reached for his hat, which had fallen under the table.

"No, don't go yet," said *Frau* Monde, simultaneously beckoning the waiter. "I am offering you something. I am offering you a harem. And if you are still skeptical of my power—see that old gentleman in tortoise shell glasses crossing the street. Let's have him hit by a tram."

Erwin, blinking, turned streetward. As the old man reached the tracks, he took out his handkerchief and was about to sneeze into it. At the same instant, a tram flashed, screeched and rolled past. From both sides of the avenue, people rushed toward the tracks. The old gentleman, his glasses and handkerchief gone, was sitting on the asphalt. Someone helped him up. He stood, sheepishly shaking his head, brushing his coat sleeves with the palms of his hands and wiggling one leg to test its condition.

"I said 'hit by a tram,' not 'run over,' which I might also have said," remarked *Frau* Monde coolly, as she worked a thick cigarette into an enameled holder. "In any case, this is an example."

She blew two streams of gray smoke through her nostrils and again fixed Erwin with her hard bright eyes.

"I liked you immediately. That shyness, that bold imagination. You reminded me of an innocent, though hugely endowed, young monk whom I knew in Tuscany. This is my penultimate night. Being a woman has its points, but being an aging woman is hell, if you will pardon me the expression. Moreover, I made such mischief the other day—you will soon read about it in all the papers—that I had better get out of this life. Next Monday, I plan to be born elsewhere. The Siberian slut I have chosen shall be the mother of a marvelous, monstrous man."

"I see," said Erwin.

"Well, my dear boy," continued *Frau* Monde, demolishing her second piece of pastry, "I intend, before going, to have a bit of innocent fun. Here is what I suggest. Tomorrow, from noon to midnight, you can select by your usual method"—with heavy humor, *Frau* Monde sucked in her lower lip with a succulent hiss—"all the girls you fancy. Before my departure, I shall have them gathered and placed at your complete disposal. You will keep them until you have enjoyed them all. How does that strike you, *amico*?"

Erwin dropped his eyes and said softly: "If it is all true, it would be a great happiness."

"All right, then," she said, licking the remains of whipped cream off her spoon. "All right. One condition, nevertheless, must be set. No, it is not what you are thinking. As I told you, I have arranged my next incarnation. *Your* soul I do not require. Now, this is the condition: The total of your choices between noon and midnight must be an odd number. This is essential and final. Otherwise, I can do nothing for you."

Erwin cleared his throat and asked, almost in a whisper:

"But—how shall I know? Let's say I've chosen one—what then?"

"Nothing," said *Frau* Monde. "Your feeling, your desire are a command in themselves. However, in order that you may be sure that the deal stands, I shall have a sign given you every time—a smile, not necessarily addressed to you, a chance word in the crowd, a sudden patch of color—that sort of thing. Don't worry, you'll know."

"And—and—" mumbled Erwin, shuffling his feet under the table, "and where is it all going to—uh—happen? I have only a very small room."

"Don't worry about that, either," said *Frau* Monde, and her corset creaked as she rose. "Now it's time you went home. No harm in getting a good night's rest. I'll give you a lift."

In the open taxi, with the dark wind streaming between starry sky and glistening asphalt, poor Erwin felt tremendously elated. *Frau* Monde sat erect, her crossed legs forming a sharp angle, and the city lights flashed in her gem-like eyes.

"There's your house," she said, touching Erwin's shoulder. "*Au revoir*."

. . .

Many are the dreams that can be brought on by a mug of dark beer laced with brandy. Thus reflected Erwin when he awoke the next morning—he must have been drunk, and the talk with that funny female was all fancy. This rhetorical turn often occurs in fairy tales and, as in fairy tales, our young man soon realized he was wrong.

He went out just as the church clock had begun the laborious task of striking noon. Sunday bells joined in excitedly and a bright breeze ruffled the Persian lilacs around the public lavatory in the small park near his house. Pigeons settled on an old stone *Herzog* or waddled along the sandbox where small children, their flannel behinds sticking up, were digging with toy scoops and playing with wooden trains. The lustrous leaves of the lindens moved in the wind, their ace-of-spades shadows quivered on the graveled path and climbed in an airy flock the trouser legs and skirts of the strollers, racing up and scattering over shoulders and faces, and once again the whole flock slipped back onto the ground, where, barely stirring, they lay in wait for the next foot passenger. In this variegated setting, Erwin noticed a girl in a white dress who had squatted down to tousle with two fingers a fat shaggy pup with warts on its belly. The inclination of her head bared the back of her neck, revealing the ripple of her vertebrae, the fair bloom, the tender hollow between her shoulder blades, and the sun through the leaves found fiery strands in her chestnut hair. Still playing with the puppy, she half rose from her haunches and clapped her hands above it. The fat little animal rolled over on the gravel, ran off a few feet and toppled onto its side. Erwin sat down on a bench and cast a timid and avid glance at her face.

He saw her so clearly, with such piercing and perfect force of perception, that, it seemed, nothing new about her features might have been disclosed by years of previous intimacy. Her polish lips twitched as if repeating every small soft movement of the puppy; her eyelashes beat so brightly as to look like the rayless of her beaming eyes; but most enchanting, perhaps, was the curve of her cheek.

(continued on page 116)

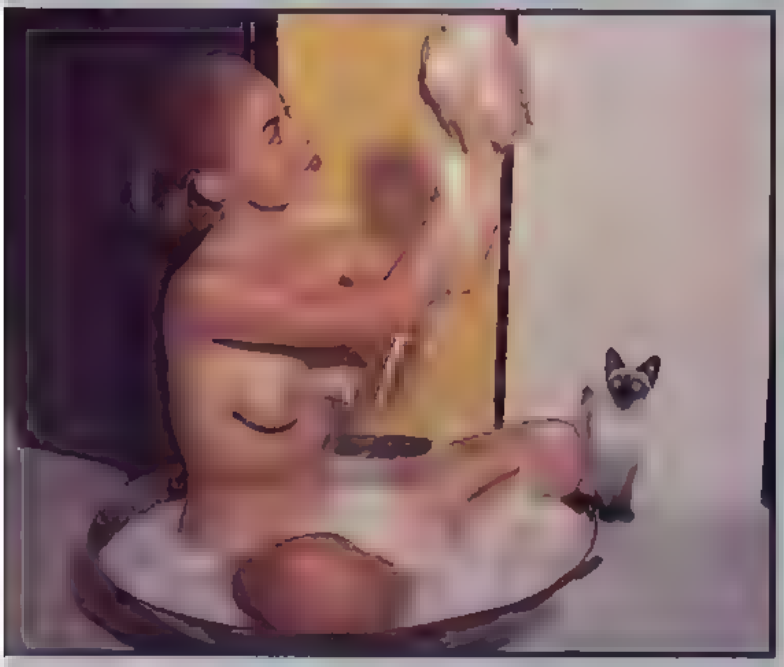
"All I sell is cheeseburgers, but I sell a lot of cheeseburgers."

from two decades of beauty, a choice array of what has become an international institution

TWENTY YEARS OF PLAYMATES

MARILYN MONROE *Bit parts in "The Asphalt Jungle" and "All About Eve" had marked her for stardom, but news that she'd once posed in the nude caused a sensation. The shot at left, featuring MM as "Sweetheart of the Month," made* PLAYBOY*'s first issue a virtual sellout.*

JANET PILGRIM *"Playboy's Office Playmate," Miss July 1955 (below) made history as the first of our girl-next-door types—and as the only Playmate to grace the gatefold three times. Janet, once* PLAYBOY*'s Subscription Manager, later headed our Reader Service Department.*



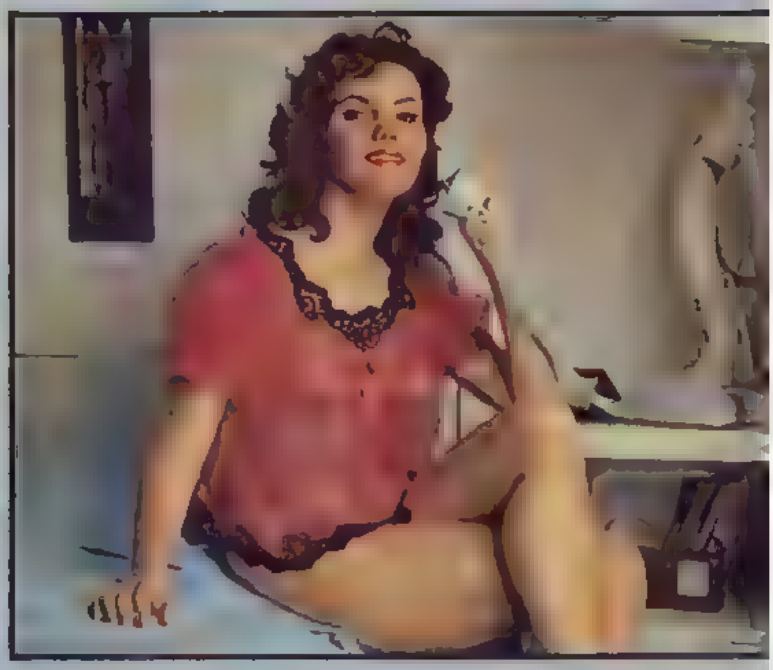
MARGUERITE EMPEY *We were twice blessed with Marguerite (above)—in May 1955 and February 1956; the latter was photographed by Russ Meyer, later king of the skin flicks. Marguerite eventually became a well-known figure in the nudist movement in Southern California.*

CARRIE RADISON *At the age of ten she was in summer stock in Minnesota; at 13 she sang with New York's City Center Opera. After appearing as Miss June 1957, Carrie (right) went on to become a Bunny—first in Chicago, then in Phoenix, New York and New Orleans.*

IN A NATIONALLY CIRCULATED interview—not the one you'll find elsewhere in this issue—a reporter once asked Hugh Hefner what PLAYBOY would be without its Playmates. "I don't think people buy PLAYBOY for just the Playmate, if that's what you mean," he replied. But, he went on, she's an integral part of the magazine—just like good articles, good interviews, good pieces of fiction. We'll buy that, and so do our readers. In tribute to the 242 girls who have made the center spread of PLAYBOY what it is, we present here a distillation of the past two decades We may have omitted your personal favorites, but we're sure you'll enjoy this editorial return with us to the golden days of yesteryear.

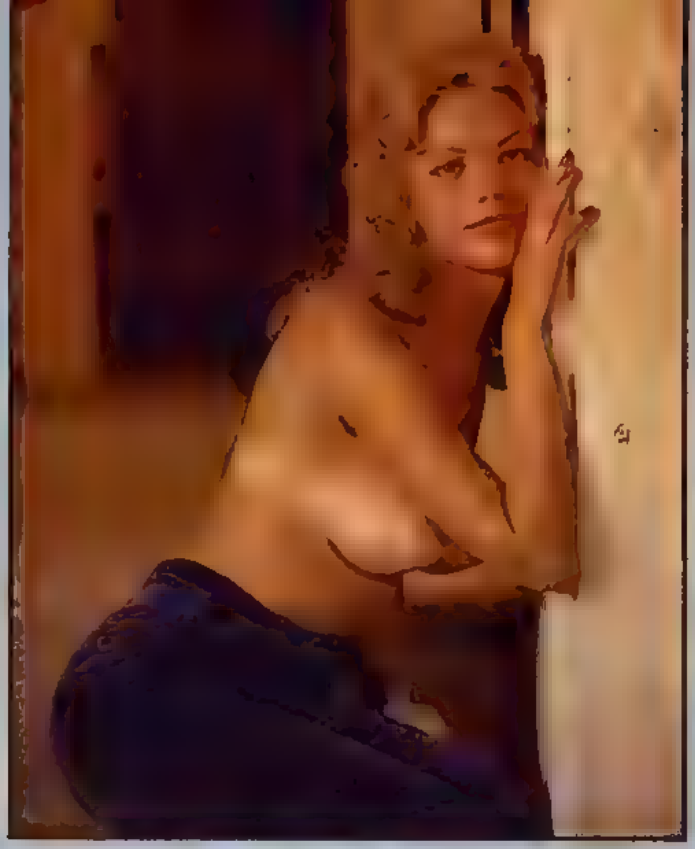
LISA WINTERS *She was too shy to pose for a man, so it was lucky for us that photographer Bunny Yeager spotted Lisa (right) at a Miami bus stop and talked her into becoming a centerfold celebrity. Readers voted Miss December the most popular Playmate of 1956.*

ELSA SORENSEN *"Danish Pastry," we called this young thing from Copenhagen (below) who, shortly after she cavorted through our pages in September 1956 on a supermarket-shopping spree with singer Guy Mitchell, married him. The union, we regret to report, wasn't a lasting one.*



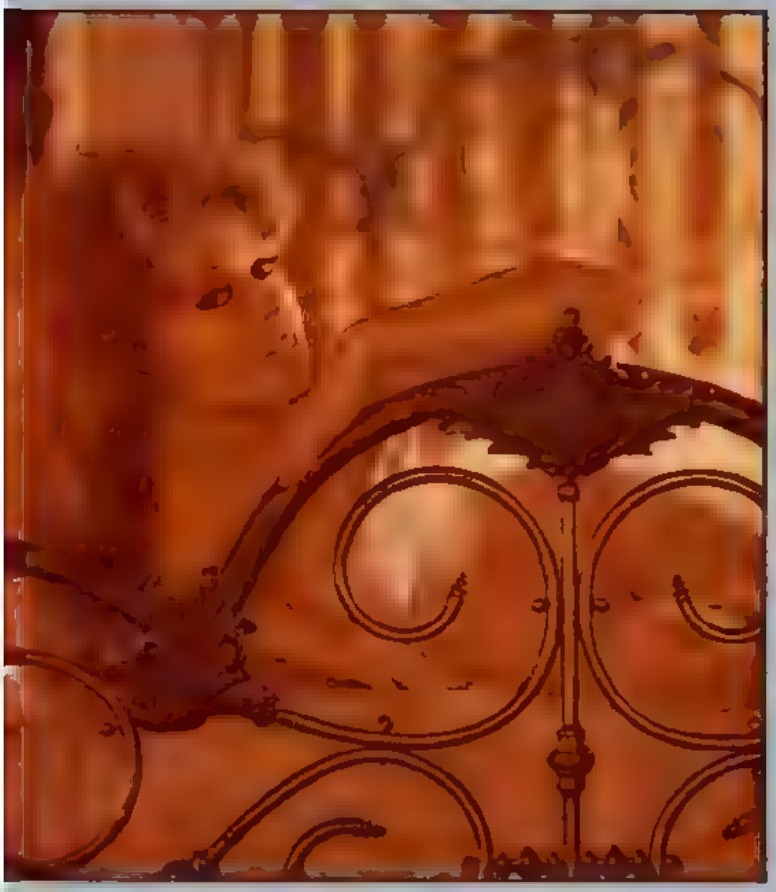
JOYCE NIZZARI *Another of Bunny Yeager's finds, December 1958's Playmate (above) became a Bunny herself—in Playboy Club cottontail—before wedding actor Jack Hogan of the "Combat" series. Joyce and Jack live on Oahu; both did "Hawaii Five-O" segments last season.*

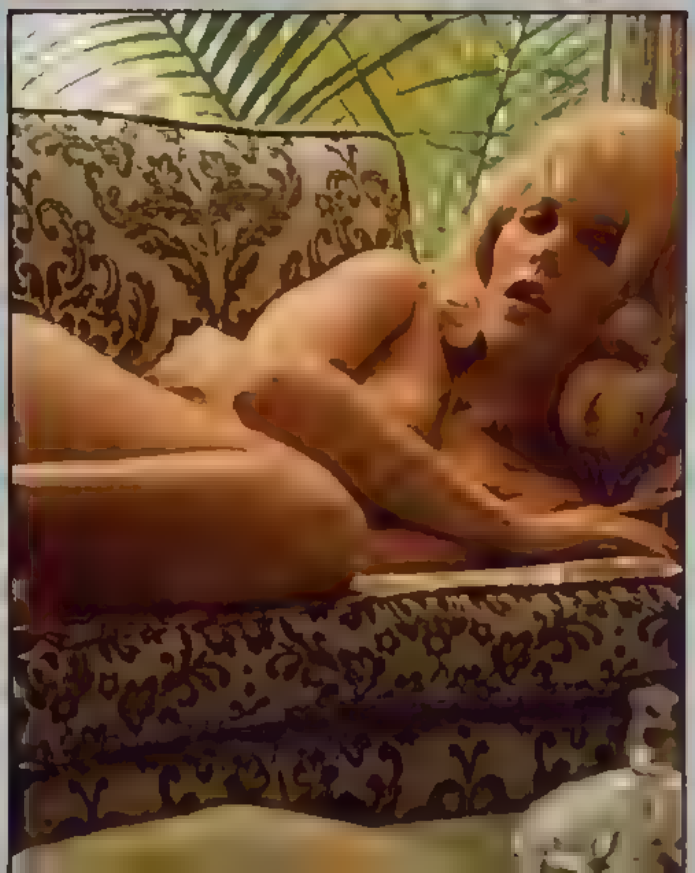
JAYNE MANSFIELD *When she appeared anonymously as Miss February 1955, Jayne (left) was an unknown actress from Texas. Readers wrote in asking her name; producers, too, showed interest and a role in Broadway's "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" launched her career.*



ELLEN STRATTON *Our first Playmate of the Year, Ellen (left) was working as a legal secretary when we invited her to be Miss December 1959. Ellen subsequently traded in her steno pad for a Bunny Costume in Chicago—and still later became a successful New York model.*

YVETTE VICKERS *Miss July 1959 (below), photographed for our gatefold by the ubiquitous Russ Meyer, was a devotee of then-fashionable beatnik coffeehouses who went on to a career in films (none of them Meyer's) ranging from "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" to "Hud"*



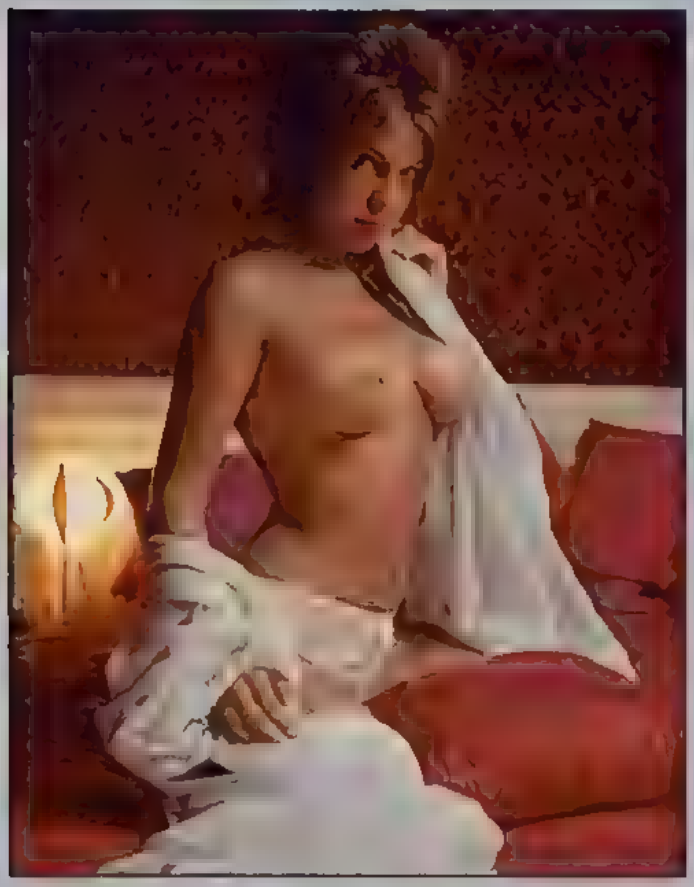


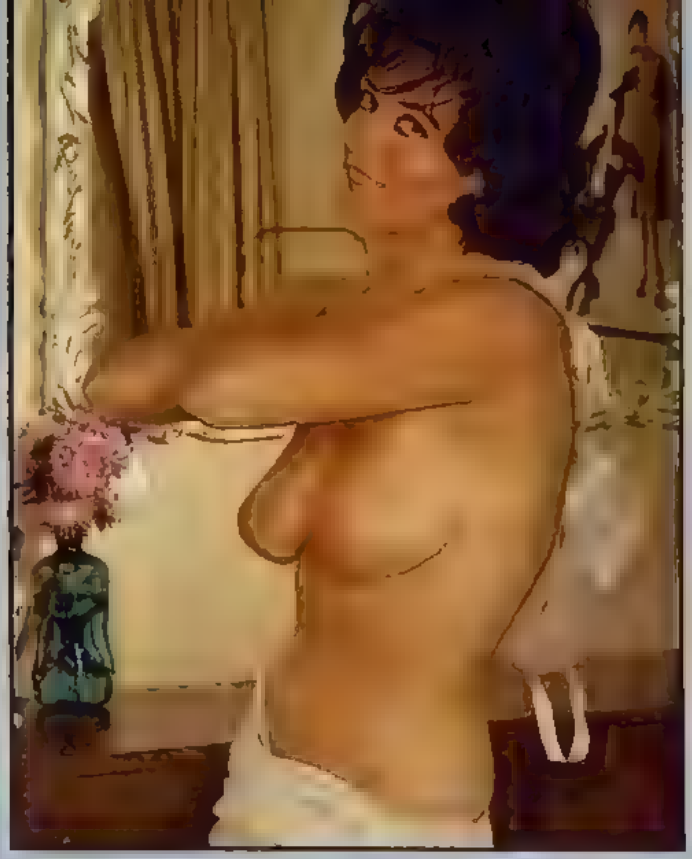
GINGER YOUNG *Our centerfold selection for May 1960, Ginger (above) was another of many star-struck Playmates. This green-eyed redhead impressed viewers of several top television productions of the time, notably "The Steve Allen Show" and "The Jerry Lewis Show"*

STELLA STEVENS *An able actress who's still every inch as beautiful as when she was Miss January 1960, Stella (right) has played opposite many of Hollywood's top leading men, from Glenn Ford to Gene Hackman. She's currently the female lead in Cinerama's comedy "Arnold."*

HEIDI BECKER *At the time of her June 1961 magazine appearance, Heidi (right) had spent only four years in this country. A native of Austria, she emigrated to Wisconsin at 16, became a Milwaukee hair stylist and later moved west to Los Angeles, where she was a Bunny.*

CHRISTA SPECK *An L.A. bank secretary, German-born Christa (below) became friends with Heidi before making* PLAYBOY*'s pages. Miss September 1961 was chosen Playmate of the Year, then married puppeteer Marty Krofft, whose "Lidsville" is a kids' hit Saturdays on NBC-TV.*

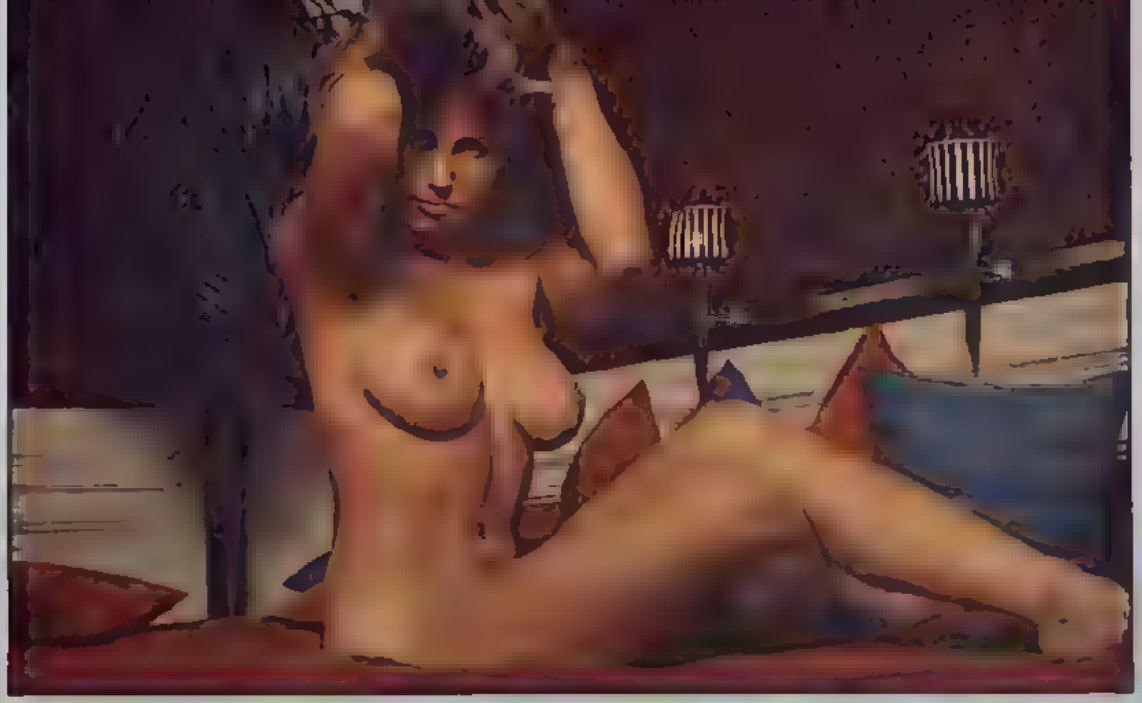




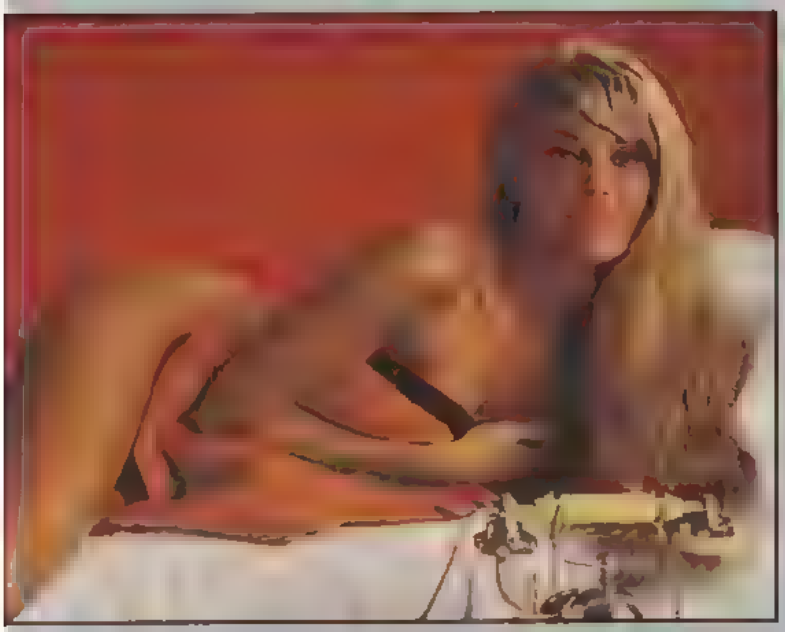
CHRISTINE WILLIAMS *It may be true that good things come in small packages, but Christine (above, is living proof that they come in tall ones, too. Chris, Miss October 1963, stands six feet in bare feet. Film fans may recall her as a showgirl in Barbra Streisand's "Funny Girl."*

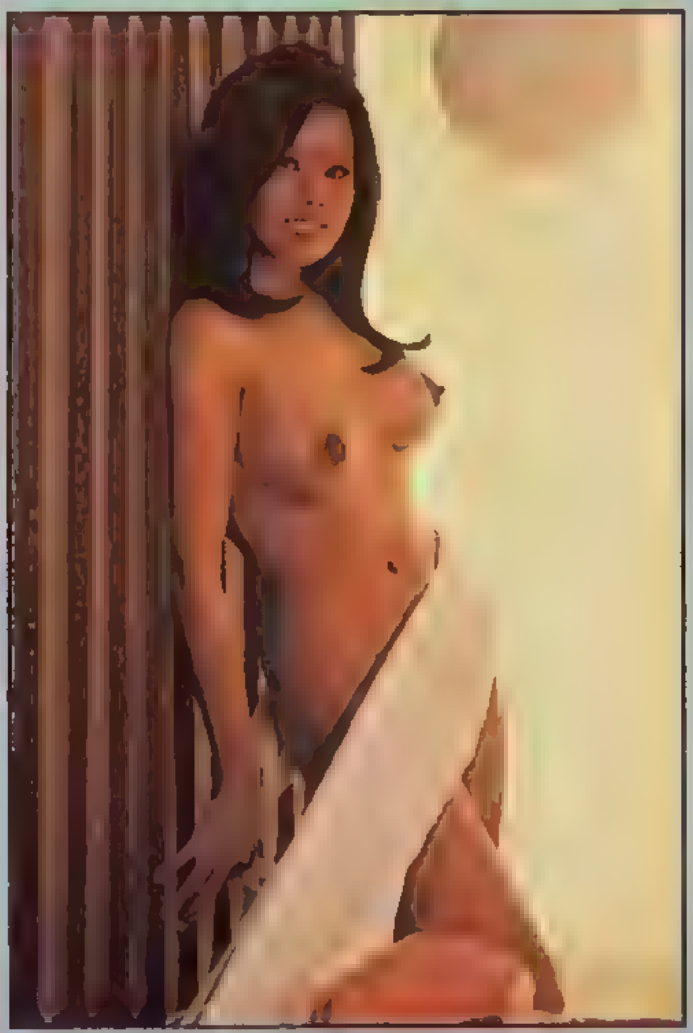
JUNE COCHRAN *A winning smile and other obvious attributes not only made June (left) our December 1962 Playmate but won her the title of Miss Indiana in the 1961 Miss Universe pageant and in the 1962 Miss World competition. She was 1963's Playmate of the Year as well.*

DONNA MICHELLE *One of the all-time most popular Playmates, Miss December 1963 (right) was discovered in the cast of a high school play. After reigning as Playmate of the Year, she went on to films, TV, summer stock and a photo business.*



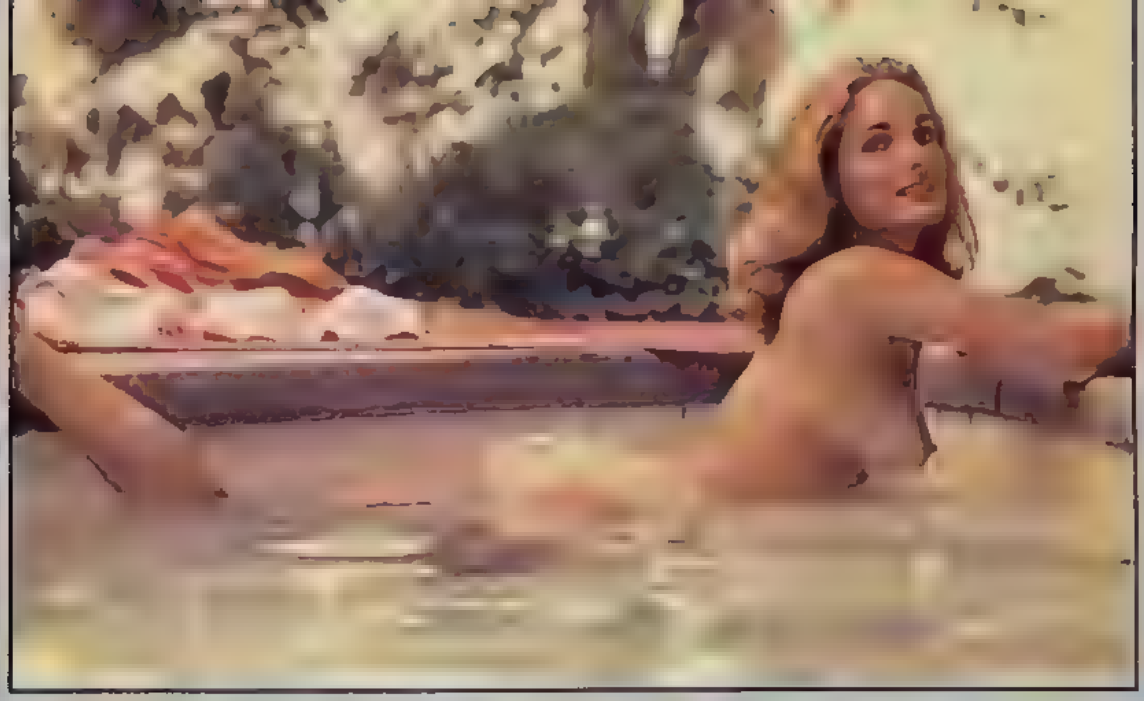
CONNIE MASON *She worked as a Bunny in Miami and Chicago before posing for* PLAYBOY*'s June 1963 gatefold. Connie (below) has also been an Oleg Cassini model and the star of several films, including a horror movie, "The Blood Feast."*





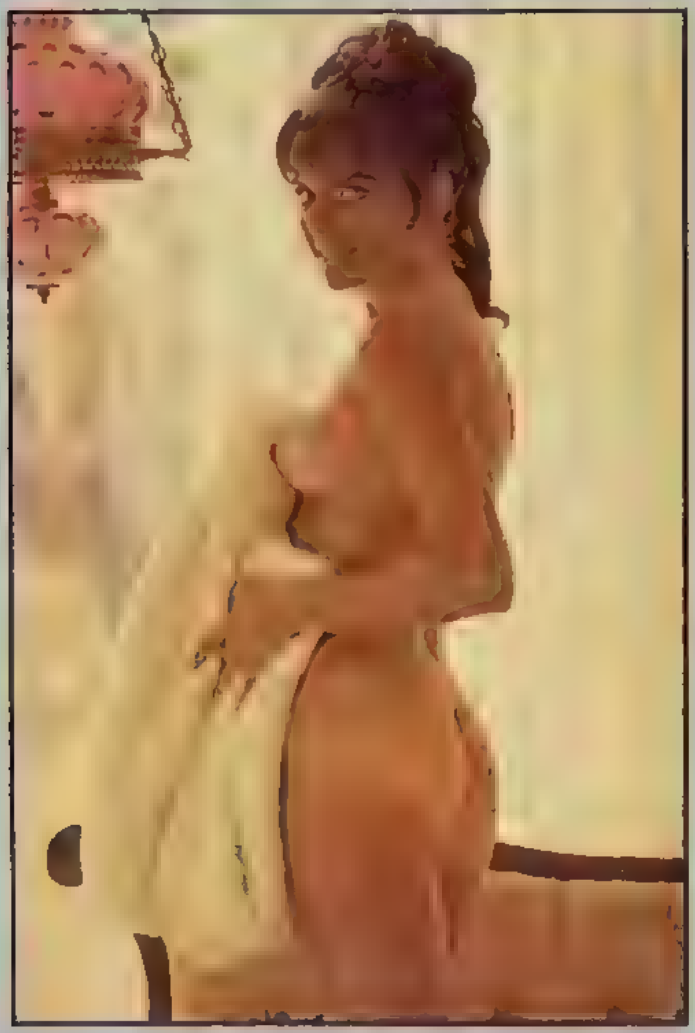
CHINA LEE *Miss August 1964 (above) is talented (remember her in Woody Allen's "What's Up, Tiger Lily"?), efficient (she's trained hundreds of Bunnies) and athletic (she pitched New York cottontails to the 1963 Broadway Show League title). No wonder Mort Sahl married her.*

NANCY SCOTT *When we found Nancy (left) and persuaded her to become Miss March 1964, she was working as a medical technician for a Los Angeles doctor. Shortly thereafter, she decided to change careers and suited up as a VIP Room Bunny in the L.A. Playboy Club.*



ALLISON PARKS *After our October 1965 gatefold girl (left) won the crown of Playmate of the Year—1966, she spent time enjoying her prizes, notably a set of flying lessons, then became a model and a regular on "Playboy After Dark."*

JENNIFER JACKSON *Our first black Playmate (below) was a college coed and, along with her twin sister, Jan, a Bunny in the Chicago Playboy Club when she adorned the centerfold in March 1965. Jennifer later modeled in New York City.*

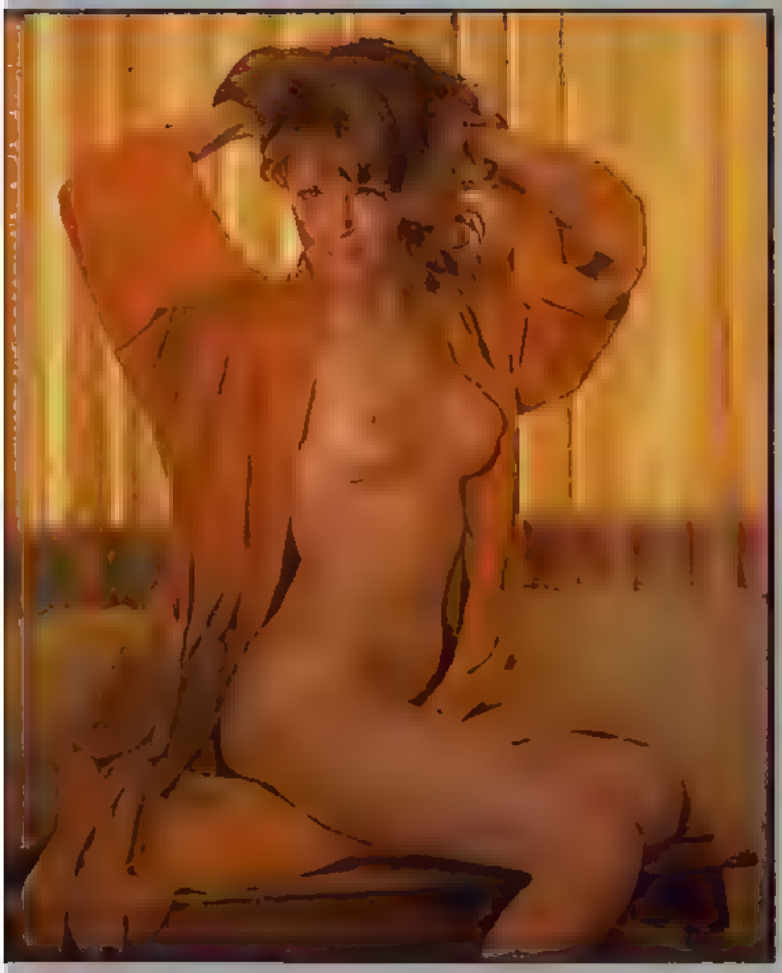


JO COLLINS *Miss December 1964's life is never dull. Jo (above) became Playmate of the Year, got sent to Vietnam, wed (and split from) baseball star Bo Belinsky, was hoaxed into a widely publicized date with a fake P.O.W and is now Playmate-Bunny Promotion Manager.*

DINAH WILLIS *Most of the time, it doesn't pay to write in and ask for a chance to be a Playmate; usually, our misses of the month are found by professional photographers. A New Mexico poodle trimmer—later a Bunny—Dinah Willis of December 1965 (right) was a notable exception.*

DOLLY READ *One of six British Bunnies who came to Chicago to learn how to staff Playboy's London Club, Miss May 1966 (left) spent a decade in drama school in Bristol—which paid off with a role in "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." She's now Mrs. Dick ("Laugh-In") Martin.*

GWEN WONG *Argyles are coming back, but April 1967's Playmate never went out of style. One of the first Jet Bunnies on Hugh Hefner's plane, Gwen (below) combines cottontailing at the new Playboy Club in Century City with a rapidly growing interior-decorating business.*

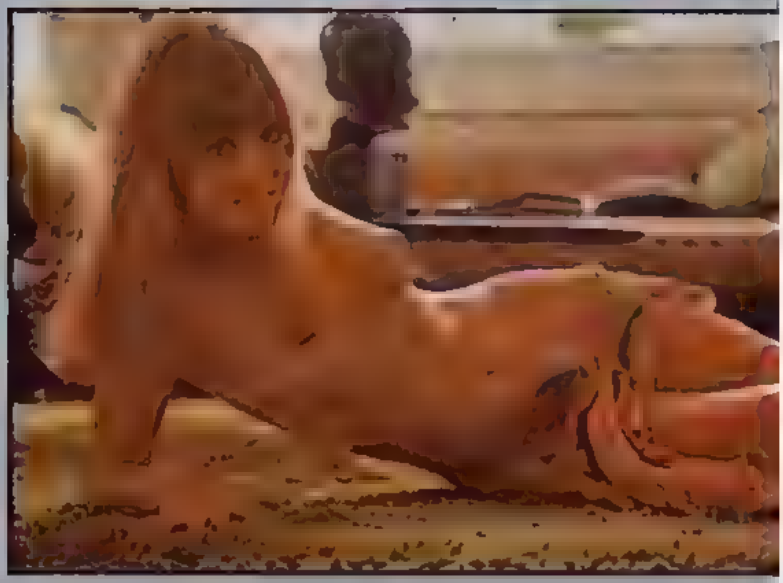


LISA BAKER *Photographer Bill Figge, one of California's champion Playmate scouts, happened upon her at a wedding; the bridesmaid shortly was transformed into Miss November 1966. Lisa (above) learned to ski as Playmate of the Year, and schussing is now her favorite sport.*

ANGELA DORIAN *That's the name her press agent invented for Miss September 1967—and Playmate of the Year—1968 (right). She's used her real one, Victoria Vetri, in films such as "Rosemary's Baby," "When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth," "Group Marriage" and "The Honey Factor."*

DE DE LIND *Maybe it's the sun-blonde hair, or the freckles, or the wide-screen smile, or all of the above, but Miss August 1967, a former teen-magazine model (right), has drawn more fan mail—1610 letters, at latest count—than any other Playmate in the magazine's history*

CYNTHIA MYERS *"Wholly Toledo!" we exclaimed, typographically, over the abundant attributes of our December 1968 Playmate. Cynthia (below) landed one of the leading roles in "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"—and a place in the heart and home of co-star Michael Blodgett.*

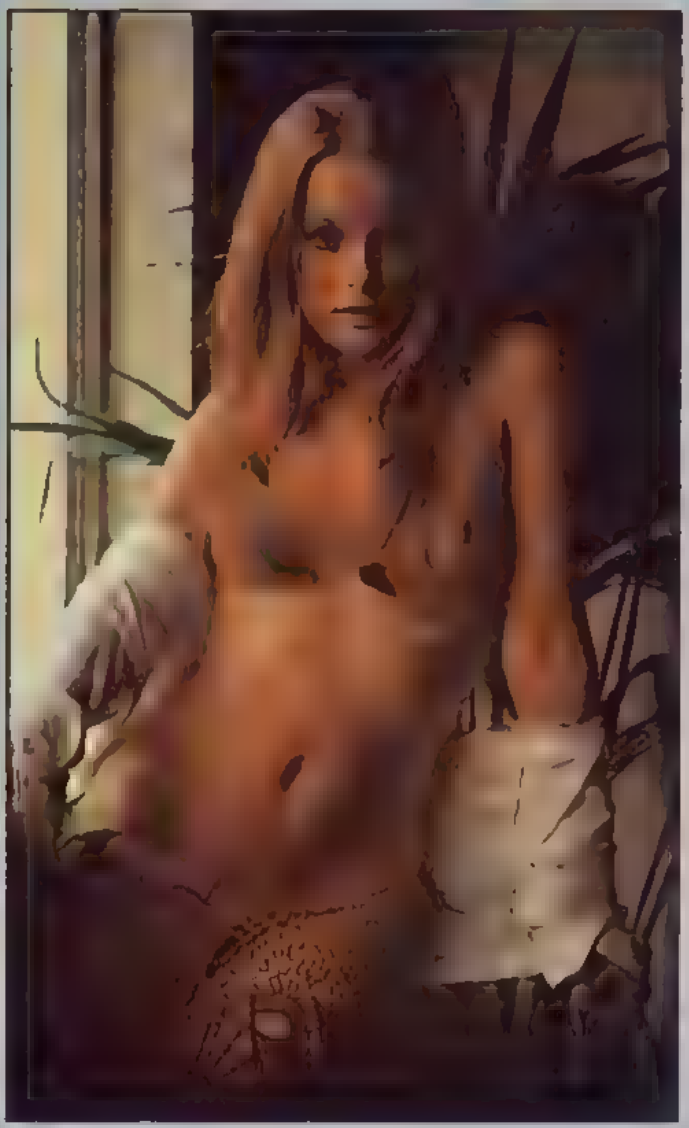


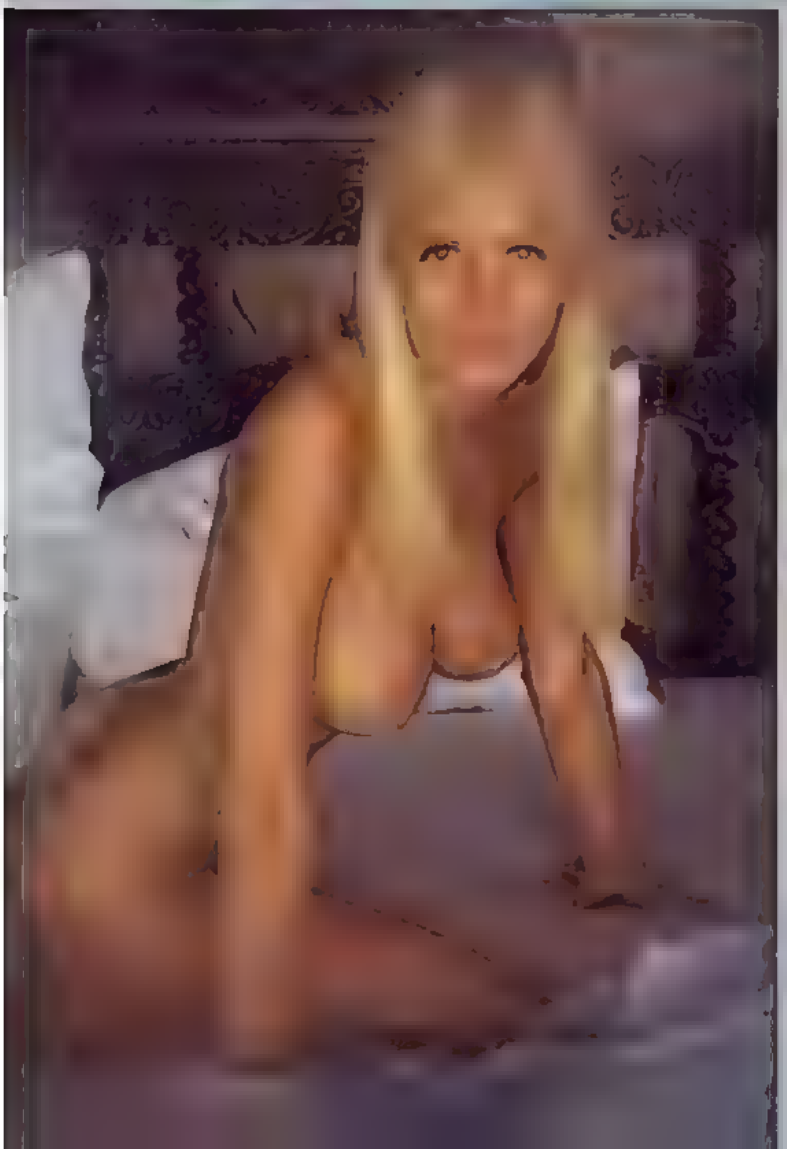
MAJKEN HAUGEDAL *"Just call me Mike," Danish-born Majken (above) advised after gaining international attention as our October 1968 Playmate. At that time a Bunny in the Montreal Club, Majken left to vacation in Scandinavia, returning to Canada to a busy schedule of modeling.*

CONNIE KRESKI *The delectable nymph in the title role of Anthony Newley's film "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?," Miss January 1968 and Playmate of the Year—1969 (left) has been actor James Caan's constant companion in recent months.*

SHARON CLARK *She was trucking around on Truk, teaching English to Micronesian students, when we photographed her as August 1970's gatefold personality. Sharon (right) returned to California, became Playmate of the Year—1971, and lives, we hear, happily ever after.*

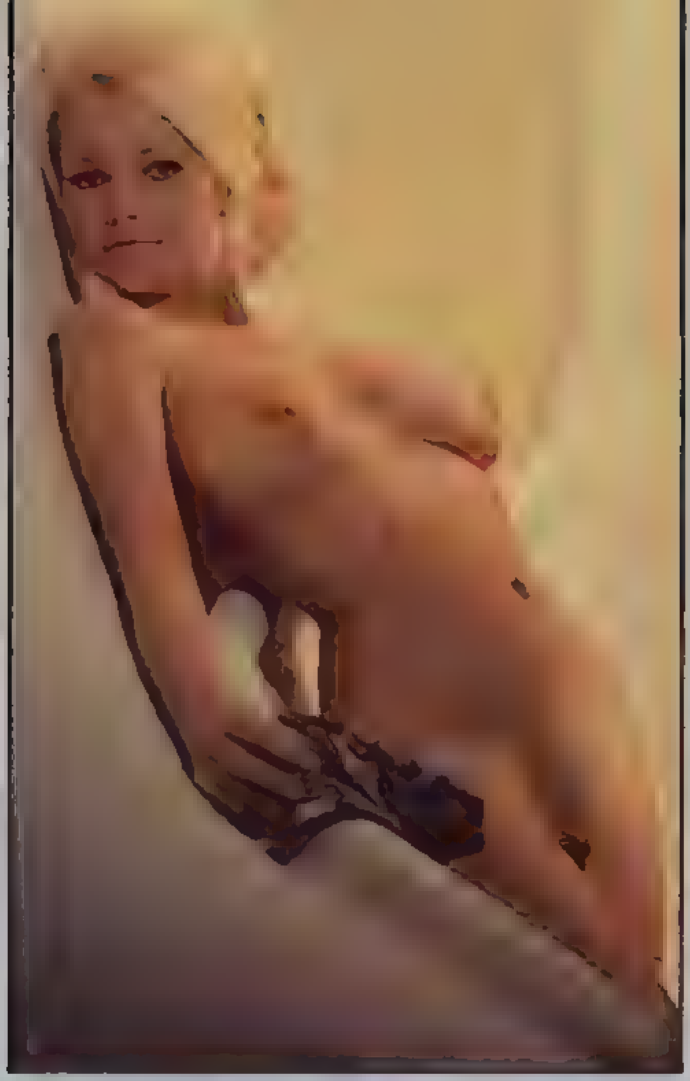
MARY AND MADELEINE COLLINSON *Our only twin Playmates, the Collinson sisters—that's Mary at left and Madeleine at right below—won dual billing on* PLAYBOY*'s October 1970 centerfold. Ex-models from Malta, they're now in films ("The Love Machine," "Twins of Evil").*





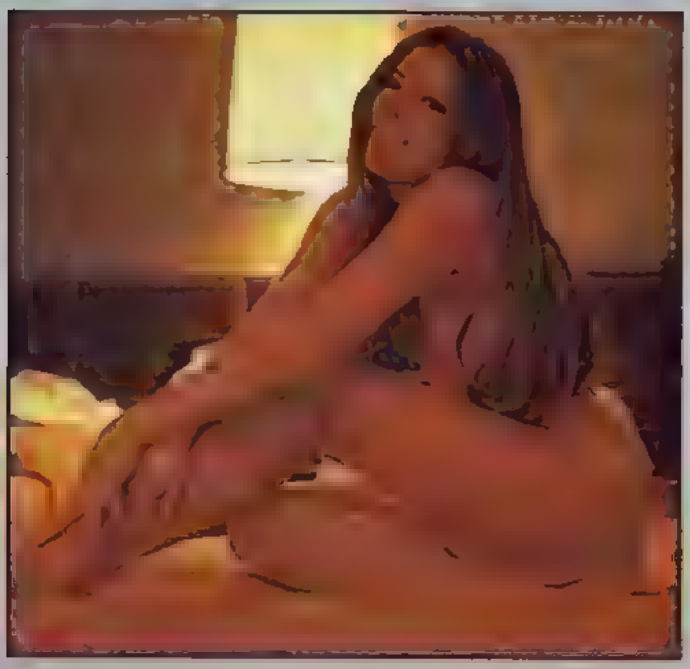
CLAUDIA JENNINGS *Self-styled Queen of the B Movies ("Truck Stop Woman" and seven others), Miss November 1969 and Playmate of the Year—1970 (above) can now afford to await roles more in keeping with abilities that have rated raves even from acerbic critic John Simon.*

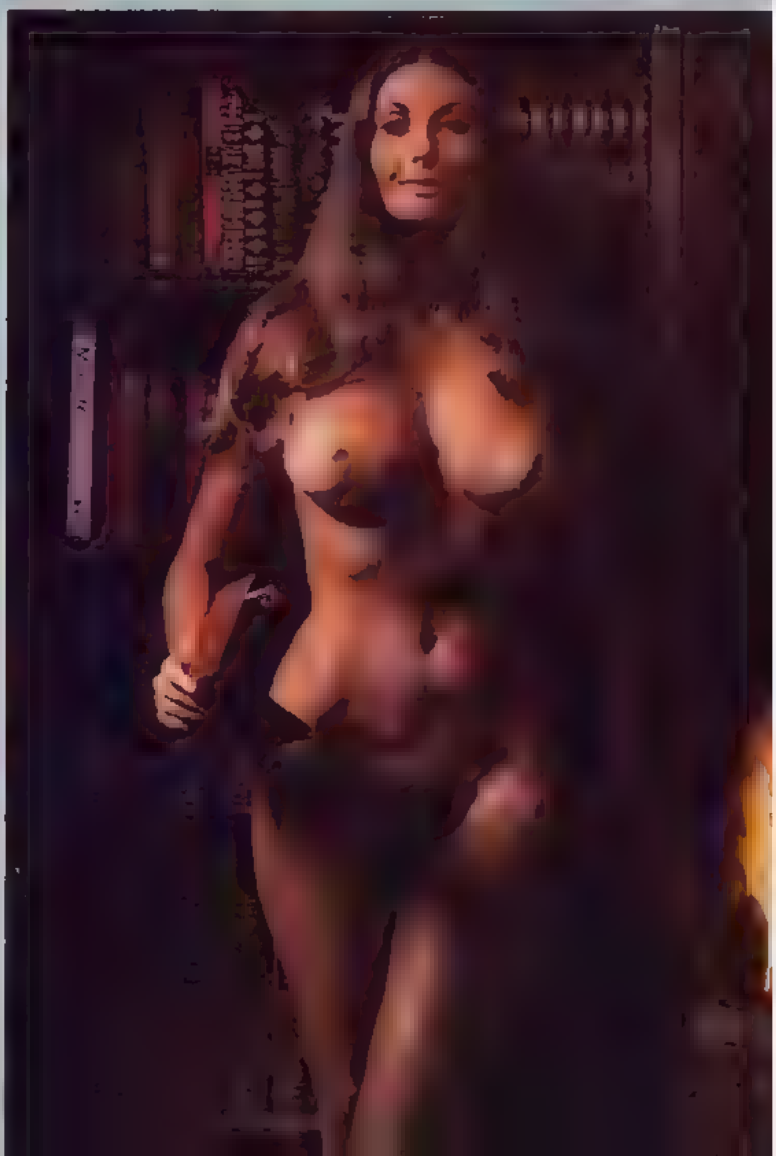
LIV LINDELAND *Her name, in her native Norwegian, means "life." And 1972's Playmate of the Year (left), first seen here as January 1971's choice, enjoys hers. She's done summer stock ("Marriage-Go-Round") and a movie ("Save the Tiger"), under the name Liv Von Linden.*



KAREN CHRISTY *This girl from Abilene saw a Bunny-recruitment ad in a Dallas newspaper and shortly thereafter found herself a Windy City cottontail. Today, Miss December 1971 (left) is a model and Hefner's favorite backgammon partner at Chicago's Playboy Mansion.*

JANICE PENNINGTON *When first we met Janice (below) and invited her to become Miss May 1971, she was making television guest shots—on "Laugh-In," on specials with Bob Hope and other shows. Now she's a regular on CBS-TV's long-running daytime series "The Price Is Right."*





LIEKO ENGLISH *This Japanese-American beauty (above) represented Okinawa in the Miss Universe contest before* PLAYBOY *spotted her. She's since been a Bunny in the Atlanta and Chicago clubs, Miss June 1971 and is now a high-flying hostess on our Big Bunny jet.*

MARILYN COLE *She was just a skinny kid from Portsmouth, on the English seacoast. Then Marilyn (right) grew up—spectacularly—moved to London, became a Bunny, then London Club's PR girl, January 1972's Playmate and finally Playmate of the Year—1973. Good show.*

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT

(continued from page 88)

was silently frantic, red-eyed. On one side this picket sign read THE AUTHOR OF THIS PLAY IS A FINK. On the other side it was CITRINE IS A BETRAYER. This was reported in the *Times*. "POET AND ROOTERS PICKET PLAYWRIGHT."

But now on the night of his death, Humboldt had been sitting on his bed in his stifling room, drinking raw gin, reading Yeats and Hegel and, in addition to these visionary authors, the *Daily News* and the *Post*, keeping up with Leonard Lyons and the Midnight Earl, the National League, Used Car Prices, Banking News. As long as he had fingers, they would creep toward the world's pulse. Then at about three A.M. (insomnia, he often used to say, is common with Manic-Depressives), he decided to take his garbage down. He was in the elevator with the pail when his heart attack began. When the pain struck, he pressed all the buttons, apparently, including the alarm button. Bells rang, the door opened and he stumbled into a corridor. There he fell, spilling cans, rinds, crusts and fighting for breath. He ripped off his shirt. He was removed in a police ambulance and was dead on arrival at the hospital.

• • •

At the time of which I speak—or didn't I speak of a time?—I started out one morning to see Murra, my accountant, and I found that my Mercedes Benz had been attacked in the night. Not just scratched or dented by a careless driver. Somebody had pounded it all over, I assume with baseball bats, and this expensive car, no longer new but worth $14,000 three years ago, had been mauled with a ferocity difficult to grasp—to grasp, I mean, in an aesthetic sense, for these Mercedes coupes are beautiful, the silver-gray ones in particular.

My elegant car, the shimmering silver motor tureen that I had had no business to buy—a tense, tall, mustached person like me, hardly stable enough to drive this treasure, much less own title to it. I nearly broke down—appalled, almost swooning. Because everything! the delicate roof with its sliding panel, the fenders, hood, trunk, doors, locks, lights—had been beaten and clubbed. The windows were shatterproof, so they held up, but they looked spat on all over. They were covered with white fracture blooms, they had a kind of crystalline internal hemorrhage. I felt like a man covered with tropical rash and out of his head with the itch thrust under a scalding shower. Someone had done to my car as I had heard rats did in warehouses, running wild, racing through by the thousands and tearing open sacks of flour for the hell of it. I felt a similar rip at my heart, and as if my blood were pouring out. The machine belonged to a time when my income was in excess of $100,000.

First of all, how could such a thing happen on the street? How could anyone get away with such a clatter in the middle of the night? It must have sounded like rivet guns. The car was parked around the corner from my high-rise, in a sort of lane. But wouldn't the doorman have heard the racket?

I knew perfectly well who was responsible for this assault. I had been warned any number of times that something was going to happen. But I must be the original Hear No Evil, the second monkey. Late at night the phone often rang and when I picked up the receiver, my caller was already yelling, "Citrine! You! Citrine!"

"Yes? Yes? What?"

"You know what, you son of a bitch. Look what you're doing to me. Pay me."

"Doing to you?"

"To me! You fucking A right. The check you stopped was to me, wasn't it? Make good, Charlie. Make that lousy check good. I warn you. Don't force me to do something."

"I was fast asleep. I'm trying to wake up, Mr.——"

"No names. Get smart for once in your life. Jesus, is it ever time. No-no, no names! All we're going to talk about is a stopped check. Four hundred and fifty bucks. That's the only subject."

These gangster threats in the night, against me—me! Of all people! A peculiar soul and, in my own mind, almost comically innocent—made me laugh. Some people are provoked by the way I laugh. I should have checked myself. "Christ," he said, "you sound like the alarm going off in one of those jewelry stores that sell to the niggers on State Street. Man, you may be in *Who's Who*, but that's not a normal way to laugh. Listen, Citrine, you lost this dough to me in a poker game, and you'll say that you were drunk, but that's a lot of crap. I took your check, I don't give a shit about the lousy money, but I won't hold still for a slap in the face."

"You know why I stopped payment. You and your buddy were cheating."

"Could you prove that?"

"The host saw. He says you cheated. George swears that you were flashing cards to each other."

"So why didn't he speak up, that dumb prick! Why didn't he stop the game?"

"He may have been scared to."

"Who, that health fiend, with all that color in his face? For Christ's sake, he looks like an apple, with all that jogging five miles a day and the vitamins he takes, but he has no guts. If we cheated, he should have thrown us out."

"Well," I said, "it wasn't a good evening. I was high, though you don't seem to believe it. Nobody was very rational. Everybody was out of character. I think we should just forget it."

"What? I have to hear from my bank about your stop order, which is like a kick in the ass, and then drop it? You think I'm a punk? I'm sorry now we got into all that talk about education. I mentioned that I went to that cow college outside Moline. I saw the look on your face when I told the name of my Catholic college."

"What's college got to do with it?"

"Don't you understand what you're doing to me? You've written all that stuff. You're supposed to be famous. But you dumb asshole, don't you understand?"

"You wake me at two in the morning and ask me to understand. Can't we meet in the daytime, when my head is clear?"

"No more talk, day or night. Make good that check or I lower the boom on you. When I say boom, I mean boom."

I received several such calls, always in the small hours, from Rinaldo Cantabile. In this respect he resembled the late Von Humboldt Fleisher. Humboldt had often used the dramatic properties of night to bully and harass people. Now, I had several times discussed this Cantabile matter with George Swiebel, at whose kitchen table we had played poker. It was George who prevented me from paying the debt. He had ordered me to stop my check. George was an old friend, a businessman, who knew or said he knew the ways of the underworld. For many years he had wised me up. He had told me about whores and brothels, the track, machine politics, the racket unions and the Syndicate. He was, so to speak, my expert, my authority, and his reputation was at stake. George and I had sat next to each other in the fifth grade at the Chopin Grammar School near Western Avenue. Dear old school days. For 45 years we had been friends. So what George told me carried weight. "You don't pay him," he said. He then repeated in a loud shout, "Don't pay, Charlie! Those punks were cheating, cheating, cheating; I never saw anything more raw."

"But, George, Cantabile wants to know why you didn't call him on it right away. Honestly, I think he has a point."

"He's got nothing. He's nobody. I shouldn't have let him into my game. If he'd lost three bucks, we'd be chasing him still. Also, half the time he's spaced out on drugs. You were in no condition to notice, Charlie, but Cantabile was talking a mile a minute about literature, psychology, the Book-of-the-Month Club, and you"—George laughed with his spacious, breathy laugh—"talked about everything I'd warned you not to. For instance, my past, my family, your divorce, my divorce. You mentioned a lot about yourself and your ideas—ideas nobody understood one milligram of. Also about how we got taken in Africa on that beryllium-mine investment."

"Well, I must have been exceptionally

(continued on page 196)

YOUR HORRORSCOPE

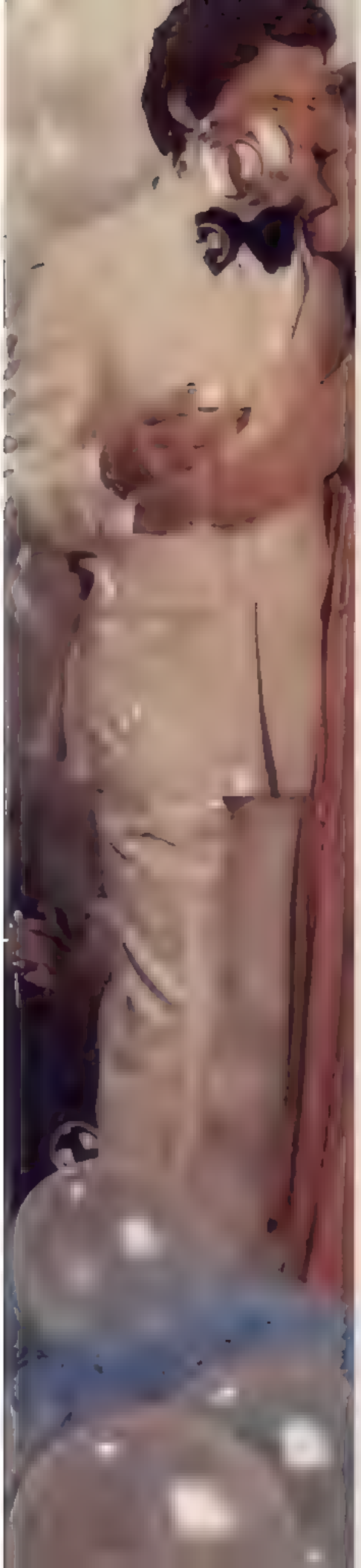
humor

BY JOHN BLUMENTHAL

at last, someone has had the guts to step on astrology's rose-colored glasses—so brace yourself, buster

IN THESE TURBULENT TIMES of ours, we are but fragile, sensitive souls cast upon a stormy sea. We like to be pampered and coddled and made to think that everything will be all right—even if it won't. Our clergymen tell us that our wasted, meaningless lives have some higher purpose. Our Government tells us that peace and prosperity are just around the corner. Our psychiatrists inflate our ailing egos. But the worst optimist is the astrologer, who each month predicts what joyous and wonderful things lie ahead for us. Flip through your magazine horoscope someday—you'll see that it is either sickeningly optimistic *(continued on page 228)*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES RODRIGUES



As JANUARY FIRST approaches, corks will pop from well-iced bottles and a pale, luminescent beverage will gush forth in a glory of foam and froth. The mood definitely will be champagne, but the wine may or may not be. Americans tend to call every wine that bubbles champagne and at one time that *was* the only sparkling wine. But today the designation is generally reserved for the elegant, somewhat austere wines of the Champagne region of France, a relatively small area 90 miles east of Paris. For reasons of treaty and trade agreement, Spanish sparkling wines are labeled *espumoso*, German effervescents are *Sekt* or *Schaumwein*, Italian are *spumante* and French sparklers grown outside the designated area are called *vins mousseux*. The United States is one of the few countries where the name is not forbidden, but wines so labeled must

THE OTHER BUBBLIES

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

making the case for wines that sparkle plenty but aren't champagne

be identified as American champagne, California champagne or New York State champagne.

World-wide demand for French champagne, combined with dollar devaluation, has prices at almost punitive levels. Fortunately, nearly every area that produces still wines also produces sparklers, with some very enticing specimens among them. They may not have French champagne's cachet, but neither do they carry its heavy tag.

The Loire valley, particularly Vouvray, Saumur and Anjou, is a fertile source of fine effervescents. Caterers often serve them at "champagne" breakfasts and wedding receptions, invariably to rave reviews. They're round, soft, lightly sweet, with a charming, fruity aroma characteristic of the *chenin blanc*, the most prolific grape of the region. Interestingly enough, "poor" years make better sparkling wines than "good" years in this area. Priced at about half the cost of champagnes, these Loire-valley sparklers are prime candidates for anyone's year-end fete.

Some *blanc de blancs* are shipped under the Roger Gouin and Ackerman labels. Made from white (*blanc*) grapes, they tend to be lighter, drier and more tempered than wines bearing district names. Both firms market sparkling vouvrays and rosés, and Ackerman also bottles an inviting *blanc* 1811, which has more body and flavor than its *blanc de blancs*.

Loire sparklers are primarily sipping wines, but locals will occasionally spike one of the drier offerings with a dash of crème de cassis, to make a somewhat boisterous kir. Another standby of the region, Sparkling Nectarose, has been transformed into a still frisky, though less frenetic, Crackling Nectarose, and seems all the better for the change. It's fairly sweet, beguiling and fun. Just don't take it seriously.

Sparkling burgundy is familiar as a red and, less frequently, as an *oeil-de-perdrix*. But in the past seven or eight years, sparkling *white* burgundies have come into prominence. A brand named Kriter is now the largest-selling sparkling wine in France and Great Britain, and it's doing nicely in the States, thank you. Enthusiasts have compared Kriter to champagne, which it is not. But it's very good, fairly light and soft, without champagne's brilliant. *(continued on page 246)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD STEEDMAN

A NURSERY TALE *(continued from page 100)*

now slightly in profile; that dipping line no words, of course, could describe. She started running, showing nice legs, and the puppy tumbled in her wake like a woolly ball. In sudden awareness of his miraculous might, Erwin caught his breath and awaited the promised signal. At that moment, the girl turned her head as she ran and flashed a smile at the plump little creature that could barely keep up with her.

"Number one," Erwin said to himself with unwonted complacency and got up from his bench.

He followed the graveled path with scraping footsteps, in gaudy, reddish-yellow shoes worn only on Sundays. He left the oasis of the diminutive park and crossed over to Amadeus Boulevard. Did his eyes rove? Oh, they did. But, maybe, because the girl in white had somehow left a sunnier mark than any remembered impression, some dancing blind spot prevented him from finding another sweetheart. Soon, however, the blot dissolved, and near a glazed pillar with the tramway timetable our friend observed two young ladies—sisters, or even twins, to judge by their striking resemblance—who were discussing a streetcar route in vibrant, echoing voices. Both were small and slim, dressed in black silk, with saucy eyes and painted lips.

"That's exactly the tram you want," one of them kept saying.

"Both, please," Erwin requested quickly.

"Yes, of course," said the other in response to her sister's words.

Erwin continued along the boulevard. He knew all the smart streets where the best possibilities existed.

"Three," he said to himself. "Odd number. So far so good. And if it were midnight right now——"

Swinging her handbag, she was coming down the steps of the Leilla, one of the best local hotels. Her big blue-chinned companion slowed down behind her to light his cigar. The lady was lovely, hatless, bob-haired with a fringe on her forehead that made her look like a boy actor in the part of a damsel. As she went by, now closely escorted by our ridiculous rival, Erwin remarked simultaneously the crimson artificial rose in the lapel of her jacket and the advertisement on a billboard: a blond-mustached Turk and, in large letters, the word YES!, under which it said in smaller characters: I SMOKE ONLY THE ROSE OF THE ORIENT.

That made four, divisible by two, and Erwin felt eager to restore the odd-number rigmarole without delay. In a lane off the boulevard, there was a cheap restaurant that he sometimes frequented on Sundays when sick of his landlady's fare. Among the girls he had happened to note at one time or another there had been a wench who worked in that place. He entered and ordered his favorite dish: blood sausage and sauerkraut. His table was next to the telephone. A man in a bowler called a number and started to jabber as ardently as a hound that has picked up the scent of a hare. Erwin's glance wandered toward the bar and there was the girl he had seen three or four times before. She was beautiful in a drab, freckled way, if beauty can be drably russet. As she raised her bare arms to place her washed beer steins, he saw the red tufts of her armpits.

"All right, all right!" barked the man into the mouthpiece.

With a sigh of relief enriched by a belch, Erwin left the restaurant. He felt heavy and in need of a nap. To tell the truth, the new shoes pinched like crabs. The weather had changed. The air was sultry. Great domed clouds grew and crowded one another in the hot sky. The streets were becoming deserted. One could feel the houses fill to the brim with Sunday-afternoon snores. Erwin boarded a streetcar.

The tram started to roll. Erwin turned his pale face, shining with sweat, to the window, but no girls walked. While paying his fare he noticed, on the other side of the aisle, a woman sitting with her back to him. She wore a black-velvet hat and a light frock patterned with intertwined chrysanthemums against a semi-transparent mauve background through which showed the shoulder straps of her bodice. The lady's statuesque bulk made Erwin curious to glimpse her face. When her hat moved and, like a black ship, started to turn, he first looked away as usual, glanced in feigned abstraction at a youth sitting opposite him, at his own fingernails, at a red-cheeked little old man dozing in the rear of the car and, having thus established a point of departure justifying further castings around, Erwin shifted his casual gaze to the lady now looking his way. It was *Frau* Monde. Her full, no-longer-young face was blotchily flushed from the heat, her mannish eyebrows bristled above her piercing prismatic eyes, a slightly sardonic smile curled up the corners of her compressed lips.

"Good afternoon," she said in her soft husky voice. "Come sit over here. Now we can have a chat. How are things going?"

"Only five," replied Erwin with embarrassment.

"Excellent. An odd number. I would advise you to stop there. And at midnight—ah, yes, I don't think I told you—at midnight you are to come to Hoffmann Street. Know where that is? Look between number twelve and number fourteen. The vacant lot there will be replaced by a villa with a walled garden. The girls of your choice will be waiting for you on cushions and rugs. I shall meet you at the garden gate—but it is understood," she added with a subtle smile, "I shan't intrude. You'll remember the address? There will be a brand-new streetlight in front of the gate."

"Oh, one thing," said Erwin, collecting his courage. "Let them be dressed at first—I mean, let them look just as they were when I chose them—and let them be very merry and loving."

"Why, naturally," she replied. "Everything will be just as you wish, whether you tell me or not. Otherwise, there was no point in starting the whole business, *n'est-ce pas?* Confess, though, my dear boy—you were on the very brink of enrolling me in your harem. No, no, have no fear, I am kidding you. Well, that's your stop. Very wise to call it a day. Five is fine. See you a few secs after midnight, ha-ha."

* * *

Upon reaching his room, Erwin took off his shoes and stretched out on the bed. He woke up toward evening. A mellifluous tenor at full blast streamed from a neighbor's phonograph: *"I vant to be happee——"*

Erwin started thinking back: "Number one, the maiden in white, she's the most artless of the lot. I may have been a little hasty. Oh, well, no harm done. Then the twins near the pillar of glass. Gay, painted young things. With them I'm sure to have fun. Then number four, Leilla the rose, resembling a boy. That's, perhaps, the best one. And, finally, the fox in the alehouse. Not bad, either. But only five. That's not very many!"

He lay prone for a while with his hands behind his head, listening to the tenor, who kept wanting to be happy.

"Five. No, that's absurd. Pity it's not Monday morning. Those three shopgirls the other day—oh, there are so many more beauties waiting to be found! And I can always throw in a streetwalker at the last moment."

Erwin put on his regular pair of shoes, brushed his hair and hurried out.

By nine o'clock, he had collected two more. One of them he noticed in a café where he had a sandwich and two drams of Dutch gin. She was talking with great animation to her companion, a beard-fingering foreigner, in an impenetrable language—Polish or Russian—and her gray eyes had a slight slant, her thin aquiline nose wrinkled when she laughed, and her elegant legs were exposed to the knee. While Erwin watched her quick gestures, the reckless way in which she tap-tapped cigarette ash all over the table, a German word, like a window, flashed open in her Slavic speech and this chance word *(offenbar)* was the "evident" sign. The other girl, number seven on the list, turned up at the Chinese-style entrance of a small amusement park. She wore a scarlet blouse with a bright-green skirt, and her bare neck swelled as she shrieked

(continued on page 268)

IS IT NICE TO HAVE SEX WITH A BRUSSELS SPROUT?

direct from vienna,
a foolproof quiz that will
reveal what you never knew
about your sexual preferences, your
sexual fantasies and the
geography of bolivia

humor

By MARSHALL BRICKMAN

A distressingly high percentage of concerned and intelligent young men may be seen these days wandering the streets in a disheveled manner, eyes wild and darting, seeking the answer to a difficult and profound question, viz.: "Why am I so *horny* all the time?" In response to this and related queries, and in direct consequence of today's breezy climate of sexual enlightenment, we herewith publish the latest and most comprehensive example in the current trend of self analysis through print: the Wurst-Besser Complete and Inclusive Sexual Maladjustment Test, named after two of the most respected toilers in the field of sexual theory. Dr. Tesman Wurst is professor of secretions at the University of Vienna and holds the degree of D.T. (doctor of tumescence) at that institution, earned through his brilliant work in kissing and tickling. Dr. Anna Besser is most widely known for having developed the Remedial Fondling Program now used by many therapists; in addition, she has a limited practice in New York and once shared a cab with Wilhelm Reich. Working together, Drs. Wurst and Besser arrived at their startling insights into human sexual practices utilizing the simple yet bold technique of observing actual couples during the act of intercourse, often through terrestrial telescopes. This test is based on their assumption (now generally accepted) that *we are all quite ill* and that our happiness depends upon the extent of the illness and our adjustment to it. Whether you're a social ninny, a narcissist, a neurotic or merely a garden-variety necrophiliac, the following questionnaire, compiled by a team of dedicated researchers, all wearing lab coats, will help you determine how sexually maladjusted you really are. Answer all the questions, selecting whichever answer most closely approximates your honest response. At the end of the test you'll find a discussion, scoring and explanatory section. Start *now*, do not cheat or rub out your answers.

PART I SEXUAL ATTITUDES—FORMATIVE

Professor Vilmos "Happy" Wedekind, a pioneer in the field of child molestation, has stated that "So soon do we as children consider sex, as therefore is it so *extremely early* in the tiny mind, that it is for many to deal with, some difficulty" (translation by Helga Wedekind). Few psychiatrists can argue with this, and the first part of the quiz will reveal the sources of your sexual temperament.

1. Where do babies come from?
   - A. Puerto Rico.
   - B. The doctor brings them in a little black bag.
   - C. When a man and a woman wish to express a mature, abiding love for each other, they go out and rent a baby.
   - D. No opinion
2. Babies are
   - A. Punishment, a visitation from God, like the Plague of Toads.
   - B. Cuddly-wuddly little numkins.
   - C. The random result of spermatozoic implantation of various ova.
   - D. Of no interest until they can kick in for part of the rent.
3. As a child, did you have any siblings?
   - A. None.
   - B. One.
   - C. Two.
   - D. Three or more.
4. Were you pleased with that situation?
   - A. Yes.
   - B. No
   - C. Confused.
5. Did you play with your sibling?
   - A. A lot
   - B. Occasionally.
   - C. Rarely

(continued overleaf)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB POST

6. What is a sibling?
   A. A male member.
   B. A family member.
   C. Present indicative of the verb to sibble.
   D. Like a spider, only with more legs.
7. How many pleasant memories do you retain from your childhood?
   A. One
   B. Two.
   C. Buckle my.
   D. Shoe.
8. Until the age of seven (what Wedekind calls "those wonderful, sick years"), did your parents require you to masturbate?
   A. Occasionally.
   B. Rarely.
   C. Only when I couldn't get regular, normal sex.
9. After the age of seven, how frequently did you masturbate?
   A. Daily.
   B. Hourly.
   C. Never stopped
10. During puberty, did you examine your developing body, including genitalia?
   A. Yes.
   B. No.
11. If yes, indicate what you used:
   A. Eyes and hands.
   B. Dental mirror.
   C. Superscope.
   D. Calipers.
   E. Tracing paper and charcoal
12. As an adolescent, did you ever make a brass rubbing of the privates of a close friend?
   A. Never.
   B. Sometimes.
   C. Frequently.
13. Masturbation:
   A. Makes you blind.
   B. Makes you nearsighted only if you don't quit early enough.
   C. Causes pornography.
   D. Is illegal in several Northern states and Canada.
   E. Is encouraged in several Southern states and Mexico.
14. Are you using *this questionnaire* to masturbate with?
   A. Huh?
   B. No, no—see? Both my hands are on the desk.
   C. Have a headache

PART 2. SEXUAL ATTITUDES—ADULT

This section is designed to determine your mature sexual attitudes, if any, and reveal any abnormalities or obsessions. Do not look at the paper of the person sitting next to you. Answer quickly

15. What is the silliest part of the male anatomy?
   A. Hand
   B. Nose.
   C. Gland of Cowper.
   D. Sex organ.
   E. Upper lip.
16. How long should the male organ be?
   A. At least four inches.
   B. At least five inches.
   C. At least six inches.
   D. At least seven inches.
17. What is the capital of Bolivia?
   A. Bolivia.
   B. Lima.
   C. Sucre.
   D. At least nine inches.
18. The best lubricant for sex is:
   A. Your own saliva.
   B. The saliva of a bystander.
   C. The poems of Rod McKuen.
   D. The Lawrence Welk recording of *Bubbles in the Wine*.
19. The missionary position is:
   A. Man on top.
   B. Woman on top.
   C. Both on top, missionary underneath.
   D. Praying during intercourse.
20. *Coitus interruptus* refers to that part of the Catholic Mass that *occurs* after the response.
   A. True.
   B. False.
21. During normal sex, you usually climax:
   A. First
   B. Second.
   C. Third
   D. Fourth or other
22. During sex, you and your partner reach orgasm
   A. Always, and simultaneously
   B. Never, but simultaneously
   C. Simultaneously, but in different cities.
   D. *Orgasm?* I *never* lose control.
23. Directly after making love, you usually like to:
   A. Have an orgasm.
   B. Have a complete and thorough physical examination, including X rays, liver-function tests and blood count.
   C. Smoke a large pipe.
   D. Eat a banana-and-peanut-butter sandwich
   E. Introduce yourself.
24. At the moment of climax, you often
   A. Scream, "Into the boxcars, all of you!"
   B. Visualize a surgical glove stuffed with lentils.
   C. Become rigid and clammy, like a dead carp.
   D. Exclaim, "O rapture! O sublime . . . such exceeding lubricity; I spend I die!"
25. The correct number of breasts for a woman is
   A. One.
   B. Two.
   C. Three.
   D. Any even number.
26. The most unusual place you have ever had intercourse is
   A. In the lavatory of a 747, 30,000 feet above the Andes.
   B. In an inner tube at Lake Placid.
   C. In an inner tube, 30,000 feet above the Andes
   D. On the afikomen, or ceremonial Passover matzoh.
27. (To be answered by heterosexuals only.)
   1. If you were a homosexual (and don't be so sure, stud; nobody's 100 percent *anything*), your idea of an evening's fun would be to:
   A. Go to the park and roll heterosexuals
   B. Design tacky pants suits for suburban matrons.
   C. Mince around with your hands on your hips, saying "Dearie."
   D. Take a weekend pack trip across John Wayne.

   (To be answered by homosexuals only.)
   2. If you were a heterosexual (and you probably are; just look deep within yourself), your idea of an evening's fun would be to:
   A. Go to the park and roll heterosexuals.
   B. Bomb the hell out of Cambodia, just to teach them a lesson.
   C. Go to a locker room and compare talcum powder with the fellows.
   D. Trade punches with an elderly lady
28. (Answer quickly and honestly.)
   1. Yellow-check trousers with pleats are "all reet!"
      A. True.
      B. False.
   2. Sen Sen is sure-fire with the ladies.
      A. True.
      B. False.
   3. Spooning on the first date is OK, but only up to "first base."
      A. True
      B. False.
   4. Any freak scene with more than two chicks can get heavy unless one of them swings both ways
      A. True.
      B. False.

PART 3. FANTASY LIFE—WAKING FANTASIES

Recent studies prove that over 96 per cent of all automobile accidents involve daydreaming drivers engaged in reveries of sensational sex with a Swedish dental assistant named Kristin. The power of these waking fantasies, or, as the Swiss call them, daydreams, is so great that the normal senses are overpowered and the hapless motorist doesn't see or hear that semitrailer barreling toward him. The result is often a late appointment, embarrassment or death. Answer the following to reveal important aspects of *your* fantasy life

29. Have you ever thought about kissing a horse? Be honest.
   A. Yes.
   B. No

(continued on page 262)

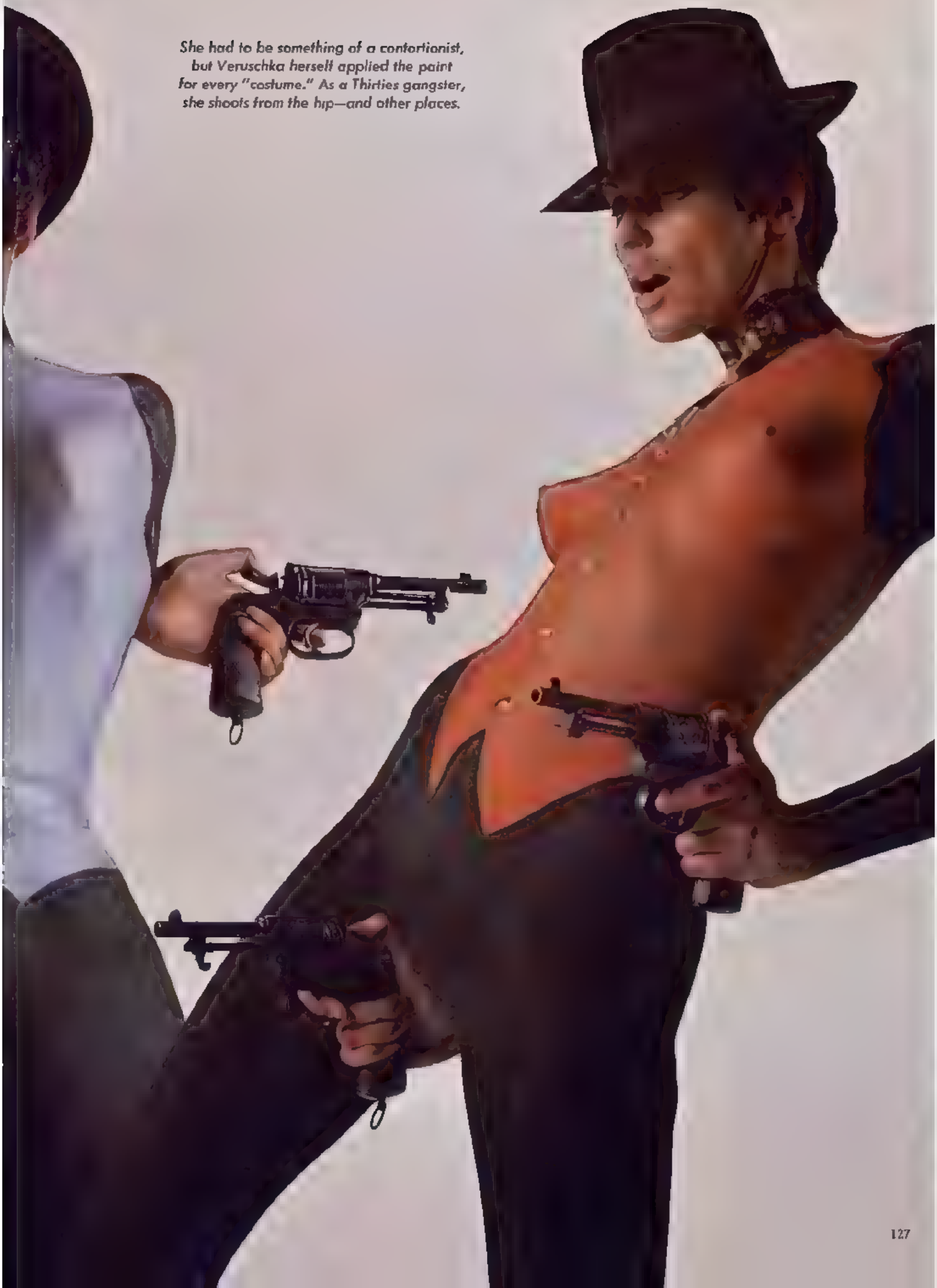
article By ROBERT MORLEY OF ALL THE MADNESS I experienced as a child, nothing reached a higher quotient of insanity than the geography lessons. I was instructed to draw the course of the Euphrates River and to mark and name the principal tributaries. Who was I at the age of eight to decide the relative eminence of rivers? I still do not know where the Euphrates rises and falls. I sometimes wonder whether, indeed, the Euphrates is still rising and falling, so seldom do I hear it mentioned. And even today, as I travel the globe, I am still trying to hide the fact that I have only the haziest idea of how the world fits together and why, for example, when flying out of Britain, I must pause at Frankfurt en route to Kenya. I had decided on Kenya for a holiday, because if one is to bask in the sun, it's smart to get as close to the equator as possible. Mombasa is not only near the equator, it is thoroughly spoiled. I am not one for the unspoiled *(continued on page 130)*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPHER COREY

PAINTED LADY
international model-celebrity veruschka and photographer holger play a fascinating game of undress-ups

READERS OF PLAYBOY will no doubt recall ten remarkable pages in our January 1971 issue in which haute couture model-actress Veruschka was painted to look like a panther, a snake and other slinky living things; then she draped her body over logs, wound it around tree limbs and generally behaved in a most alluring way. Because that was one of our most talked-about pictorials ever, we were delighted to welcome Veruschka and her paintbrush back for another exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial. So here she is—paint once more provocatively applied, her optical illusions more ingenious and captivating than ever—and we hope she'll be back again.

Still more of Veruschka's dazzling trompe l'oeils: Wearing black semigloss and an Avengeress-tough stare (opposite page), in very faded jeans that go one better than skintight (middle) and posed on cloth, as a flamenco dancer (above).



She had to be something of a contortionist, but Veruschka herself applied the paint for every "costume." As a Thirties gangster, she shoots from the hip—and other places.

Swishing a sleazy feather boa, stripper Veruschka wriggles out of her disappearing "costume." Opposite page: A blonde and glittery Veruschka brings off her most amazing characterization yet as she becomes the inimitable MM.

MR. MORLEY, I PRESUME (continued from page 121)

terrain, the empty beach, the thornbush, the flyblown kiosk with the lukewarm beverage. Give me the marble terrace, the steps leading down into the water. I can ignore the high-rise apartment at my back. I am looking the other way.

When I leave the water, I like elegant patio furnishings and a cool drink—not out of the coconut but from the refrigerator. I like the loving care of the barman, not the childlike friendliness of the noble savage. I am not interested in ecology. I refuse to worry about the fate of the spotted hartebeest. If it's had its day, that's all right with me. I shall manage without the creature. On the other hand, when it's hot, I prefer not to manage without ice and air conditioning. Why should I?

It was exceedingly hot in Mombasa. I had only to put my nose outside and the skin peeled. Fellow visitors coated their features with cream and wore plastic shields. My world was full of the chicken-mayonnaise crowd and I was content to lie in the shade behind some rocks and watch a honeymooning French couple play chess every afternoon under a coconut tree.

In the bar one evening I met a man who had a house in Lamu, a town farther up the East African coast toward Italian Somaliland; and the next morning I was flying there. I decided against making the journey by road and dugout canoe through the mango swamps, as I didn't fancy having to stand upright in the latter, watched by rapacious crocodiles. When we landed, the pilot warned us against taking photographs of the ground staff, who were convicts. They seemed remarkably young to be serving prison sentences. But farther along the path to the jetty and the motorboat that was to take us across the lagoon to the town itself, we came upon a more mature group breaking stones.

In Lamu, I was welcomed by the curator of the museum, who introduced me to his parrot. The parrot came from London and hadn't learned to fly, on account of a defective wing. Each afternoon at four local time, which is pet-shop closing time in Britain, the parrot insisted on being put to bed in a dark room with the door locked. Until that happened, he screamed.

The rest of the town came from *Alice in Wonderland*. Once upon a time, Lamu was the richest port on the coast, with plumbing far in advance of anything Europe had experienced up to then—including the bidet. Wealthy residents even drove gold rods into the walls of the houses by way of ostentation. Little remains of the elegant extravagance that demanded four slaves to a canopy as the local sheriffs paraded the main street. The sheriffs still parade, holding their own umbrellas; the sons of the prophets are everlastingly marrying the daughters of the faithful, and everlastingly divorcing them the next morning. A night with a sheriff for her virgin daughter, and mother goes to heaven, or so they tell her.

A great deal remains in Lamu, including even the British. There are many cannons on the waterfront and a plethora of bones in the sands beneath. Lamu played a home match around 1800 against the neighboring island of Pate and won 1700 to 6—a famous massacre, as when the tide went out suddenly, the away team couldn't get off the reef. Usually when Lamu lost, she lost to the cannibal tribes, the Portuguese, the Ethiopians and, of course, the British.

One afternoon I lunched on my hotel terrace and noticed the beach being patrolled by soldiers. The oldest of all the English residents had taken to exposing himself by the water's edge and the newly appointed district commissioner was determined for some reason to catch him in the act. "Will they shoot him?" I asked anxiously. They won't even catch him, I was told. His wife is keeping him indoors.

Later, I signed the visitors' book immediately below the Aga Khan, who had just left. There is one family in Lamu that subscribes to his faith and he had taken pains to meet them, but not while he was alone. If you are a follower of the Aga's and catch him alone, he must accede to your request. The family was anxious to buy the local mosque at a knockdown price, knock it down and build a hotel. The Aga Khan was courteous, circumspect and perpetually accompanied on his walks along the waterfront.

On the way back from Lamu I stopped in Malindi, Kenya, to lunch with the British and take tea with the Krauts. Nationalism is encouraged by the package tour. The Germans are winning hands down, there are at least four jumbo flights each week from Frankfurt. Of the Americans, there is little sign along the coast. They simply haven't the time to lie around in the sun; besides, that sort of life comes easier and cheaper at home. If they come to this part of Africa at all, it is to Mombasa or Nyali Beach, and then only for two or three nights, to rest up between safaris. Americans are in the game game, and how well they play it. The men try to look and dress like Stewart Granger, the women favor Dorothy Lamour—the head turbaned, the figure sheathed in fiery African colors. They are armed with cameras, not rifles; zoom lenses, not cartridges.

There is not really a great deal to buy in Africa, but Americans have a stab at shopping. Occasionally, they are stabbed themselves. One party, in particular, was nearly speared to death by the Masai because they laughed too loudly and bent themselves double, pretending to have been wounded by the dancers' spears. The tribesmen, suddenly bored by audience participation, decided to play it for real. None of the visitors was killed, but the guilty tribe was punished by being deprived of the dance concession for a spell.

Some tourists also ask for trouble by stepping out of jeeps to feed an elephant the remains of a picnic lunch or by climbing down from a tree hut to proffer a leopard a drink. Punishment when it comes is condign; an elephant takes its time trampling a man to death. When it's finished, all that's left is a thin, red mush.

Of course, not all trouble is invited. There can be no harm, surely, in tea on the lawn and no blame attached to anyone, except possibly the lioness herself, if she chooses to hunt and catch a baboon among the chocolate biscuits and the buttered scones. "Two of my guests finished up in the trees and quite an old lady up to her neck in the pond," Mr. Pascoe told me. Mr. Pascoe is manager of the appropriately named Hunter's Lodge, which stands just to the side of the Nairobi–Mombasa highway. "We have a good many lions here," he went on proudly. "I usually take guests for an evening ramble and we nearly always see something, even if it's only a snake."

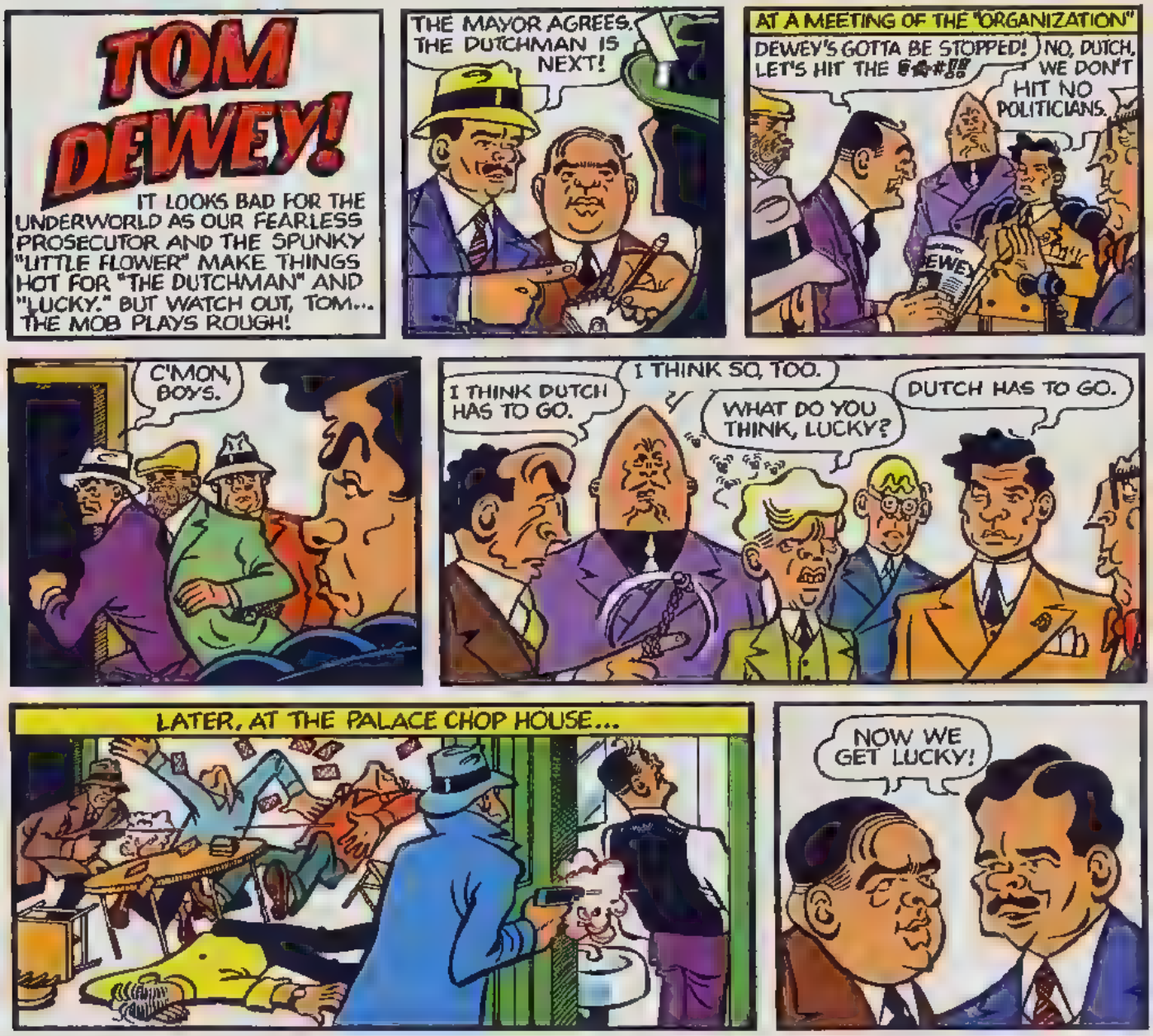
Water holes are a great feature of the game lodges. Floodlit and with a thoughtfully provided artificial salt lick, they provide an opportunity for the game to have a look at the guests in their natural habitat. All day the latter have been bouncing around in jeeps, making it difficult for the elephant and particularly the leopard to count them accurately. But here, bunched at the bar, they can be inspected by the wart hogs and hyenas at leisure.

Sitting next to me at the bar was a Kenya policeman's wife, who had lived in Africa all her life and who knew a good deal about the Mau Mau. "We had a cook in those days," she told me, "who was one in a thousand, the kindest, most obliging, most dedicated cook in all of Africa, famous for his spaghetti soufflé. With this talented man in the kitchen, I couldn't go wrong as a hostess and he might have stayed forever, had not my husband come home one evening and told me that our splendid chef was the senior Mau Mau oath administrator for miles around. It was a terrible oath, you know," she continued, "the worst sort of black magic and quite unmentionably obscene. Arrangements were made that he be arrested in his own village because he was such a charming old man. That night the fellow cooked his last soufflé, or so we thought, and the next day we drove him back to his home, where a dozen soldiers were waiting. He got into the truck and bumped off to prison and,

(continued on page 236)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME
PART VI:
THE HEAT'S ON

article By RICHARD HAMMER *a politically ambitious young prosecutor takes on the syndicate and proves that the pen can be as mighty as the sword*



BY THE EARLY Thirties, it seemed that nothing could halt the spread of underworld power. Most of the country's major cities and many of the smaller ones were, in important ways, controlled by criminals. Politicians and police took money and orders from the racketeers; businessmen facing bankruptcy during the Depression had nowhere else to turn for cash, and so fell under their control; unions sought their services and became their servants. There were times when the entire nation seemed at the mercy of the Mob.

But the specter of government by gangsters also inspired the first major reform efforts by Federal, state and local authorities. The Federal effort was led by Elmer Irey and his associates at the Internal Revenue Service. When all other tactics seemed unavailing, there was still the

ILLUSTRATION BY DON MARGOLIS AFTER CHESTER GOULD CIRCA 1935

possibility of sending gangsters to jail for income-tax evasion. In New York, long-ignored civic corruption was suddenly in the spotlight of the Seabury commission. And a little later, the city itself would join the drive against the underworld when a new mayor, Fiorello "Little Flower" La Guardia, and his reformist fusion administration came to power.

Under the spur of President Herbert Hoover and Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon, Irey had kicked off the Federal drive in Chicago in 1927. He had collected enough financial evidence to send Ralph and Al Capone, Jake Guzik, Frank Nitti and others to prison. In Kansas City, his agents had brought about the disgrace, if not the total collapse, of the Pendergast machine. And in New York, the multimillionaire bootleggers and racketeers were being put under the tax microscope. The initial target was Waxey Gordon.

There was little affection for Gordon in the fledgling national crime Syndicate. His control of illegal distilleries in Philadelphia, New Jersey, New York and elsewhere, and his hold on foreign sources of supply, had given him a degree of independence and power that forced almost everyone to come to him. Moreover, requests for deals with Gordon usually resulted in his demanding a partnership, and his tough, arrogant manner further alienated his business associates. In Philadelphia, he had feuded long and bitterly even with his allies, men such as Nig Rosen and Boo-Boo Hoff. Perhaps more serious, the enmity between him and Meyer Lansky had deepened over the years. By the end of the Twenties, they would rarely speak to each other or sit down together in the same room. Lucky Luciano, Joe Adonis, Longy Zwillman and his partner Willie Moretti, Tommy Lucchese, even Lansky's oldest friend and longtime partner, Bugsy Siegel, all of whom had tried to work with both, found it increasingly difficult to keep the peace between the two seemingly indispensable men. They wanted no showdown, but if one were to come, they would side with Lansky. The "Little Man," as the 5'4" Lansky was often called, had brains and ability, kept his ambitions to himself and preferred to stay in the background as a man who would not challenge the power of anyone else. Even more than Frank Costello, Lansky seemed content to guide obliquely by suggestion and subtle persuasion. So Gordon's vitriol against Lansky won him no points in the organization. And he lost points in the early Thirties when he made himself another powerful enemy in Dutch Schultz, as each began invading the other's brewing domains in anticipation of legal beer.

Gordon, with his wealth, power and ostentation, was as natural a target for Irey's taxmen in the East as Capone had been in the Midwest, and, according to some underworld sources, the Irey investigation was secretly abetted by Gordon's multitude of enemies. Through Lansky's brother Jake and others, the taxmen were quietly fed information

Death and taxes equally threatened mobsters once the Treasury Department decided that ill-gotten gains were taxable income.

Tom Dewey launched his political career by jailing gangsters.

Fiorello La Guardia promised to run the gangs out of New York.

The dying Dutch Schultz contemplates the bullet holes he received on October 23, 1935, in Newark's Palace Chop House. In direct defiance of Syndicate orders to leave public figures alone, Schultz had set out to assassinate Tom Dewey. Luciano considered this good for Schultz but bad for public relations.

Meyer Lansky
Charlie "Lucky" Luciano
NYC POLICE
Frank Costello
Ben
Joe Adonis
Vito Genovese
Mayer Brown
Albert Anastasia
Carlo Gambino
Louis "Lepke"
Willie Moretti
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Vincent Coll, in his war with Dutch Schultz, earned himself the nickname "Mad Dog" in July 1931, when his gunmen fired at rival mobsters on Manhattan's Upper East Side and instead hit several children, killing a five-year-old boy. Seven months later, Coll was cornered in the telephone booth of a 23rd Street drugstore and riddled with machine-gun bullets. His new bride was among the few to weep at his funeral.

and leads about Gordon's sources of income. In a number of private underworld meetings, the decision was made not to deal with Gordon by the old, violent methods, though some, especially Schultz, favored such action. To kill Gordon, the wiser counsel went, would only result in more bad publicity at a time when too many bodies were already littering the landscape, so the undoing of Waxey Gordon would be left to the Government.

But Schultz could not resist taking one last blast at Gordon, and in April 1933, he sent a crew of killers after the bootlegger. As they went in the door of Gordon's room at the Carteret Hotel in Elizabeth, New Jersey, Gordon escaped. Not so lucky were two of his aides, who were both gunned down.

Schultz's failure to get Gordon was his last chance. The Government's tax case had by then been fully developed and put in the hands of a young United States Attorney in New York. He was a small man with a mustache, an immense ego and outsized political ambitions, a small-town Michigan Republican who had become a Wall Street lawyer before entering public service. His name was Thomas E. Dewey. As a prosecutor of businessmen, financiers and industrialists indicted for financial peculations, Dewey was something less than brilliant; he seemed unable to convict prominent citizens. With gangsters, however, it was different. He

Bo Weinberg, the financial wizard of the Dutch Schultz mob, paid the price for disloyalty. He vanished one night in 1935—reportedly the victim of a one-way swim in the Hudson River.

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN LINN AFTER JACK LEVINE CIRCA 1935

seemed then a vengeful tiger with an instinct for the jugular. Within five months of his appointment as an Assistant U.S. Attorney in 1931, he did what prosecutors had been trying to do for years: convict Legs Diamond. Unfortunately, Diamond never served a day; while free on bond pending his appeal, he was murdered in an Albany, New York, rooming house, probably by the Schultz mob.

In 1933, Dewey was named interim U.S. Attorney and personally took charge of the tax-evasion case against Gordon. His presentation was masterful, replete with histrionics, self-righteousness and scorn. Gordon, he told the jury, had a real income in excess of $2,000,000 a year, was spending more than $6000 a year in rent, owned vast amounts of property, including several homes with lavish furnishings, spent money on innumerable luxuries and then had the gall to file income-tax returns declaring a net income of only $8125 a year. The jury was convinced. Gordon was convicted in December 1933, fined $80,000 and sent to prison for ten years. That was the end of Waxey Gordon as a major underworld figure. (Released just in time for World War Two, Gordon immediately got into the black market and ended up back in prison. When next on the streets, he returned to an occupation of his youth, pushing drugs, and by the late Fifties was back in prison once more.)

With Gordon out of the way, the next target for the IRS and Dewey was Schultz. This upset the Dutchman and gave rise later to his plaint that the cops were after him, that he was notorious only because his name fit the headlines; better he should have remained Arthur Flegenheimer. For by this time, Schultz was, indeed, a household name, constantly in the headlines as the Seabury investigation and others dug deeply into his racketeering and his relationship with politicians. But worse for Schultz, though he didn't know it yet, was the fact that he had also become a target for his sometime partner in the underworld.

The Dutchman had an unpopular penchant for trouble and violence. He had fought Gordon for control of the beer business in New York and New Jersey, while almost simultaneously warring with "Mad Dog" Coll, the young Irish killer and beer runner who had left Schultz in the late Twenties to form a rival gang. The struggle lasted about a year and filled the streets, alleys and rivers with bodies from both sides—nobody was ever sure how many, since the Castellammarese war was going on about that time and there were other internecine battles as well.

For a short time in the middle of the Schultz-Coll war, there was a truce, but only because Coll was out of commission. A car filled with his gunmen had roared through east Harlem prepared for a shoot-out with some of Schultz's troops in residence at a social club. Coll's men sprayed the area with bullets, hitting several nearby children and killing a five-year-old boy. That outrage finally compelled the police to intervene. Coll was picked up and charged with murder. His trial was something of a farce. Coll's lawyer, Samuel Leibowitz (who would win the reputation as the nation's most vindictive hanging judge when he sat on the county-court bench in Brooklyn), riddled and ridiculed the state's case and Coll won a directed verdict of acquittal.

But this was Coll's last hurrah. No sooner was he back in circulation than Schultz was after him. Coll's older brother, Peter, had already been gunned down on a Harlem street. Coll replied by shooting several Schultz hirelings. Schultz stepped up the attack and Coll went into hiding but was tracked down to a rooming house in Manhattan's Chelsea district. On February 8, 1932, he left his room to make a telephone call at the corner drugstore. Schultz's killers waited until he closed the door of the phone booth, then riddled it, and its helpless occupant, with submachine-gun bullets.

The Dutchman's victory was something of a disappointment to his underworld friends Luciano, Lansky, Costello and Louis "Lepke" Buchalter. For them, Schultz had become an object of concern and envy. His successes in battle and in capturing the Harlem policy racket made many fear that he would soon be casting eyes on their domains. Furthermore, they themselves were coveting the Schultz empire and would not have objected if Coll had eliminated the main obstacle to their taking it over.

When Coll failed, the next hope was the Federal Government. In the waning days of his Presidency, Hoover, pleased with the early successes of his Treasury agents, began to pressure them to go after Schultz as well as Gordon; and in January 1933, Dewey presented enough evidence to a Federal grand jury in New York to indict the Dutchman for failing to file tax returns for 1929, 1930 and 1931. In those years, the Government charged, his provable taxable income from bootlegging alone amounted to $481,637.35, and he was thus in arrears for $92,103.34, plus interest. It appeared to be an airtight case; the Government could not lose.

But Schultz was a different breed from Capone, Gordon and the rest. Where they had readily surrendered to authorities upon indictment and gone to trial, Schultz had new interests in policy, in restaurant protection and in breweries that needed his personal attention. That attention could best be given while he was a free man, so he went into hiding, at least officially. With the overt and covert assistance of bribed police and politicians, he managed to remain at large, even travel about, despite more than 50,000 WANTED posters prominently displayed all over New York. He lived openly at a number of apartments around the city, receiving friends, associates and those public servants on his payroll, and he did not abandon his night-clubbing nor his regular visits to Polly Adler's brothel.

By mid 1934, nearly a year and a half after the indictments had been handed down (and by which time Republican Dewey was out of the U.S. Attorney's office and temporarily practicing law on Wall Street), Schultz's flouting of the law had become too blatant to ignore. Franklin Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, put the heat on Federal and local officials. FBI director J. Edgar Hoover ordered his agents to bring in Schultz without delay, and New York's new reform mayor, La Guardia, who had ridden into office on the promise to "throw the bums out," directed his new police commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, to get his men off their asses and after the Dutchman.

Schultz turned to his supposed friends for help, not suspecting the kind of help they really wanted to give him. At that moment, though, they helped him hide out and he offered to cough up $100,000 as a settlement if the Government would withdraw the indictments. Like his predecessor in the Hoover Administration, who had turned down a much more generous $400,000 offer from Capone, Morgenthau refused. "We don't do business with criminals," he said.

The search for Schultz intensified, and with the then-trigger-happy FBI involved, Schultz decided to avoid any confrontation. On a cold November day in 1934, he walked into the Albany office of United States Commissioner Lester T. Hubbard and said, "I'm Arthur Flegenheimer. I am under indictment in the Southern District of New York. I wish to surrender."

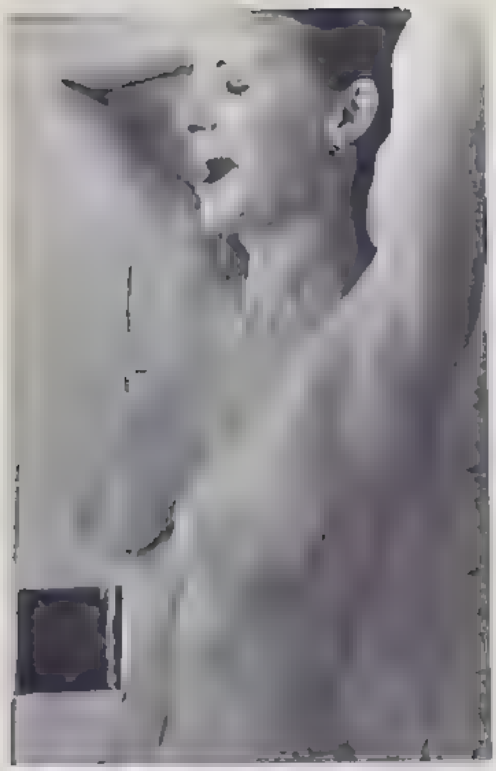
In the following months, Schultz, free on $75,000 bail, toiled at preparing his defense. The last thing his battery of lawyers wanted was a trial in New York City, where Schultz was notorious. La Guardia's campaign against the underworld and the continuing Seabury revelations had finally caused citizens to withdraw some of their tolerance toward glamorous gangsters. A change of venue was requested and eventually granted.

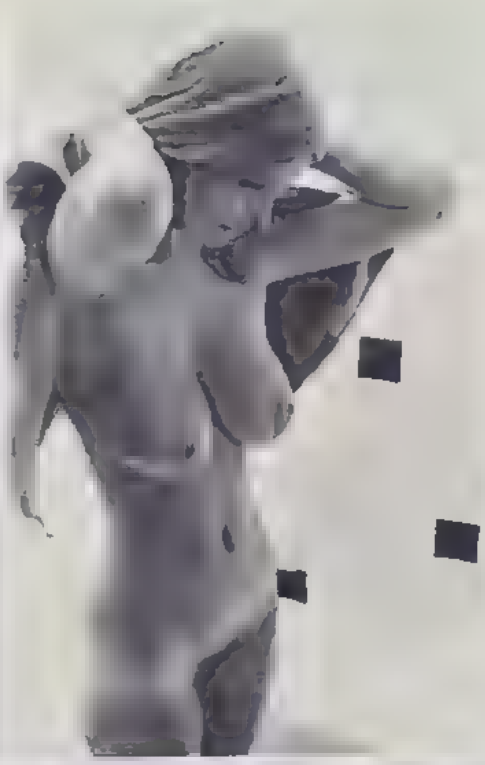
The trial was scheduled for April 1935, in Syracuse. The Government's case, built with diligence by Dewey and his staff before they returned to private practice, was handled by John H. McEvers, special assistant to Attorney General Homer Cummings. McEvers paraded witness after witness before the jury to lay out the details of Schultz's bootleg empire and the amounts of cash that flowed into it. There seemed little possibility that the Government would lose, particularly

(continued on page 164)

"You shouldn't blame yourself, Santa. Mother warned me you wouldn't come unless I was good."

O LUCKY GIRL!
small-town miss nancy cameron
took a chance on the big city—and
it's worked out just fine, thank you

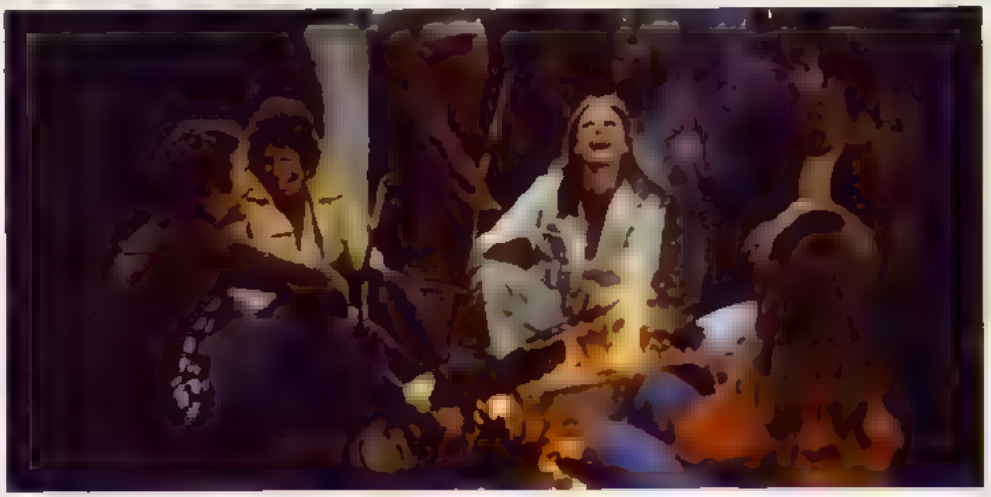




JANUARY PLAYMATE Nancy Cameron isn't the introspective sort, but on the eve of her 20th birthday—which just happens to coincide with ours—we caught her in a reflective mood. "I've been thinking what would have happened if I hadn't gotten away from home." Home for Nancy was Arnold, Pennsylvania, a small town about 20 miles outside Pittsburgh. "I'd probably have gotten married—to my very old fashioned high school sweetheart—and most likely have settled for a career as a dental assistant." Nancy makes a face. "And I'd never have gotten to meet Alice Cooper." We should explain that Miss January works for her boyfriend, Paul St. John, a rock-concert producer in Pittsburgh. Nancy books hotel reservations for incoming groups, ensures that rooms are supplied with ample provisions of food and drink and arranges press parties, limousine service and the like. "Somebody was throwing a party for Alice after the concert and Paul wanted me to go," says Nancy. "But I told him I was tired and we argued about it. So I'm sitting home alone when the phone rings and there's a man on the other end of the line saying, 'Hello, Nancy. This is Alice.' And I hear Paul laughing on the line like it was some big joke. But Alice was really quite nice. He straightened everything out between us." Nancy pauses, then says, "Now, I don't mean to give the impression that I'm a close friend of every rock star who passes through Pittsburgh. I don't even like to show up

"I really can't say that I have an everyday routine," says Nancy. "But I like it like that." One day, not too long ago, began (top left and right) with a brisk shower and (center) some work on friend Paul's Rolls-Royce. "The Rolls," she tells us, "has to be kept tuned constantly. Paul doesn't let me work on it too often, but I gladly do what he lets me. We're going to enter the car in shows, but that's a long way off. Neither of us has the time now to get it into the kind of condition it needs to be in for competition."

at the concerts. But if I hadn't met Paul, I never would have had the opportunity to go in the first place." In fact, says Nancy, it was Paul who encouraged her to go to Pittsburgh. "I had been working as a dental assistant for several months—in Arnold. That was a drag. I had been modeling, too, just for the sake of doing something different. I model two or three times a week; there's not a whole lot of that kind of work in Pittsburgh. Anyway, one day I was on a job at a shopping center, promoting a modeling agency; Paul passed by, and we met. Since then, I've done things I'd never thought I'd ever be doing, met people I'd never thought I'd meet, had experiences I'd never thought I'd have." At the time she took off for Pittsburgh, Nancy was just a few months out of high school. "I had been very popular," she recalls, "secretary of my junior and senior classes, drum majorette, principal's pet and all the rest. But I knew nothing of Rolls-Royces, rock stars, fine restaurants or big cities. The only time I'd ever gotten out of Arnold to any major new place was to Chicago, where I competed in a national gymnastic meet. [Nancy placed second in overall competition, which included turns on the uneven parallel bars, horse, rings and free exercise.] But then I had to go back to my job as a dental assistant. Eventually, when more modeling assignments started to come my way, I quit dentistry and worked nights as a receptionist at a country



Top to bottom, left to right: Next, Nancy works out with her older sister, Debbie, at a local gym. Debbie spots as Nancy executes a hip circle on the uneven parallel bars and a routine on the balance beam. Then it's off to an assignment as a demonstrator for a cosmetics firm, where Nancy gives her younger sister Robin a lesson in make-up application. At dusk, she attends a cookout with Paul and some friends. A go at the chain saw turns a limb into firewood, and soon the bright glow of a campfire warms the night.

club. Which was OK, except with modeling during the day and working at night, my life consisted of not much more than work and sleep. That is, until Paul came along." Nancy hasn't abandoned her old life entirely, though. She still finds time for exercise with her sisters, who belong to Sokol, an Arnold gymnastic group. "I've been a gymnast my whole life, as have my parents and their parents before them. We're all Slovak, and it would be hard to find a people crazier about gymnastics than the Slovaks. Since my mother is an instructor and my sisters still compete, I guess we can match any family as gymnast fanatics." For the moment, however, Nancy says she can't foresee a time when her passion for the sport would evolve into anything serious enough to give her Olympic aspirations. "I'm OK on the uneven bars, especially when I put my mind to it. But I'm terribly inconsistent, and I freeze under pressure. During one meet a while ago, I was doing a required routine on the rings. Suddenly I caught the judge's eye and got so scared that I forgot an entire sequence. My mind went blank, and by the time I came out of it, I was just hanging there improvising tricks I'd never done before." When she's not working out, Nancy divides her hours about equally between modeling assignments and concert production work. "Frankly," she says, "I'd rather spend more of my time modeling, but I enjoy meeting the groups and helping them." All the same, if she were asked to trade her present life for the one that would have awaited her had she remained in Arnold, we're absolutely certain which one Nancy would choose. "But I've already made that choice," she says. "I'm here with you now, aren't I?" And how.

"Of course, I'm flattered to have been chosen to be PLAYBOY's first double-gatefold Playmate. But poor Dwight Hooker, the photographer, must have lost ten pounds running from one camera to the other."

MISS TANANA
STRONGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

"In spite of the fact that I've moved away from my home town," says Nancy, "I still don't consider myself a big-city person. I like the restaurants, concerts and people of the city, but I've found that I'm happiest when I'm walking through the woods or driving through the countryside. I guess my ideal in life is to combine the two worlds. But I've lots of time to work that out."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It took plenty of time and persuasion, but the horny vice president finally persuaded the new secretary to drop her panties and bend over the back of his leather couch.

"And just where have you been until this hour?" demanded his wife when the wayward husband arrived home.

"Down at the office, honey," replied the fellow, "working like a dog."

The elderly couple was watching a TV faith healer. "And now, my friends," he intoned, "you can be made whole again! I invite those of you who are ill to place one hand on my image on your television screen and the other hand on that part of your body that needs holy healing." At this, the old woman leaned forward and touched the screen and also her stomach, while her husband divided his hands between the TV screen and his groin.

"That's going too far, George," cackled the wife. "The reverend spoke about healing the sick, not raising the dead!"

Madam," said the irate conductor to an incompetent lady cellist during rehearsal, "you have between your legs an instrument that could give pleasure to thousands—and all you seem able to do is scratch it!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *football groupie* as a jock absorber.

Have you tried Head and Shoulders?" tactfully whispered the girl in close embrace.

"Huh . . . what?" whispered back her date. "*Shoulders?!*"

A fairy named Wind said, "I could,
If healthy, give pleasure—and would!
But, alas, a disease
Cramps my yearning to please,
Since an ill Wind blows nobody good."

Simultaneous orgasms," explains a sex therapist, "are mostly the result of a stroke of luck."

The three Bedouin tribesmen had almost reached the oasis on their fleet camels when a hillock of sand suddenly loomed up in front of them. Ali swerved around it to the left and Hassan did so to the right, but dauntless Abdul rode right up and over the obstacle—and straight toward a pair of hobbled camels engaged in lovemaking. The copulating beasts became frightened and broke apart at their climactic moment just as Abdul swept by, the male of the pair showering him with the potential makings of millions of little camels.

"Poor Abdul," muttered Hassan, as their bespattered comrade came up to join them, "he doesn't know enough to rein in out of the cum."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a guy whose computer-dating service sends him the number of Dial-A-Prayer.

And then there was the French girl who came to the U. S. but soon returned home—she missed her native tongue.

What prevails in our nation's capital," comments one Watergate-case observer, ' is the law of the bungle."

Two veteran horseplayers decided to pool their resources and try a new system in an effort to change their luck. "In the first race, Max," suggested Lou, "let's bet the horse with the same number as your glove size."

"That's eight," said Max, so they bet on number eight and he romped home a winner.

In the second race, they used Max's shoe size, which was nine, and number nine won pulling away. And so it went all afternoon. "And now, in the sixth," proposed Lou excitedly, "let's put the whole bundle on the length of your dick!"

Max said, "Eight again," and the bet was placed; but number five won

"Oh, Lord," groaned Max, "why did I have to be such a liar?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nude coloratura* as a muff diva.

No, no, Virginia," said the minister to his inquisitive young daughter, "the *labia minora* are not something our Jewish friends light up for Hanukkah."

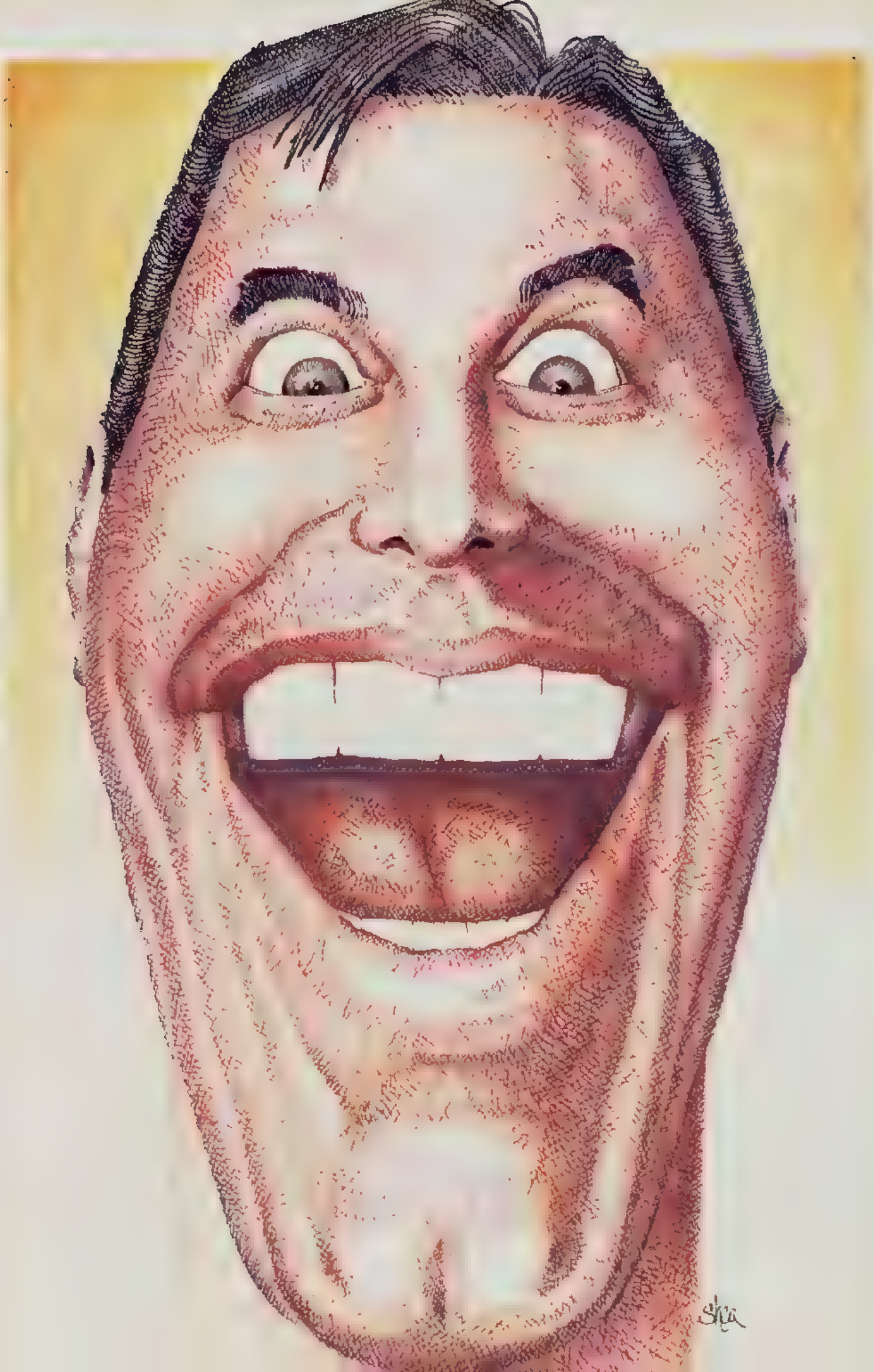
A shipwrecked sailor who had spent many years on a remote South Pacific island was finally rescued. When he arrived in California, reporters asked him what he had done for sex. "Oh, there were plenty of passable and willing native girls on the island," he replied, "but they all had either V. D. or T. B."

"That must have been frustrating," commented one of the newsmen.

"Not at all," said the sailor. "If a girl coughed, I screwed her."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"The captain's having trouble controlling his hook."



AND THEN THEY SAY, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, here's the star of our show,' and we both come out and go for the microphone, and you grab it and start right in, 'Good evening, folks, it's so great to be here in Miami,' and I say, 'Wait a minute, what are you doing out here? I'm supposed to be on first, I'm supposed to open the show,' and you say, 'No, they told me *I* was supposed to open the show,' and we go back and forth like that until you say—no, *I* say—'Look, didn't you see the sign when you came up to the hotel? Didn't you see that name up there with all the neon lights? Well, that's *me*.' And then you look and take a beat and say, 'Oh, you must be Air Conditioning.' "

Milton Berle stopped to light his cigar. "You have to be sure to take that beat, Jerry," he said. "Then you say, 'Oh, you must be Air Conditioning.' "

Jerry Lewis looked at Berle but said nothing. He stood in his narrow dressing room backstage at the Deauville Hotel, dressed in a tuxedo, holding a plastic cup of white wine in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He took a sip of the wine.

"So then I'll say, 'Look, Jerry, why should you be on first?' And you say, 'Well, you heard me last night,' and I say, 'Yeah, you were very funny,' and you say, 'Funny? Are you kidding—you could hear them laughing across the street.' I say, 'Oh, really? What was playing over there?' "

Berle puffed on his cigar, then reached out and grabbed Lewis by the arm. "Listen, Jerry, I have to tell you about the ending." Lewis dropped his eyes quickly to where Berle held him, then raised them again.

"When I finally introduce you," Berle said, "you start in telling some story, right? And I back up a couple of steps and say, 'Listen to this, this is a terrific story, you'll love it,' and you turn around and say, 'Would you mind? Could you just back off?' I say, 'Sure, Jerry,' and I go a couple of more steps, and as soon as you start again, I turn to the band and say, 'This kills me, this story; wait'll you hear it.' And you say, 'Look, would you just back away, I'm trying to do a show here. Back off.' Then I walk up and say, 'How far do you want me to go?' And you say, 'Have you got a *car*?' "

Berle tightened his grip on Lewis' arm and pulled himself toward him. "Now, you can't jump on that line, Jerry. You got to give it some time. When I say, 'How far do you want me to go?' you have to look at me and take a beat before you answer. Then you deliver the line. It's funnier that way. Last time," he said, "you rushed that line."

JERRY LEWIS, BIRTHDAY BOY

personality **BY O'CONNELL DRISCOLL**

"i'm not the best yet, but i soon will be," said jerry. "maybe tuesday," he added

Lewis still said nothing, but he gave his arm a slight twist and pulled loose from Berle's hand.

"I think we got it all set, Jerry," Berle said, heading toward the door. "Just remember the pause. These people need time to think down here."

Berle started out of the room, then turned and looked at Lewis. "'How far do you want me to go?' " he said. Then he paused dramatically and counted three beats in the air with his cigar. "And then you say, 'Have you got a car?' " He put the cigar back in his mouth and walked out the door.

Lewis stood and watched him leave. Then he walked over to his dressing table and dumped the rest of his wine into the sink. He filled the plastic cup with water and used it to put out his cigarette. The cigarette hissed and then floated on the water like a dead fish.

Lewis shook his head and looked over at his wife, Patti, who was sitting in a corner of the dressing room, doing some needlepoint.

"He didn't let you say a word, Daddy," Mrs. Lewis said, looking up at her husband. "I don't believe it. Milton came in here and did the whole opening routine and he didn't even let you speak."

"I don't have to speak," Lewis said. He sat down in a high-backed chair and shut

ILLUSTRATION BY SHAWN SHEA

his eyes. "Milton does all the parts. He even does audience reaction."

Lewis opened his eyes and leaned forward to look at himself in the lighted mirror. He turned his head slightly to one side and then to the other. Under a layer of make-up, his skin was deeply tanned; and although his face had become fuller and more mature-looking with time, it had also retained a good deal of youthfulness. Jerry Lewis did not look his age, today, on his 47th birthday.

"Rehearsing," Lewis said, patting back his hair. "That's all Milton has on his mind. We've gone over that routine a million times since yesterday. And it's just an opening bit, for Crissake."

"I don't see why Milton behaves that way," Mrs. Lewis said.

"Well, Milton is the master of his craft," said Lewis. "Everybody learned from him. He's a perfectionist and a consummate showman. And for that I love him." Lewis closed his eyes again and rubbed them. "But he's driving me fucking bananas with all his rehearsing."

"I think he goes a little too far, Daddy."

"You could walk up to him and say, 'Good morning, Milton,' and he'd give you three other ways to read the line. On the way to his funeral, he's going to be telling the guy how to drive the fucking hearse."

Lewis stood up and began to look through a pile of mail that was sitting on his dressing table. He picked up a telegram from Bill Harrah, the night-club owner, wishing him a happy birthday, and held it as if he were weighing it.

"We were wrong to come here," Lewis said. "The place is wrong. I don't belong in Miami."

"I know," said Mrs. Lewis.

"Jesus *Christ*," said Lewis suddenly, throwing the telegram back on the table. "Milton's coming in here and telling me how to deliver my fucking lines. I *wrote* the whole fucking routine, I should know how to deliver the lines."

"Milton shouldn't act like that," Mrs. Lewis said.

"And he's explaining to me about timing. He's telling *me* about timing." Lewis looked in the mirror. "I'm forty-seven years old today. I don't need lessons in timing."

"Of course you don't," Mrs. Lewis said.

A tall man with a mustache, who was the announcer for the show, stopped in the doorway and stuck his head into the room. "Are you just about ready, Mr. Lewis?" he asked.

Lewis nodded without turning around. He straightened his jacket and his tie. Then he leaned over and kissed his wife. "Good luck, Daddy," she said to him.

"You know that Milton has always been my idol," Lewis said as he stepped out of the room. "But I think he's turning into a prick."

Mrs. Lewis watched her husband as he left to go onstage; then she went back to her needlepoint.

• • •

The day before his 47th birthday, Jerry Lewis stood in the lobby of the Deauville Hotel, looking out through an enormous picture window at the swimming-pool area. "Momma!" he said. "Come here and look at this! Look at this ping-pong table!"

Mrs. Lewis, wearing a summery pants suit and sunglasses, went over and stood next to her husband. "Look at what those people are playing on," he said.

Lewis pointed through the window. Beyond it lay a huge swimming pool that nobody was using. The pool was flanked on two sides by narrow cabanas, most of which were open, occupied by post-middle-aged people sipping drinks and avoiding the hot afternoon sun. A number of other people were sitting out in the open, on deck chairs, some with silver reflectors strapped around their necks, and their heads thrown back like astronauts' on take-off.

In an area directly beneath the picture window, a man and his wife were playing an energetic, if somewhat unpolished, game of ping-pong. Both wore broad-brimmed straw hats, and most of their efforts were directed at retrieving the ball after a missed return. The table they were playing on, the only ping-pong table in sight, was a warped piece of plywood painted green, nailed onto two sawhorses. The adhesive tape that had been applied to mark off the playing surfaces was fluttering lightly at the edges.

"Can you believe that?" Lewis asked, his eyes fixed on the table. "People here are paying a hundred, a hundred and fifty dollars a day for a room, and look at that piece of shit they provide in the way of recreational facilities. That is absolutely unexcusable." He turned away from the window. "Welcome to Miami," he said.

It was about noon and Lewis had just arrived at the Deauville to rehearse for the opening of his show that night. He had come from The Jockey Club, where he was staying, a 25-minute ride by chauffeur-driven limousine across the bay from Miami Beach.

"Let's find out where we're supposed to go and go there," Lewis said. He started off across the lobby, followed by his wife and by his assistant, a man named Bob Harvey.

"Look at the carpeting!" Lewis called out as he walked along. "Holes in the carpeting!" He stopped above one of the holes and examined it. Two silver-haired ladies sitting nearby looked on with interest.

"Now, it would be one thing," Lewis said, "if they said that the carpeting had been torn in the last fifteen minutes and they just hadn't gotten around to fixing it yet. But those holes have been there since Lindbergh landed in Paris."

"This used to be such a groovy hotel," Harvey said, catching up to Lewis.

"This was the best," said Lewis. "This was class. Now take a look."

"The Fifties was the best time for Miami," Harvey said. "The late Fifties."

"The town was alive then," Lewis said. "The people were alive. Now everyone in sight is on his way to fucking death." He looked around at the silver-haired ladies and lowered his voice. "It makes you sad to see a town deteriorate like this."

Mrs. Lewis came up and joined them. "Did you see the carpet, Momma?" Lewis asked. Mrs. Lewis looked at the carpet and shook her head.

Lewis led them toward the stage-door entrance. Harvey asked him if he'd seen the room in which he was performing. Lewis shook his head. "It's big, Jerry," he said.

They went through the door and into the room. "Holy Christ!" said Lewis, looking around. "Is this where the Dolphins play their home games?"

"Why, it's like a convention hall," said Mrs. Lewis, laughing. "They could hold a convention in here, Daddy."

"They must be out of their minds," Lewis said. "They're never going to fill this place every night. There aren't that many people in Florida."

A number of people were moving unhurriedly around the room, setting up the lighting and sound equipment. Onstage, the band was being led through the numbers in Lewis' act by his accompanist and conductor, Lou Brown, a full-faced and pleasant man who has been with Lewis for 28 years.

"Some room they got here, huh?" Brown said as Lewis walked over to the edge of the stage.

"Nice," said Lewis. "Especially if you want to fly an airplane."

"Maybe that's what the show needs," Brown said.

Lewis smiled and took some notes out of a briefcase. He glanced through them, then stood listening to the band. "When do you need me, Louie?" he said.

"Not right away," Brown said. "We'll go through it all first. Then you can come in and tell us how we did it all wrong."

• • •

Lewis and his wife came out of the Deauville together and alone and walked over to the car that was waiting for them. The night air was misty and muggy. The neon time-and-temperature board on the delicatessen across the street said that it was 72 degrees, a few minutes before midnight.

Lewis was wearing the tuxedo that he had performed in, except for the jacket. He had left the jacket backstage. He had on a dark-blue nylon windbreaker zipped up to the throat and a white bath towel wrapped around his neck. His make-up

(continued on page 158)

CAN TENNIS SWAPPING SAVE YOUR MARRIAGE?

if bob & carol & art & alice do it, why shouldn't you?

humor **By ART BUCHWALD**

THERE IS A LOT more tennis swapping going on in the United States than anyone would like to admit. Almost every tennis and country club now permits mixed doubles out in the open and people are starting to talk about it for the first time.

While doing research for a book on what tennis was doing to destroy the American family, I interviewed people who admitted they had been swapping tennis partners and in many cases they said it had not only helped their game but brought them closer together.

Bob P. told me how he got into tennis swapping. "I'd like to say first that my wife, Carol, and I are very happy playing tennis together, but occasionally we like to swap partners just for variety. We got into it in a funny way. We were on a tennis weekend at Grossinger's and we met this couple named Ted and Alice. The first day my wife and I played them and we won eight to six, six to three and six to four.

"That night we had dinner with them and as a joke, Ted said it would be kind of fun if he played with Carol and I played with Alice. My wife blushed and I think I just brushed it off, though *(continued on page 243)*

ILLUSTRATION BY HEDDA JOHNSON

JERRY LEWIS, BIRTHDAY BOY

(continued from page 156)

was smeared and running from the perspiration that dripped from his hair and his forehead, and both the collar of his shirt and the bath towel were stained with the tan-colored grease.

He slumped into the seat and put his head back, his eyes shut. The driver turned around and gave him a questioning look. Mrs. Lewis made a small motion with her hand and the car pulled away from the hotel.

"There won't be any sleeping tonight," Lewis said in a tired voice. "I have to look for some answers. There have to be some answers."

"What did Milton have to say?" Mrs. Lewis said.

"Milton was very understanding," Lewis said. "He said to me, 'What can we do?' He told me that he knows he went way too long. I said, 'Milton, that's only a small part of it.' The thing about chemistry is that there are particles, and pieces, and small factions that build into the totality of the end result. Time is just one thing."

Lewis took the corner of the bath towel and wiped some of the sweat off the side of his face.

"You can't plan a concept," he said, "and then change it, and expect it to work after you've made the change. When we originally planned to do this, it was going to be Milton and myself and the Louis Prima outfit—and we were going to work in concert and build a kind of revue. Then Prima became unavailable. And then Lee Guber, who put the show together, said that it would just be Milton and myself, and that it would work just as well that way, with each of us doing about an hour. And I really had some reservations about that. But I knew how important it was to Milton, I knew how much he was looking forward to us working together, and so I really didn't put up any resistance to the show's changing from the original concept. Because I didn't want to make waves.

"But you know I talked to Milton, *months* ago, and I kept trying to make him understand that there had to be a device to take the place of the original concept. And then I just ran out of time. I left the country, and then my dad got sick, so we never did get together. And even if we had gotten together, it would have been a very amateurish thing for us to attempt to work in total concert. Here you have two men who shouldn't really be working together at *all*, trying to weave their two styles and two acts together in some way. Anyhow, we never did work anything like that out, because there was just no time."

"Daddy, can I interrupt a minute?" Mrs. Lewis said.

"What?"

"I don't think you ought to have this air conditioning on. I think it's too much air for you, darling. It's so cold on your neck."

Lewis asked the driver to turn off the air conditioning in the back of the car.

"Thank you, Phil," Mrs. Lewis said to the driver. "He's still all wet and it gets too cold for him."

They drove in silence for a while, and then Lewis said, "It's really a strange thing. I was so *confident* tonight, for some reason. I had heard how the audience reacted to Milton during that whole first half, and I said, 'Jesus Christ, they're up, they're high.' And when I walked out, I walked out just like I did in Paris. Very secure and very confident. And the minute I began, I knew I was in trouble. That it wasn't going to work. They're different people. It's a different place and a different audience, and I just—I'm not *right* here."

Lewis shifted in the seat and rested one foot on top of the seat in front of him.

"They just didn't understand some of the things that you were doing," Mrs. Lewis said. "You were too subtle for them. Too quick."

"Well, you can't do subtleties and artistic pieces with this audience," Lewis said. "They aren't used to that kind of comedy or that type of sophisticated performance, the way they are in Europe. Or even the way they are in Las Vegas."

"You did pieces tonight that would get a five-minute laugh in Las Vegas," Mrs. Lewis said. "And here they didn't respond at all."

"Well, this isn't Vegas," Lewis said. "This is Miami, and I haven't been in Miami in a long time. They haven't seen my style of performance in a long time. In a sense, they didn't recognize me."

The car bumped slightly as it pulled onto the causeway and headed across the bay. Behind it, the carnival lights of Miami Beach were dim and fuzzy in the gray mist, as if the city had been wrapped in wax paper.

"You looked so gorgeous up there," Mrs. Lewis said, smiling at her husband. "So polished and so—well—really performing. Milton wasn't really performing."

"Oh, yes, he was, Momma," Lewis said.

"Oh, not to me, it's not a performance," Mrs. Lewis said. "He just works around the other people he has on with him. Like that harmonica player, that Stan Fisher. He plays beautifully and I really enjoy the music, but it was too much and too loud. It's a drag. You come to see Milton Berle and you see a harmonica player."

"Well, I don't know how long that went," Lewis said.

"He had an awful lot of time, Daddy. Much too much."

"Yeah, Stan might be on too long," Lewis said. "But you can't say Milton wasn't performing, honey."

"No," Mrs. Lewis said. "To me, that's not a performance. I'm sorry, it's something else. I don't know what you'd call it."

"You might call it prejudice," Lewis said.

"No, that's not it."

"You know better than making it a contest," Lewis said.

"I'm not making it a contest, and I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it. I *enjoyed* Milton. But he was too loose. He wasn't organized. He looked—he looked like he was floundering all over the place. Compared to what I see you do."

Mrs. Lewis reached over and began to rub her husband's neck lightly.

"I knew what the outcome was going to be," Lewis said. "I had a feeling it was going to happen this way. I told you that last night."

"Yes, you told me," Mrs. Lewis said.

"I could just feel that the chemistry was wrong," Lewis said.

"Maybe it would be better if you opened the show," Mrs. Lewis said.

"Well, I told Milton that I'd be prepared to do anything at all to make it work, and maybe that means me performing first. But I don't even know if that's *right*. I think the problem is much more fundamental."

The car turned onto Biscayne Boulevard and headed north. There were no other cars and no other people, and the small single-story houses that were set back on either side of the wide street were quiet and dark.

The limousine turned into the entrance of The Jockey Club and a uniformed guard stepped out of his booth.

"Mr. Lewis," the driver said.

The guard bent over slightly and looked in the back window at Lewis and his wife. "OK," he said and waved them on.

"Phil, what time is it?" Mrs. Lewis said as they drove through the gate.

The driver looked at the clock on the dashboard. "Almost twelve-thirty, Mrs. Lewis," he said.

"Oh, Daddy," she said. "It's your birthday already."

Mrs. Lewis put her arm around her husband's shoulders and gave him a kiss. "Happy birthday," she said.

• • •

"Happy birthday, Jerry," Jan Murray said. He poured some wine into the glass Lewis held in his hand. "Here's hoping for many more."

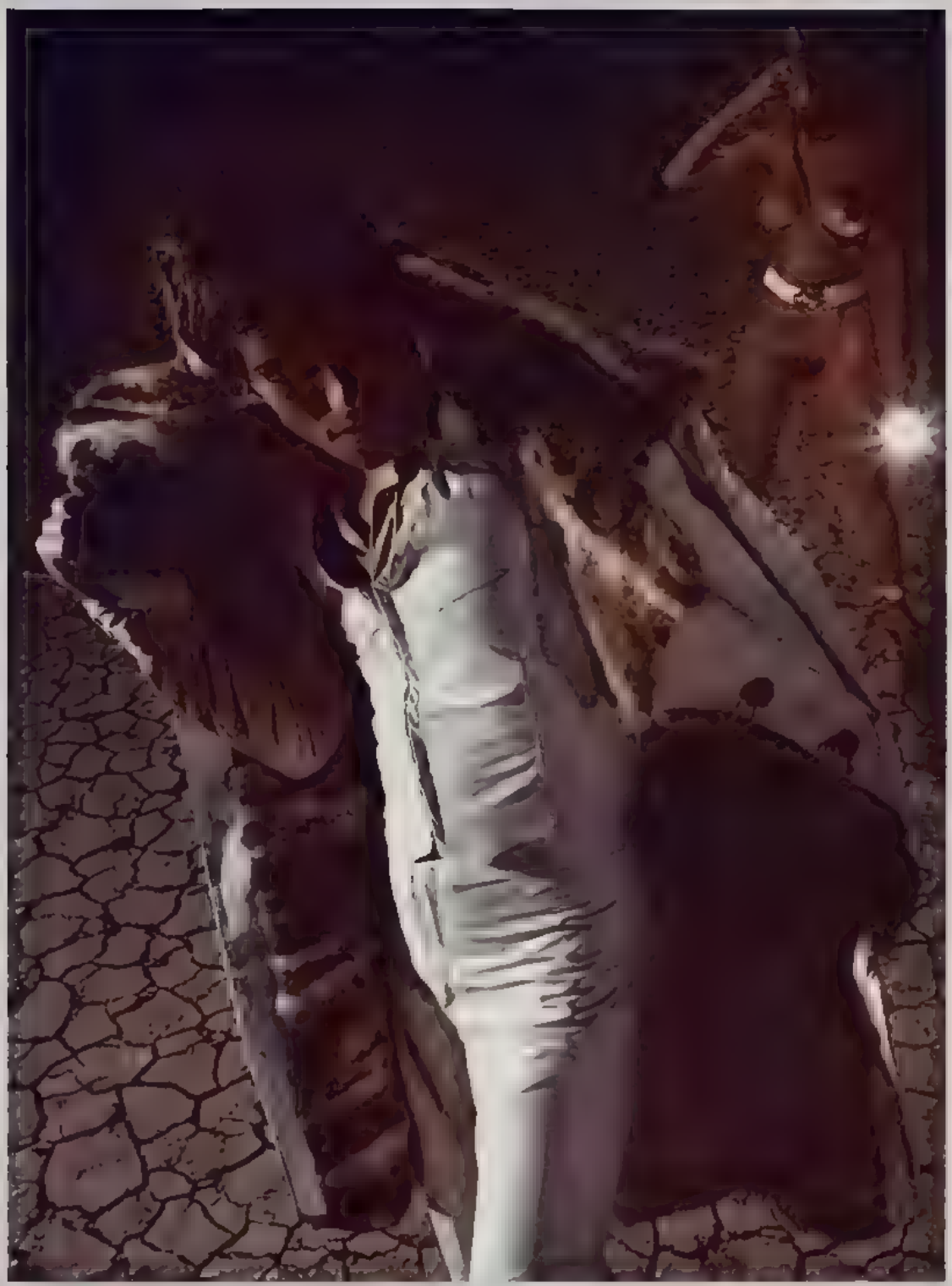
Murray's wife, a beautiful woman named Toni, held up her own glass in a toasting gesture. "Happy birthday, Jerry," she said. "We all love you."

Mrs. Lewis laughed and applauded lightly. "Hooray for the birthday boy," she said.

The four of them sat in Lewis' small backstage dressing trailer. Lewis, who

(continued on page 272)

"Remember that couple we met in the pro shop at Pebble Beach last summer who kept asking us if we wanted to play a round?"



THERE'S NO DENYING that when you design men's clothes, you project your images of the men who are going to wear them. So if you invite a number of designers, spanning several generations, countries and ethnic groups, to submit one-of-a-kind creations to be showcased at a gala fashion extravaganza, what you're going to have—in addition to a host of smashing outfits—is a sartorial symposium on human

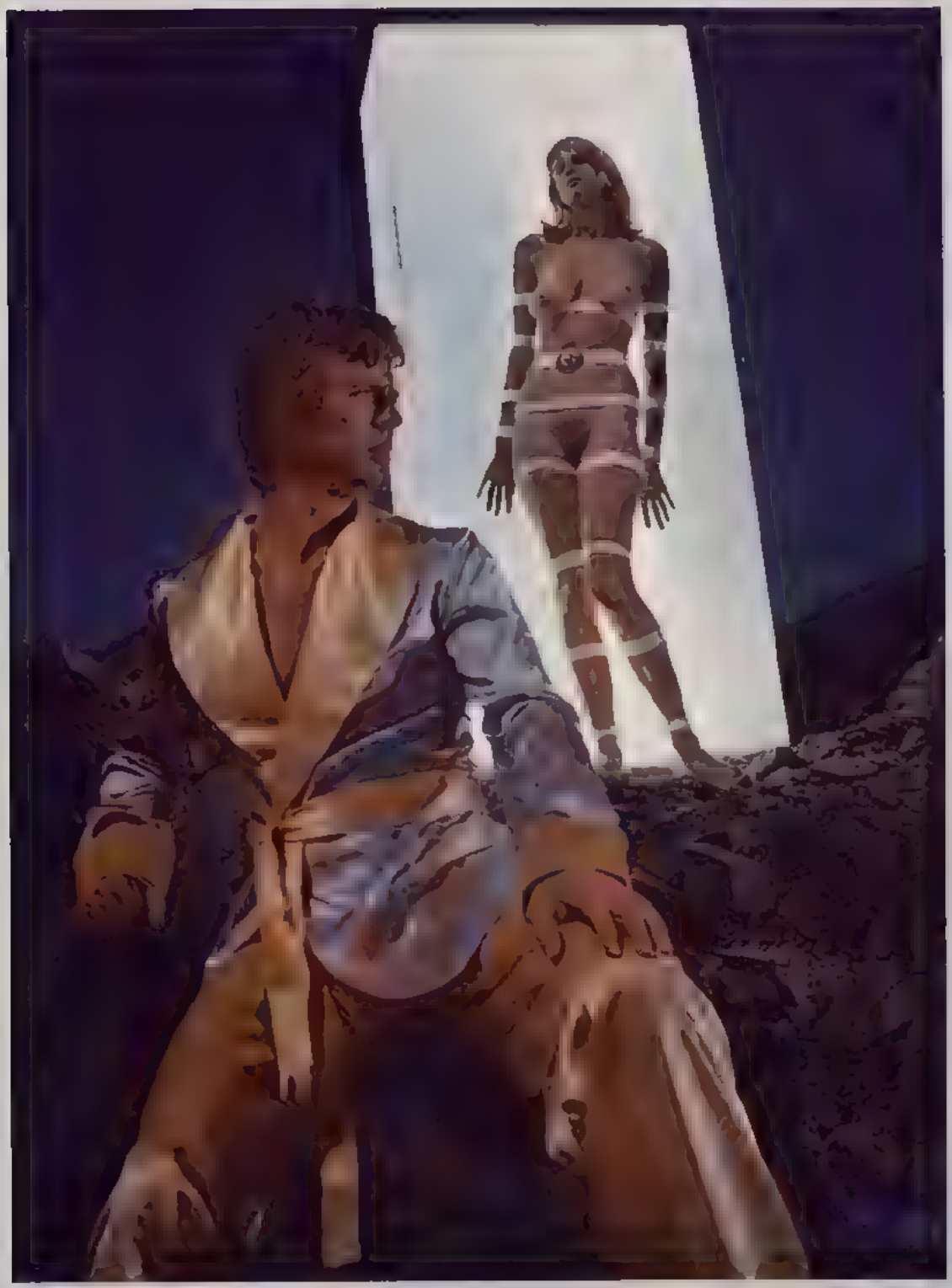
Cowhide provides Jan Stratton (U. S.) with the medium for his fashion message, above: a cowhide coat lined in guanaco fur worn over a zip-front cowhide vest and matching flared slacks

from playboy's exclusive international collection: creative menswear by the world's top designers

FREE STYLE!

A fantasy patchwork-print jean jacket that's anything but Mickey Mouse is the offbeat creation of Bill Bowers and Paul Gentity for Caprice (U.S.A.).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



nature. And that's what almost 300 fashion celebrities and media people were treated to, not long ago, at New York's Four Seasons restaurant when PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green again presided over our annual Creative Menswear International Designer Collection. While previous collections had featured clothes more experimental than practical, this year's selections (totaling 67) were, with few exceptions, *(concluded on page 268)*

The collective creativity of New York's Pinky & Dianne for Flo Toronto has conjured up the above wrap satin smoking jacket with goldfish print, shawl collar and matching pants.

England's Tommy Nutter contributes a veddy British black-silk evening jacket combined with Oxford bags, striped vest, silk scarf, fabric camellia on the lapel and—what else but?—a silver-headed walking stick.

THE HEAT'S ON

(continued from page 136)

when Schultz entered no denials. His defense took only three hours to present. There was the startling admission that the Government was, if anything, understating his bootleg income. But, the defense contended, Schultz had not filed tax returns because his lawyers had told him he didn't have to, that income from illegal sources could not be declared for tax purposes. When this advice was proved wrong, Schultz claimed, he had made his offer to come across with $100,000. As he explained it outside court (and the jury was not unaware of the remarks), "I offered $100,000 when the Government was broke and people were talking revolution and they turned me down cold. . . . Everybody knows I am being persecuted in this case. I wanted to pay. They were taking it from everybody else, but they wouldn't take it from me. I tried to do my duty as a citizen—maybe I'm not a citizen?"

The jury debated for two days before coming back to court to inform the judge that it was hopelessly deadlocked, seven to five for conviction.

But the Government was not ready to give up. A second trial was called for July in the isolated Upstate town of Malone, near the Canadian border. Schultz arrived in town a week before the trial. At home, he was a miser. In Malone, he became a gregarious and extroverted spendthrift. He toured the bars and taverns every night, standing all the customers to free drinks. He made lavish contributions to local charities and went to major social events with the mayor, other politicians and prominent businessmen. An outraged local clergy, ranting about his corrupting influence, managed to get his bail revoked and he was lodged in the local jail, but he had made a deep impression on Malone and, according to rumors, had enriched a number of its influential citizens.

So a climate had been established. The trial was almost a replay of the one in Syracuse, and Schultz's attorneys informed the jury that he intended to "do my duty as an American citizen" and pay over the $100,000 he had offered, no matter the outcome. Again, the jury debated two days, returning to court to announce that it had reached a unanimous verdict. Schultz was not guilty. Federal Judge Frederick H. Bryant was horrified. "Your verdict," he told the jury, "is such that it shakes the confidence of law-abiding people in integrity and truth. It will be apparent to all who followed the evidence in this case that you have reached a verdict based not on the evidence but on some other reason. You will go home with the satisfaction, if it is a satisfaction, that you have rendered a blow against law enforcement and given aid and encouragement to the people who would flout the law. In all probability, they will commend you. I cannot."

The Schultz case was one of few failures that Government had or would have in prosecuting racketeers for tax evasion. Even the quiet man, Johnny Torrio, behind the scenes, fell victim to the charge in 1939 and wound up in Leavenworth. But Schultz, as in so many ways, was the exception.

News of the acquittal was received with considerable shock back in New York City, and not just by city officials. Schultz's underworld associates were also shaken. During the time since his surrender, they had been operating on the assumption that Schultz was finished and had begun cutting up his empire among themselves, with help from inside the Dutchman's kingdom. As Schultz's tax troubles and future prospects worsened, his senior lieutenant, Abraham "Bo" Weinberg, the man who kept the books and who knew intimately every business secret, had become increasingly restive. Schultz was drawing off large sums from his policy, protection and the other rackets to pay for his defense, and this did not make Weinberg happy. What particularly worried him was his own future once Schultz departed for good and his empire became spoils for the rest of the underworld.

He took his problem to his old and good friend Zwillman. To Zwillman he offered to open the books on all the operations and turn over the organization intact, thereby avoiding a war that would almost certainly shatter the empire he had worked so hard to build. In return, he wanted a percentage of the take and a job as overseer of the business, doing what he had done so long.

As a member of the national Syndicate and as a friend and partner of most of the other underworld leaders, Zwillman could not very well take over by himself. He took the Weinberg package to his compatriots and they grabbed it eagerly but still insisted on splitting it up: Zwillman got all the New Jersey interests; Costello and Lansky took the restaurants and protection; and Luciano, as *de facto* chairman of the board, was cut in for a piece of everything. As for Weinberg, he worked for the whole Syndicate, coordinating the Schultz operations, with Zwillman his contact man for the group.

It was all fine as long as Schultz was away and preoccupied with staying out of jail. But after his acquittal and return to New York, he was less than appreciative of the way his interests had been protected by his erstwhile friends. Initially, there was little he could do in the way of reprisal. Some of what had been seized was returned with the explanation that his friends had merely been managing it in his absence. Schultz had to buy this; he was still under constant harassment by La Guardia and Valentine and could hardly make a move without being picked up for questioning. So he began spending more and more time in New Jersey, cultivating his interests there. In New Jersey, he found himself potentially embroiled with Zwillman, who had become a major political and underworld power in the state, and again Schultz bit the bullet. The two had been longtime friends and business partners and Schultz still had hopes of moving into some new ventures in partnership with Zwillman.

But Weinberg was another matter. Schultz knew that his operations could not have been so quickly gobbled up and so efficiently run without the help of Weinberg. And Weinberg was not high in underworld circles, was not protected. One warm September evening in 1935, Weinberg left his office after a day's work, possibly to meet Zwillman. In any case, he was never seen again. The story goes that Schultz himself was waiting, put a bullet in Weinberg's head, his feet in concrete, his body in the Hudson River.

While the dispatch of Weinberg must have been personally satisfying to Schultz, it did not solve his problems. Nor did it permit him to reconstruct his sundered empire. He was now the prey of many and the traps were being set.

Former Federal prosecutor Dewey was setting one of them, as part of the clean-up drive that had been begun some years earlier with the formation of the Seabury commission. That panel's revelations had driven Jimmy Walker to exile in Europe, had created enough public disenchantment to propel La Guardia into the mayor's chair. But though La Guardia was mayor and his police commissioner, Valentine, was telling the cops, "I'll promote the men who kick these gorillas around and bring them in. And I'll demote any policemen who are friendly with gangsters," it took longer for the spirit of reform to infest the district attorney's office. To avoid any such contagion, Jimmy Hines had put up a candidate for D.A. named William Copeland Dodge—"stupid, respectable and my man," Hines said of him—and Dodge won narrowly. However, once in office, Dodge proved himself equally responsive to the demands of La Guardia, the press and the reformers and empaneled a special grand jury to investigate corruption, graft, policy and other evils. Then, of course, he refused to do anything about the evidence it uncovered. The grand jury gave up, but it wired Governor Herbert H. Lehman and demanded a special prosecutor, asserting that it was hopeless to work with Dodge. Lehman came up with a list of four prominent Republicans. One after another, the four declined. A fifth Republican lawyer, Tom Dewey, was suggested and he accepted with alacrity.

(continued on page 230)

"I've been asked to a New Year's Eve party that's come-as-you-are. . . ."

THE VARGAS GIRL

". . . And I certainly did."

fiction **By JOHN UPDIKE**

NEVADA

like a mirage, his past life rose up from the desert, tantalizing and unreachable

POOR CULP His wife, Sarah wanted to marry her lover as soon as the divorce came through, she couldn't wait a day, the honeymoon suite in Honolulu had been booked six weeks in advance. So Culp, complaisant to a fault, agreed to pick the girls up in Reno and drive them back to Denver. He arranged to be in San Francisco on business and rented a car. Over the phone, Sarah mocked his plan—why not fly? An expert in petroleum extraction, he hoped by driving to extract some scenic benefit from domestic ruin. Until they had moved to Denver and their marriage exploded in the thinner atmosphere, they had lived in New Jersey, and the girls had seen little of the West.

He arrived in Reno around five in the afternoon, having detoured south from Interstate 80. The city looked kinder than he had expected. He found the address Sarah had given him, a barn-red boardinghouse behind a motel distinguished by a giant flashing domino. He dreaded, yet anticipated the pain of seeing Sarah again—divorced, free of him, exultant, about to take wing into a new marriage. But she had taken wing before he arrived. His two daughters were sitting on a tired cowhide sofa, next to an empty desk, like patients in a dentist's anteroom.

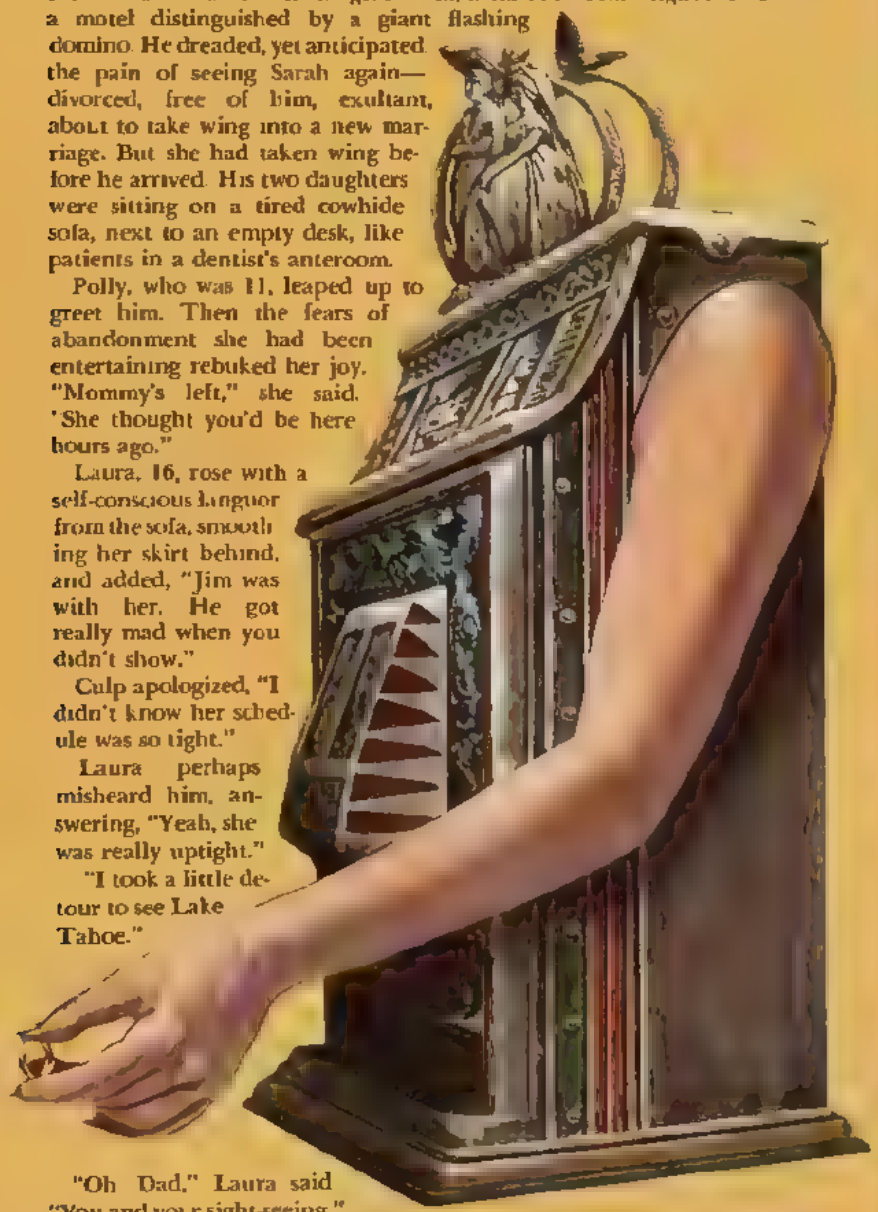
Polly, who was 11, leaped up to greet him. Then the fears of abandonment she had been entertaining rebuked her joy. "Mommy's left," she said. "She thought you'd be here hours ago."

Laura, 16, rose with a self-conscious languor from the sofa, smoothing her skirt behind, and added, "Jim was with her. He got really mad when you didn't show."

Culp apologized, "I didn't know her schedule was so tight."

Laura perhaps misheard him, answering, "Yeah, she was really uptight."

"I took a little detour to see Lake Tahoe."



"Oh Dad," Laura said "You and your sight-seeing."

"Were you worried?" he asked.

"Naa."

A little woman with a square jaw hopped from a side room behind the empty desk. "They was good as good, Mr. Culp. Just sat there, wouldn't even take a sandwich I offered to make for no charge. Laura here kept telling the little one, 'Don't be childish, Daddy wouldn't let us down.' I'm Betsy Morgan, we've heard of each other but never met officially." Sarah had mentioned her in her letters: Morgan the pirate, the landlady. And her residency witness. Fred glimpsed himself through Mrs. Morgan's eyes. Cuckold. Defendant. Discardee. Though her eye was merry, the hand she offered him was dry as a bird's foot.

He could only think to ask, "How did it go?"

The question seemed foolish to him, but not to Mrs. Morgan. "Eleven

ILLUSTRATION BY LEON TADRICK

minutes, smooth as silk. Some of these judges, they give the girl a hard time just to keep themselves from being bored. But your Sary stood right up to him. She has that way about her."

"Yes, she did. Does. More and more. Girls, got your bags?"

"Would have kept their room one night more, but then this lady from Connecticut showed up yesterday could take it for the six weeks."

"That's fine. I'll take them someplace with a pool."

"They'll be missed, I tell you truly," the landlady said, and she bent down and kissed the two girls. This had been a family of sorts, there were real tears in her eyes, but Polly couldn't wait for the hug to pass before blurting to her father, "We had pool privileges at the Domino, and one time all these Mexicans came and used it for a *bath*room!"

They drove to a motel not the Domino. Laura and he watched Polly swim. "Laura, don't you want to put on a suit?"

"Naa. Mom made us swim so much I got diver's ear."

Culp pictured Sarah lying on a pool side chaise longue, in the bikini with the orange and purple splashes. One smooth wet arm was flung up to shield her eyes. Other women noticeably had legs or breasts; Sarah's beauty had been most vivid in her arms, arms fit for a Greek statue, rounded and fine and pale, arms that never aged, that preserved the grace of girlhood, without a trace of wobble above the elbow, though at her next birthday she would be 40. Indeed, that was how Sarah had put the need for divorce: She couldn't bear to turn 40 with him. As if then you began a return journey that could not be broken.

Laura was continuing, "Also, Dad, if you *must* know, it's that time of the month."

With clumsy jubilance, Polly hurled her body from the rattling board and surfaced grinning through the kelp of her own hair. She climbed from the pool and slap-footed to his side, shivering. "Want to walk around and play the slots?" Goose bumps had erected the white hairs on her thighs into a ghostly halo. "Want to? It's fun."

Laura intervened maternally. "Don't *make* him, Polly. Daddy's tired and depressed."

"Who says? Let's go. I may never see Reno again." The city, as they walked, reminded him of New Jersey, its skyline low against the sky, whose desert clarity at evening had the even steel tint of industrial haze. Above drab shop fronts, second-story windows proclaimed residence with curtains and a flowerpot. There were churches, which he hadn't expected. And a river, though not so grand as the Passaic, flowed through. Mecca to so many, the Reno courthouse seemed too modest, it wore the disheartened granite dignity of justice the country over. Only the downtown, garish as a carnival midway, was different. Polly led him to doors she was forbidden to enter and gave him nickels to play for her inside. She loved the slot machines, loved them for their fruity colors and their sleepless glow and their sudden gush of release, jingling, lighting, as luck struck now here, now there, across the dark casino. Feeling the silky heave of their guts as he fed the slot and pulled the handle, rewarded a few times with the delicious spitting of coins into the troughs other hands had smoothed to his touch, Culp came to love them, too, he and Polly made a gleeful hopeful pair, working their way from casino to casino, her round face pressed to the window so she could see him play, and the plums jerk into being, and the bells and cherries do their waltz of chance, 1 2 3. One place was wide open to the sidewalk. A grotesquely large machine stood ready for silver dollars.

Polly said, "Mommy won twenty dollars on that one once."

Culp asked Laura, who had trailed after them in disdainful silence, "Was Jim with you the whole time?"

"No, he only came the last week." She searched her father's face for what he wanted to know. "He stayed at the Domino."

Polly drew close to listen. Culp asked her, "Did you like Jim?"

Her eyes with difficulty shifted from visions of mechanical delight. "He was too serious. He said the slots were a racket and they wouldn't get a penny of his."

Laura said, "I thought he was an utter *pill*, Dad."

"You don't have to think that to please me."

"He *was*. I told her, too."

"You shouldn't have. Listen, it's her life, not yours." On the hospital bright sidewalk, both his girls' faces looked unwell, stricken. Culp put a silver dollar into the great machine, imagining that something of Sarah had rubbed off here and that through this electric ardor she might speak to him. But the machine's size was unnatural; the guts felt sluggish, spinning. A plum, a bar, a star. No win. Turning, he resented that Polly and Laura, still staring, seemed stricken for *him*.

Laura said, "Better come eat, Dad. We'll show you a place where they have pastrami like back East."

* * *

As Route 40 poured east, Nevada opened into a strange no-color—a rusted gray, or the lavender that haunts the corners of overexposed color slides. The Humboldt River, which had sustained the pioneer caravans, shadowed the expressway shyly, tinting its valley with a dull green that fed decklings of cattle. But for the cattle, and the cars that brushed by him as if he were doing 90 and not 80 miles an hour, and an occasional gas station and cabin café promising stops, there was little sign of life in Nevada. This pleased Culp; it enabled him to run off in peace the home movies of Sarah stored in his head. Sarah pushing the lawn mower in the South Orange back yard. Sarah pushing a blue baby carriage, English, with little white wheels, around the fountain in Washington Square. Sarah, not yet his wife, waiting for him in a brown-and-green peasant skirt under the marquee of a movie-house on 57th Street. Sarah, a cool suburban hostess in chalk-pink sack dress, easing through their jammed living room with a platter of parsleyed egg halves. Sarah after a party doing the twist, drunk in a black-lace bra, at the foot of their bed. Sarah in blue jeans crying out that it was nobody's *fault*, that there was nothing he could *do*, just let her *alone*; and hurling a quarter pound of butter across the kitchen, so the calendar fell off the wall. Sarah in miniskirt leaving their house in Denver for a date, just like a teenager, the sprinkler on their flat front lawn spinning in the evening cool, against the prairie drought. Sarah trim and sardonic at the marriage counselor's, under the pressed paper paneling where the man had hung not only his diplomas but his Aspen skiing medals. Sarah some Sunday long ago raising the shades to wake him, light flooding her translucent nightgown. Sarah lifting her sudden eyes to him at some table, some moment, somewhere, in conspiracy—he hadn't known he had taken so many reels, they just kept coming in his head. Nevada beautifully, emptily poured by. The map was full of ghost towns. Laura sat beside him, reading the map. "Dad, here's a town called Nixon."

"Let's go feel sorry for it."

"You passed it. It was off the road after Sparks. The next real town is Lovelock."

"What's real about it?"

"Should you be driving so fast?"

In the back seat, Polly struggled with her needs. "Can we stop in the next real town to eat?"

Culp said, "You should have eaten more breakfast."

"I hate hashbrowns."

"But you like bacon."

"The hashbrowns had touched it."

Laura said, "Polly, stop bugging

(continued on page 240)

HAITI, GOODBYE

sketches of a dark island: the greek surrealist, the ohio ladies, the graveside guards, the lapsed radical—and the smell of poverty that coats your skin

article By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

THEY ARE LEADING a blind Haitian onto the plane. He is the blindest man I've ever seen. The kind of blind in which the eyes remain open and staring, two giant socketed holes with dead TV screens in them. He might have been branded. Or he was *struck* blind, from seeing something terrible. There is a tiny satchel of flesh below one socket that looks as if it might contain his old sight, all folded up and tucked away. Now they are taking him back to Haiti. Perhaps back to the thing that struck him blind. His blindness is enormous. Is he going to stand opposite that terrifying thing and *not* see it with that same enormity?

Port-au-Prince. . . . I have been away for 15 years. The only difference is that the welcoming band is hooked up to electronic amps. I am almost through the airport security net when an inspector spots a small Y-shaped handgrip in my carrying case. He doesn't like the looks of it. Suddenly, there are eight men with guns around me. I tell them it's for strengthening your grip and I demonstrate by knocking off a quick 75 with my right hand, 60 with my left. Not a smile in the crowd. They just don't like the looks of it. What are they *(continued on page 172)*

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

Sinatra wowed the White House crowd.
They cheered him loud and long
(He also wrote the lyrics for
The Maxine Cheshire Song.)

"Marlon go to Wounded Knee,"
Sayum Injun lass.
Brando brave a no-show there.
Headed off at pass?

The housewives had a bone to pick
As swine grew dear as pearls.
And some swore, as their beef increased,
The Butz to roast was Earl's.

The wedding for Britain's equestrian Anne,
According to Buckingham sources,
Was planned by the princess to limit the guests
To only immediate horses.

When Kekich and Peterson traded their wives,
The Yankees were rocked with romance.
Not even Cosell could recall such a play
Since Tinker to Evers to Chance.

We learned, via Spiro, such words as nabobs;
His language was rich in its splendor. He
Also invented effete used with snobs,
But who taught him nolo contendere?

Liza told the world about her
Love that never ceases.
Love for Desi, love for Peter,
Love for press releases.

The break-in try at Ellsberg's shrink
Did not come off too well.
They couldn't find Dan's file, 'cause they
Were looking under "L."

When William F. Buckley debated Ms. Greer,
It clearly came off as her thing.
"Just think," said Germaine, "of the damage I'd do
If I could get Bill in the ring."

"American Family's" Patty and Bill
Permitted the nation to learn
How not to stay married (in 12 TV steps)
By starring in "As the Louds Turn."

The Palace pipes were leaking and the Knights were sore appalled,
"We've got to save the King!" and so a Plumbing Team was called.
The Yellow Pages ad they chose said, "Hunt & Liddy, Inc.,
We Guarantee to Stop a Leak and Find a Commie Link."
They had the latest plumbing gear, the newest-model rigs,
And some had got their training on the job at Bay of Pigs.
But, lo! They'd lost the King's address and, what a dreadful hassle,
Had blundered to the Watergate (a Democratic Castle).
Of course the bunch got busted there, like ordinary thugs,
Just when their foreman, Jim McCord, was checking water bugs.
The Knights all said, "We're not involved; it's just a third-rate crime,
We all were doing noble deeds At That Point in Time."
The King was getting ready for a jousting for the crown,
And though this talk of leaks and pipes might get his Highness down,
The D.C. "Post" had scriveners who wouldn't let it go—
Re: Who Did What and When to Whom . . . and Did the Good King Know?
It might have flushed away, but Jim McCord was not cooperative.
Which forced Lord Ziegler soon to say, "The Royal Drain's inoperative!"
"What's that?" the Senate cried in shock. "The Palace pipes have flaws?
We'll make us a committee and we'll change the Plumbing Laws!"
Their Chairman, Sam of Simple Birth (albeit Harvard hints),

Was seconded by Howard B.—the G.O.P.'s new prince
Sirs Inouye and Weicker were such diligent expungers
Of evil-doing dastards, all villains feared their plungers.
They summoned lots of witnesses, some very clean-cut types,
And asked 'em who did dirty to the nation's sacred pipes.

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who —in word or deed—made the headlines in '73

Mr. Spitz swam up the aisle,
His Susan smiled and kissed 'im.
Mark believes in marriage, since
It's like the buddy system.

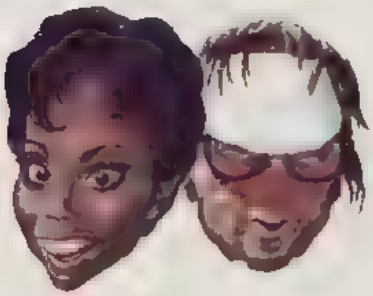
John Connally went G.O.P
Despite the White House panic.
(He's also booking passage for
A cruise on the Titanic.)

The Burton bust-up stunned a world
That waited tense for news
Of who would get to keep the rocks
And who would get the booze.

The Justice Department had room at the top—
Good pay, but an irksome requirement:
Like Richardson, Ruckelshaus (and Mr. Cox).
One must expect early retirement.

They were a torrid twosome till
Love's labors turned out lost.
Miss Carroll burned for someone else
And David got the Frost.

When Billie Jean played Bobby Riggs,
He couldn't have done worse.
Riggs threatened to jump off a bridge
Said King, "I'll hold your purse."

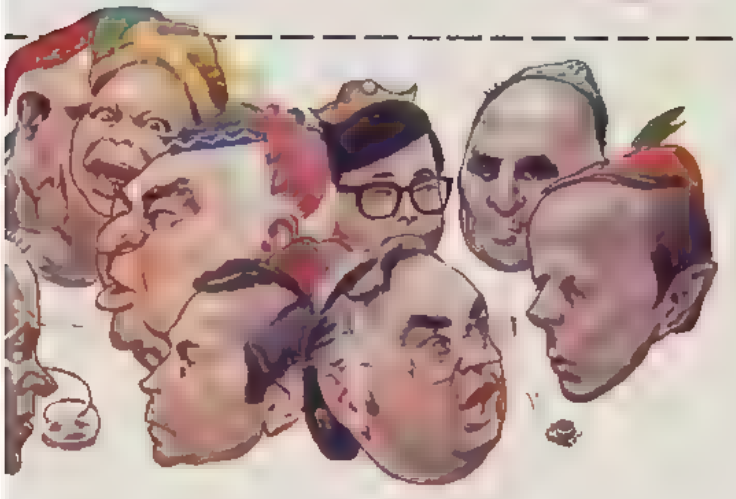


They sing of Argentina's charms—
The country's fair, the climate's good.
So Juan Perón just borrowed it
While he was in the neighborhood.

Though Bradley won the L.A. race
That brought Sam Yorty down,
Sam hasn't heard about it yet,
'Cause he's still out of town.

Tom Hayden wed Ms. Fonda
And now they're two love-nesters,
Who, settled down to married bliss,
Are raising wee protesters.

Linda Lovelace, superstar,
Has acting skills of note.
The judges, though, were unimpressed
And made her clear her throat.



And some said, "Knave Magruder!" And some said, "Squire Dean!"
And Lady Martha phoned and said, "I know my John is clean!"
"'Tis I who told the King," vowed Dean. "Your Majesty, I think
There's Cancer on the Kingship—and some ickies in your sink.'"
Then Earl of Ehrlichman explained, "To catch a Red dissenter,
The Good King's men may need to stage Ye Goode Olde Break-and-Enter
The King, to save the nation, may consent to this maneuver——"
(At this, a ghostly moan was heard . . . the late Sir Edgar Hoover!)
Soon Lord High Haldeman appeared to join the witness traipse,
And everyone was jealous 'cause he'd heard the Royal Tapes.
A Kalmbach, Sloan and Kleindienst came, they faced the Counsel Dash,
Sir Stans, who ruled the Counting House, was probed per Laundered Cash.
A steady stream of witnesses, 'twas wondrous to behold,
With "dirty tricks" and "deep six" shticks and Mexicali gold.
On, on they came, and ever on, and some Knights of the C.R.E.E.P.
Could tell a tale so piteous wouldst make a dragon weep
And some expressed complicity, while some maintained their purity
(And some would steal your codpiece for the National Security!).
Indeed, it was a fearsome time, good people cried, "What hit us?
Whence came this wicked Watergate that verily undid us?"
Perhaps we'll never know it all, but one thing's as it seemed:
When Plumbers doeth dirty work, the country getteth reamed!

If you abhor this simple verse now that you have read it,
Simply tear on dotted line and shred it, baby, shred it.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

HAITI, GOODBYE *(continued from page 169)*

thinking—that I'm going to take over the country with a handgrip? Go down to the president's palace, wave the grip at the palace guard and say, "All right, nobody make a move"? They let me go, but they are still not convinced. Not really.

• • •

Oloffson's. . . . Giant tropical salad of a hotel with a little chocolate mousse on the side. A very rich brew. House of Flowers, Casablanca, House of Blue Leaves, Serendipity and the Coney Island Fun House. If it were a cake, you could handle only a few bites a day. I once told an actor who was annoying me that he had too much charm. He told me it was the cruelest thing anyone had ever said to him. Oloffson's is just on the edge. Just a little more charm and it goes sinking into the mud. I'll say this for it. There is no place in the world quite like it. I am put in the Mick Jagger Suite. It is next to the Barry Goldwater Suite. I look at the hotel brochure and find myself wedged between Sir John Gielgud and Lord Snowden as one of the many luminaries who have been here. Since I have never stayed at the hotel before, this opens up a credibility gap as to Sir John and Lord Snowden. Either that or it is the voodoo at work, calling me from the mainland. They must have known I would be here someday, so they simply included me in the literature.

A girl bounces into the hotel, full of energy, heavy with metallic jewelry. She is the entire *Village Voice* rolled into one. Interests: folk art, shell collecting, cultural bike rides, pottery. She has recently enrolled in a course called Communications: An Impetus to Change, offered by the Smithsonian Institution. And she has just come from a small Haitian village where she has recorded the voices of children in a Baptist church. She whips into the lobby, plays some Bach on the piano and switches briskly to selections from *Annie Get Your Gun*. Comes back and hurls some rock specimens onto a table, also a little petrified wood. There is something missing. She says she is studying pre-Columbian art on the side. That's what was missing. I don't usually do this, but I take it upon myself to suggest that she pare herself down a bit, simplify her life. She looks at me and says, "You're a very attractive man."

• • •

I am joined at dinner by a sugar-beet C.P.A., an American accountant who counts Haitian beets for a sugar company. We talk about Haiti. He says he doesn't know if there has been progress. When "Baby Doc" Duvalier visited Cap Haitien to dedicate a plaque, 50 locals had to be put in jail for the duration of the visit. I reach for the butter and he winces. He advises me not to touch the dairy products, not unless I want "the Haitian jollies." I skip on to the main course and I am about to dig in to the squash when he shrugs and says, "Your funeral." Vegetables are out, too. When I reach for some cold mango, he says, "I hope you've brought along twenty or thirty changes of underwear." I was quite ill the last time I visited Haiti, 13 years back, so even though my appetite is savage, I wind up eating bread and drinking wine. I am about to put a little salt on the bread when he says, "Oops." Salt is out, too. I find out later that he is a fellow with a sensitive stomach who gets sick all over the world. The next day I dig in—salt, butter, squash, mango, mountain goat, the works. Nothing happens. I feel fine.

• • •

The last time I was in Haiti, I was with my wife. Now I'm alone. I notice that when you are alone and seem to be enjoying your own company, it makes people uncomfortable. Everyone wants to help you and get you to join in. Less than perfect couples want to get at your secret. You can't fake this alone business. You have to want to be alone for it to work. On that last trip, people wore pistols on the hip and the hotel owner traveled about in an armored car. I saw my first serious roadblock, not the state-trooper kind but one that said it was possible to get killed. Two people hanging on a hook, as a warning for the villagers. I don't know if I saw that hook or read about it or dreamed it. I honestly don't know. Haiti is that kind of place. Poverty is a word that doesn't apply. Poverty is civilized. This is beyond poverty. It has a smell to it that coats your skin and lingers for years.

A few Haitians have whatever money there is. They are schooled in France and send their children there. One of them had whipped us through a village at 100 miles an hour. If someone happened to get caught on the fenders . . . well . . . There aren't a million stories out there. There is just one—and a grim tale it is. All that flesh. You have the feeling you can order up a dozen ten-year-olds through room service—six boys, six girls, two with a limp—and they will be served with a frozen daiquiri and hors d'oeuvres. I've been there. This time I'll stay at the hotel and get some sun. That ferocious Haitian sun. I'll stay at the pool and let the island come to me. It does.

At the pool, the most perfectly matched couple I have ever seen. They are slender, small-boned and French. Everything they do is in sync. They swim with an immaculate rhythm and put on suntan lotion that way, too. He is the male version of her and she is the female version of him. When they look at each other, it must be like staring into a mirror, one that adjusts for gender. Is it possible they are brother and sister? I don't think so, but I am not ruling that out. Did they find each other after a long, grueling search or did they luck into this arrangement? I would like to have the answer to that one. You don't want to ask them questions, somehow. It might throw them off the beat. They dry off, after a swim, and sit on a chaise longue, arranging themselves like book ends. This is what the word couple must mean. I have an idea of what their lovemaking must be like. I would like to see it, but I am not sure I could take too much of it. It must be pretty and also masturbatory. It would upset me a bit if I found out that either one had a lover. But I would not be surprised. There would have to be a need to get an atonal note in the picture, to break that perfect rhythm.

• • •

Three middle-aged ladies from Ohio. They take up a great deal of room at the pool, mostly because of their equipment. Aspirin bottles, containers of milk, headache powders. It takes me longer than it should to realize that this is drunk equipment. The ladies are on a drunk tour. They are not modestly and discreetly tipsy but plastered, ossified, blasted out of their skulls. In the broiling sun. That is what they have come all the way down to Haiti for. They are sad, but they are also desperately unattractive. It gives you a hangover just to look at them. Squinting through swollen lids, a once-pretty one announces that she would love to be taken to a "bawdyhouse." I don't pick up on this. When I don't, she says I have "charisma." I still don't pick up. Instead, I concoct a story about practicing abstinence. I think this works the wrong way. It adds to my charisma.

• • •

A young sales executive tries to organize a bare-ass swimming party at midnight. The ladies dig down deep and come up with some shyness. He hits the bare-ass phrase very hard. The great leap forward in sexual understanding has passed him by. He is stuck in the Fifties. With bare-ass. I wait for him to organize a panty raid. I'm sure that's next. Later, I find out he has taken the Ohio ladies to Madam Evelyn's, where the whores, shaky in their geography, have serenaded the foursome with *Tennessee Waltz*. On reflection, it seems a very kind thing for him to have done.

Late in the afternoon, a couple swims toward me, the young man has cheerful blue eyes and a gold ring in his ear. The girl is compact, Arabic. I do a quick reading and take them for a couple from a New York suburb. He is in children's wear but would like to be known as a fellow with freaky tastes. The gold earring. It is almost fun when I find out how wrong I am. The fellow is a famed Sixties radical whose voice once went booming

(continued on page 214)

THE COUNTRY THAT WASN'T THERE

opinion

BY GARRY WILLS

we were searching for something called america during the sixties, but no one could ever find it

THE LIBERALS did not desert; they were deserted—that is what made the whole thing so painful. After the martyrdoms of Chaney and Goodman and Schwerner, white kids were told to get out. It was like a scene from *Mad* magazine, with Indians pouring in on the Lone Ranger: "We're surrounded, Tonto." "What's this *we*, white man?" Liberals who wanted to sway, holding hands, as they sang *We Shall Overcome*, found the black hand withdrawn and a sneer that said, "*You* are what we'll overcome." SNCC rhetoricians took to saying the white men they liked to deal with were Goldwater and Wallace—you knew where you stood with them. Anything you can wrest from a Wallace is no favor but concession to an

CONSTRUCTION BY VINCENT PEREZ

opposing power. Black power early came to prefer demanding to begging.

It is hard to remember, now, how the mere term black sent shivers down liberal spines, making the very N in SNCC obsolete, and the CP of NAACP—all the good work disowned or undone, integration halted or reversed. "Black and white *to-geh-eth-ther ur*"—no more. "God is on our *si-ihe-ide-uh*"—whose side? And which God? God is black, man. He's got to pass a color test to get on the Black man's side. White liberals flunked the test.

A horrible vision was called up, the "two nations, separate and unequal," of the Kerner report. The new blacks even called themselves a nation, and "the blood." Racism had returned on the other side of the barricades. And if there were to be *two* nations, then why not more? Not only black against white but cracker against bleeding heart, Carmichael against King. Our country had never been united on what we had. But now it was divided on what we wanted. We did not lose unity (not having it to lose) but the very ideal of being united.

And just as things were coming unstuck at home, they fell apart on the international scene. In the early Sixties, a horde of new nations thronged colorfully to the General Assembly, a whole Third World in that organization balanced between the Free World of Kennedy rhetoric and the Russians' satellite system. Tribesmen were assembling to let us know the Congo was no longer ours for the disposing. (Too bad they didn't convince us that the same was true of Vietnam –but the tribes invited did not yet include the Chinese.) Strangers had taken over the big powers' forum. The big powers took revenge by ignoring the forum.

But though the UN faded in importance, those first African arrivals stayed vivid in the memory. They came with exotic titles and costumes, registered at the best hotels and were treated with all diplomatic courtesy. Cabdrivers might still think them jigs, but these were official jigs—and they had to be treated civilly. Harlem would never be the same. Castro thought he could impress black Americans by camping out on 116th Street and scattering chicken bones around, but some younger activists were more interested in those foreign dignitaries eating the Americana Hotel's *pâté*. Soon Harlem kids were choosing African ancestors and shopping around among languages (Swahili was a favorite) for resonant new names. Little Leroy down the street was now called Burning Spear, and where would it all end?

Most of the worries were groundless. Leroy had gone clangorously after prophets who—when they got him out in the wilderness (or in jail)—taught him the Protestant work ethic. The Muslims might speak in a mystical way, but they were banking solid cash. And some of the younger militants began equating black power with green power. When they said that, any Imamu or Amari was talking good American, our basic language of the buck. Most Muslims, with bared teeth and flashing scimitars, were fighting their way into the middle class, using the African bush as a springboard into the *bourgeoisie*. Africa was the route, but America was the goal—a place they could reach only by this detour.

For these people were not Americans, not yet. They had not been let in. They were withdrawing from us, therefore, to come back at us fresh from Africa, landing on our shore and wanting in; but *really* in this time—in on terms, and they would set the terms. They were so anxious to tell us they had just come from Africa that they tried to *look* like the bush, with Afros and naturals like explosions of black consciousness fuming out of their heads. They had to have a whole new language to show us they were not just up from the plantation, their handkerchiefed heads newly conked. On the other hand, the things they had avoided when they were asked to be off-white were now being flaunted, such as soul food and the preacher's style. It was a psychic maneuver both startling and subtle. It almost gave us a reprieve from history, a second chance. "Don't botch it this time," was the real edge on their threat.

Mainly, of course, man being what he is, we botched it. At least part of the reason is that white students, expelled from the blacks' movement, misunderstood the advice to go take care of their own. James Baldwin said race is the white man's problem, not the black's. But the white students did not so much open their society to racial pariahs as discover they were pariahs themselves, in need of a movement all their own. Mario Savio came back from registering blacks in the South and decided to liberate from its bondage to official scorn the oppressed word fuck. This seemed at first a satire on democracy—equal rights for all men; equal rights for all words. But a different logic was at work here, one entirely missed by those who said the free-speech kids lacked civility. They were not lacking in civility but at war with it—with the authorized charm of words that strands them for ten years in politely scheduled irrelevance. Sociologists call ours an interstitial society; and students fall into one of the greatest interstices, drift there weightless, falling, for a decade or more of their lives. They mesh with no part of the world's workings; their gears do not mesh but spin wildly, disengaged; no wonder, when the gears were pushed against social reality, they just chewed into the scenery. Outside their parents' homes, without families of their own yet, transient, with young energies unrecruitable for serious enterprise, the students move aimlessly home and back, to school and out on vacation, resentful, yet guilty at their resentment.

The civil rights movement had given some of these young people a purpose; but now that was withdrawn from them. And they felt, like the blacks, out of place. They were not oppressed; they simply did not belong to the society in any immediate sense. They were comfortably functionless. So they, too, came at us in outlandish ways, from out of our land entirely. From Africa, wearing white Afros somehow teased high up over bespectacled white faces. From Asia, trailing their swamis and clattering beads. From European dreams of anarchic plots. From outer space, weird and zapped, star-trek king in. But the farther out they came from, the more urgently they wanted in—into Sproul Plaza, or the administration building, or the R. O. T. C. office. They "occupied" the places they had merely camped in, nomads threatening the ranchers, gypsies come to kidnap other children, swelling their own ranks. They took possession of their own files, the school records, deportation slips from school to school, certifying "rights" for these displaced persons of privilege.

They were gratuitously rude in the same way blacks had been. The blacks laid claim to African energy. The kids liberating words expressed the sexual drives and violence of adolescence. They were barbarians landing, not children asking for bigger allowances: "Accept us or we'll sack your city." Black hostility had been mobilized to get compensatory treatment for the underprivileged, while avoiding the taint of condescension. The kids' crudity was meant to take possession of favors without feeling guilty, any more, that these privileges had not been won. They were now being *stolen*. Mr. Chips had to be stung into violent reaction of his own—much as Rap Brown wanted to deal with Wallace, not some bleeding heart. So the kids arrived, unruly strangers, with nonnegotiable demands. As blacks emphasized their own harsh side—"I'm a *baaad* nigger"—so the kids called themselves "motherfuckers" and "the freaks." The crazies. The kids.

It was harder for students, whose real (and recent) past was spent in middle-class homes, to come up with a history of themselves as foreign. Ghetto blacks could dream a Technicolored Africa. The kids had to settle for dim scraps of Marxist theory—themselves the proletariat, employed by teachers, grades their wages (slavery's chain) and lack of student control on campus a sign of class exploitation. Actually, as Robert Paul Wolff points out, academic wage slaves are all on the faculty. Students are a privileged class for whom these employees are hired by parents and the state, acting through a managerial class of administrators. The real history of academic freedom was a process of liberating the teacher from state-alumni censorship.

(continued on page 212)

DÖRLING OR THE FAITHLESS WIFE

being a frenchman, he had absolutely no notion of what an irishwoman was all about

opposing power. Black power early came to prefer demanding to begging.

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fiction

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

HE HAD NOW BEEN STALKING his beautiful Mlle. O'Murphy, whose real name was Mrs. Meehawl O'Sullivan, for some six weeks, and she had appeared to be so amused at every stage of the hunt, so responsive, *séduisante*, even *entraînante*, that he could already foresee the kill over the next horizon. At their first encounter, during the Saint Patrick's Day cocktail party at the Dutch embassy, accompanied by a husband who had not a word to throw to a cat about anything except the scissors and shears that he manufactured somewhere in the west of Ireland, and who was obviously quite ill at ease and drank too much Irish whisky, what had attracted him to her was not only her splendid Courbet figure (whence his sudden nickname for her, *La Morphée*), or her copper-colored hair, her lime-green Irish eyes and her seemingly poreless skin but her calm, total and subdued elegance: the Balenciaga costume, the peacockskin gloves, the gleaming crocodile handbag, a glimpse of tiny, lace-edged lawn handkerchief and her dry, delicate scent. He had a grateful eye and nose for such things. It was, after all, part of his job. Their second meeting, two weeks later, at his own embassy had opened the doors. She came alone.

Now, at last, inside a week, perhaps less, there would be an end to all the probationary encounters that followed—mostly her inventions, at his persistent appeals—those wide-eyed fancy-meeting-you-heres at the zoo, at race meetings, afternoon cinemas, in art galleries, at more diplomatic parties (once he had said gaily to her, "The whole diplomacy of Europe seems to circle around our interest in each other"), those long drives over the Dublin mountains in his sports Renault, those titillating rural lunches, nose to nose, toe to toe (rural because she quickly educated him to see Dublin as a stock exchange for gossip, a casino of scandal), an end, which was rather a pity, to those charming unforeseen-foreseen, that is to say proposed but in the end just snatched, afternoon *promenades champêtres* under the budding leaves and closing skies of the Phoenix Park, with the first lights of the city springing up below them to mark the end of another boring day for him in Ailesbury Road, at the embassy, for her another possibly cozier but, he selfishly hoped, not much more exciting day in her swank boutique on Saint Stephen's Green. Little by little those intimate encounters, those murmured confessions had lifted acquaintance to friendship, self-mocking smiles over some tiny incident during their last meeting to eager anticipation of the next, an aimless tenderness twanging to appetite like an arrow. Or, at least,

He had not seen, heard nor smelled anything in those five minutes of passion.

that was how he felt about it all. Any day now, even any hour, the slow countdown, slower than the slow movement of Mendelssohn's *Concerto in E Minor*, or the most swoony sequence from the *Siegfried Idyl*, or that floating spun-sugar balloon of Mahler's *Song of the Earth*, to the music of which on his gramophone he would imagine her smiling sidelong at him as she softly disrobed, and his ingenious playing with her, his teasing and warming of her moment by moment for the roaring, blazing take-off. To the moon!

Only one apprehension remained with him, not a real misgiving, something nearer to a recurring anxiety. It was that at the last moments, when her mind and her body ought to take leave of each other, she might take to her heels. It was a fear that flooded him whenever, with smiles too diffident to reassure him, she would once again mention that she was a Roman Catholic, or a Cat, a Papist or a Pape, a convent girl, and once she laughed that during her school days in the convent, she had actually been made an *enfant de Marie*. The words never ceased to startle him, dragging him back miserably to his first sexual frustration with his very pretty but unexpectedly proper cousin Berthe Ohnet during his *lycée* years in Nancy; a similar icy snub a few years later in Quebec; repeated still later by that smack on the face in Rio that almost became a public scandal; memories so painful that whenever an attractive woman nowadays mentioned religion, even in so simple a context as, "Thank God I didn't buy that hat, or frock, or stock, or mare," a red flag at once began to flutter in his belly.

Obsessed, every time she uttered one of those ominous words, he rushed for the reassurance of what he called The Sherbet Test, which meant observing the effect on her of some tentatively sexy joke, like the remark of the young princess on tasting her first sherbet: "Oh, how absolutely delicious! But what a pity it isn't a sin!" To his relief, she not only always laughed merrily at his stories but always capped them, indeed, at times so startling him by her coarseness that it only occurred to him quite late in their day that this might be her way of showing her distaste for his diaphanous indelicacies. He had once or twice observed that priests, peasants and children will roar with laughter at some scavenger joke and growl at even a veiled reference to a thigh. Was she a child of nature? Still, again and again, back would come those disturbing words. He could have understood them from a prude, but what on earth did *she* mean by them? Were they so many herbs to season her desire with pleasure in her naughtiness? Flicks of nasty puritan sensuality to whip her body over some last ditch of indecision? It was only when the final crisis came that he wondered if this might not all along have been her way of warning him that she was neither a light nor a lecherous woman, neither a flirt nor a flibbertigibbet, that in matters of the heart she was *une femme très sérieuse*.

He might have guessed at something like it much earlier. He knew almost from the first day that she was *bien élevée*, her father a judge of the Supreme Court, her uncle a monsignor at the Vatican, a worldly, sport-loving, learned, contriving priest who had persuaded her poppa to send her for a finishing year to Rome with the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at the top of the Spanish Steps; chiefly, it later appeared, because the convent was near the *centre hippique* in the Borghese gardens and it was his right reverend's opinion that no Irish girl could possibly be said to have completed her education until she had learned enough about horses to ride to hounds. She had told him a lot, and most amusingly, about this uncle, who, when she had duly returned from Rome to Dublin, and whenever he came over for the hunting, always rode beside her. This attention had mightily flattered her until she discovered that she was being used as a cover for his uncontrollable passion for Lady Kinvara and Loughrea, then the master, some said the mistress, of the Clare-Galway hounds.

"How old were you then?" Ferdy asked, fascinated.

"I was at the university. Four blissful, idling years. But I got my degree. I was quick. And," she smiled, "good-looking. It helps, even with professors."

"But riding to hounds as a student?"

"Why not? In Ireland, everybody does. Children do. You could ride to hounds on a plow horse if you had nothing else. So long as you keep out of the way of real hunters. I only stopped after my marriage, when I had a miscarriage. And I swear that was only because I was thrown."

A monsignor who was sport-loving, worldly and contriving. He understood, and approved. It explained many things about her.

The only other ways in which her dash, beauty and gaiety puzzled and beguiled him were trivial. Timid she was not; she was game for any risk. But the coolness of her weather eye often surprised him.

"The Leopardstown Races? Oh, what a good idea, Ferdy! Let's meet there. . . . The Phoenix Park Races? No, not there. Too many doctors showing off their wives and their cars, trying to be noticed. And taking notice. Remember, a lot of my college friends married doctors. . . . No, not *that* cinema. It has become vogueish. . . . In fact, no cinema on the south side of the river. What we want is a good old fleabitten picture house on the north side where they show nothing but Westerns and horrors and where the kids get in on Saturday mornings for thruppence.

. Oh, and do, please, only ring the boutique in an emergency. Girls gossip."

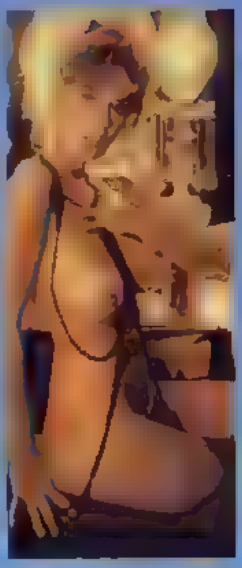
Could she be calculating? For a second of jealous heat, he wondered if she could possibly have another lover. Cooling, he saw that if he had to keep a wary eye in his master's direction, she had to think of her bourgeois clientele. Besides, he was a bachelor, and would remain one. She had to manage her inexpressibly dull, if highly successful, old scissors-and-shears manufacturer, well past 50 and probably as suspicious as he was boring, so intensely, so exhaustingly boring that the only subject about which she could herself nearly become boring was her frequent complaints about his boringness. Once she *was* frightening, when she spat out that she had hated her husband ever since the first night of their marriage. He had taken her—it was odd how long, and how intensely, this memory had rankled—not, as he had promised, to Paris for their honeymoon but to his bloody scissors-and-shears factory in the wet wilds of northern Donegal. ("Just me, dear, ha-ha, to let 'em see, ha-ha, t'other half of me scissors.")

Ferdy had, of course, never asked her why she had married such a cretin; not after sizing up her house, her furniture, her pictures, her clothes, her boutique. Anyway, only another cretin would discourage any pretty woman from grumbling about her husband: (A) because such grumblings give a man a chance to show what a deeply sympathetic nature he has and (B) because the information incidentally supplied helps one arrange one's assignations in places and at times suitable to all concerned.

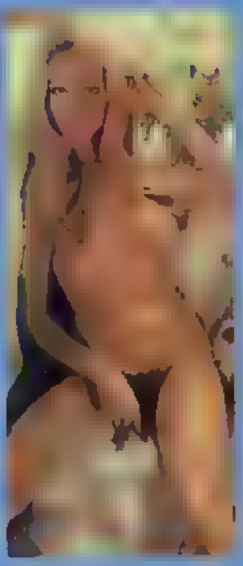
Adding it all up (he was a persistent adder-upper), only one problem had so far defeated him: that he was a foreigner and did not know what sort of women Irishwomen are. It was not as if he had not done his systematic best to find out, beginning with a course of reading through the novels of her country. A vain exercise. With the exception of the Molly Bloom of James Joyce, the Irish Novel had not only failed to present him with any fascinating woman but it had presented him with, in his sense of the word, no woman at all. Irish fiction was a lot of 19th Century *connerie* about half-savage Brueghelesque peasants, or urban *petits fonctionnaires* who invariably solved their frustrations by getting drunk on religion, patriotism or undiluted whisky, or by taking flight to England. Pastoral melodrama (Giono at his worst). Or pastoral humbuggery (Bazin at his most sentimental). Or, at its best, pastoral lyricism (Daudet and rose

(continued on page 192)

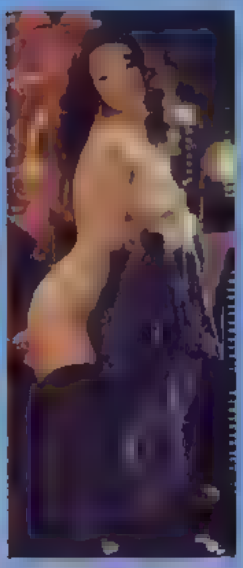
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

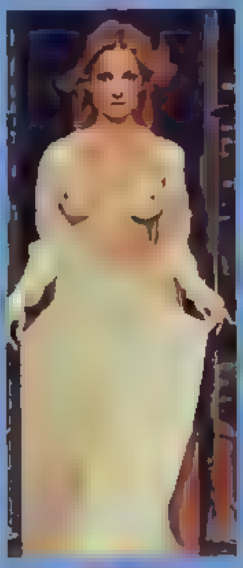


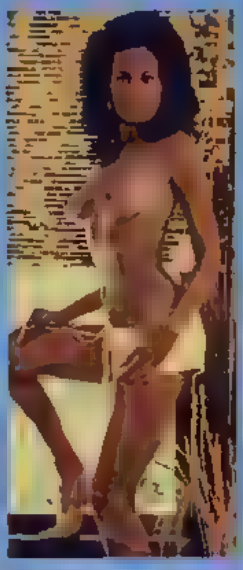
a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

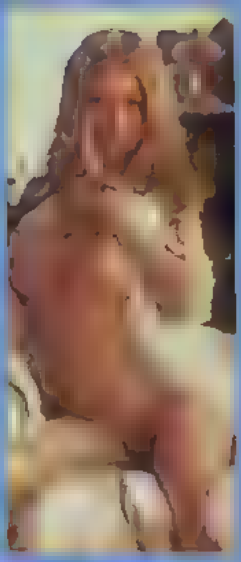


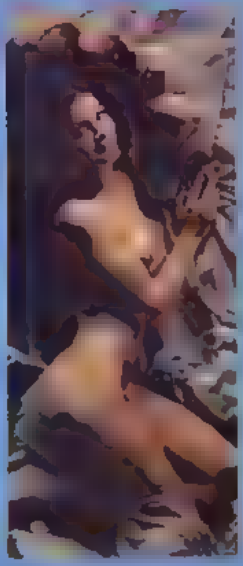
ECONOMISTS will remember 1973 as the year the market sagged, prices soared and the dollar died. A lot of individuals, from Richard Nixon to Richard Burton, may not wish to remember it at all. But rest assured it wasn't a total loss. The year still produced a dozen months, each of which contained a Playmate. Here, back for some revealing curtain calls, are 1973's gatefold girls, from January's Miki Garcia to December's Christine Maddox. One of them will be crowned Playmate of the Year in our June issue. She'll receive a queen's ransom in presents and a lot of attention, too. So if you find one of these lovelies lovelier than the rest, you're welcome to send in your nomination. It was, after all, a vintage year.

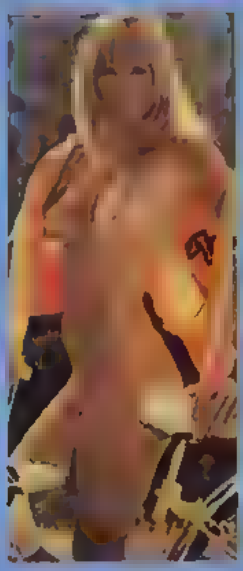


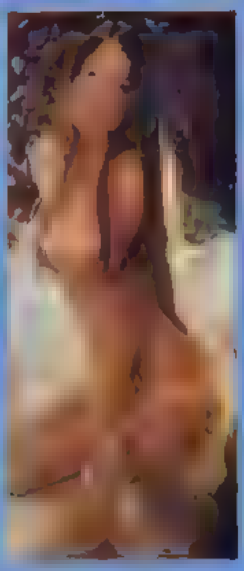










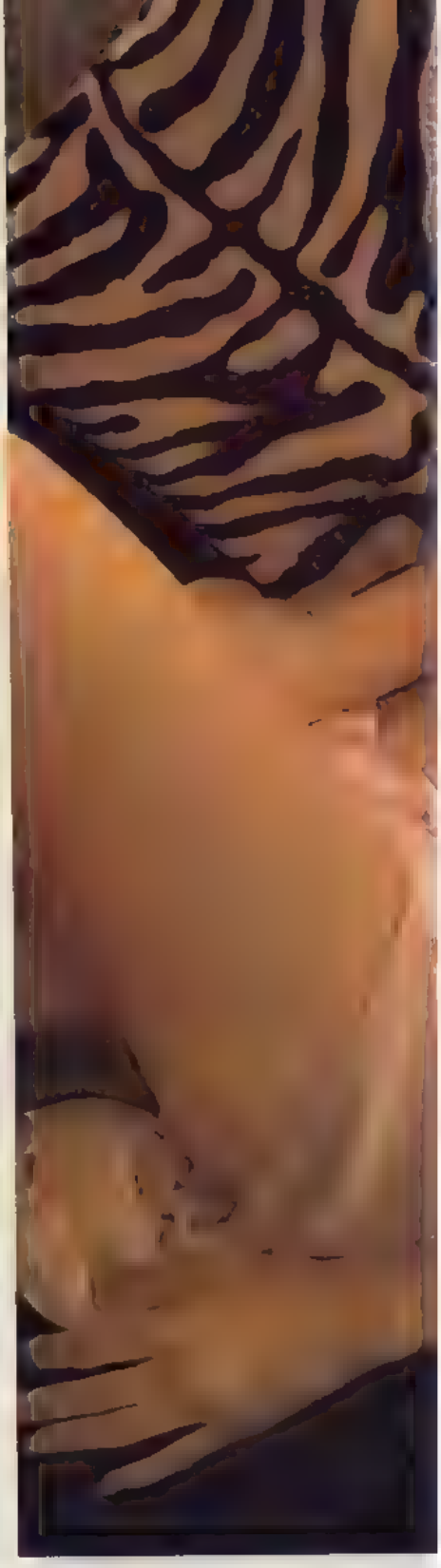


Miss September

Geri Glass (right), after posing for our September centerfold, traveled around the country for a while, then she returned to L.A. and was all set to resume her studies at Cal State when she got a call from a major film director. In classic Hollywood style, he'd noticed the gatefold and figured she might be just right for a part he was trying to cast. So at presstime, Geri was eagerly awaiting her screen test; if it works out, she just might have to put that next semester indefinitely on "hold."

Miss June

Ruthy Ross (opposite), whose Playmate appearance closely followed a sojourn as Bunny of the Year—1972, greeted keyholders as Door Bunny at our new Los Angeles Club. She's done a few TV shows—a recent segment of *Adam's Rib*, for one—and, like so many of last year's gatefold girls, she's done some wandering; in her case, to Las Vegas and San Francisco. Lately, though, she's been staying at home in Reseda—carpeting rooms, installing appliances and otherwise fixing up things.



Miss April

Julie Woodson (left), the country girl who made good in New York, hasn't gotten into any new bag since we checked with her last July. But then, she hasn't needed to. She's still in Manhattan, where she's one of the busiest ladies in the modeling business (chances are that in the past week alone, you've seen her in about a dozen TV commer-

Miss July

cials or magazine ads). She still studies acting—and karate—on the side. She still keeps in touch with her mother back in Kansas. And Julie—who walked off the Super Fly set after a dispute over a nude scene—continues to get movie offers, which she keeps turning down: "Either the money's not right or the part isn't right; I don't want just any role."

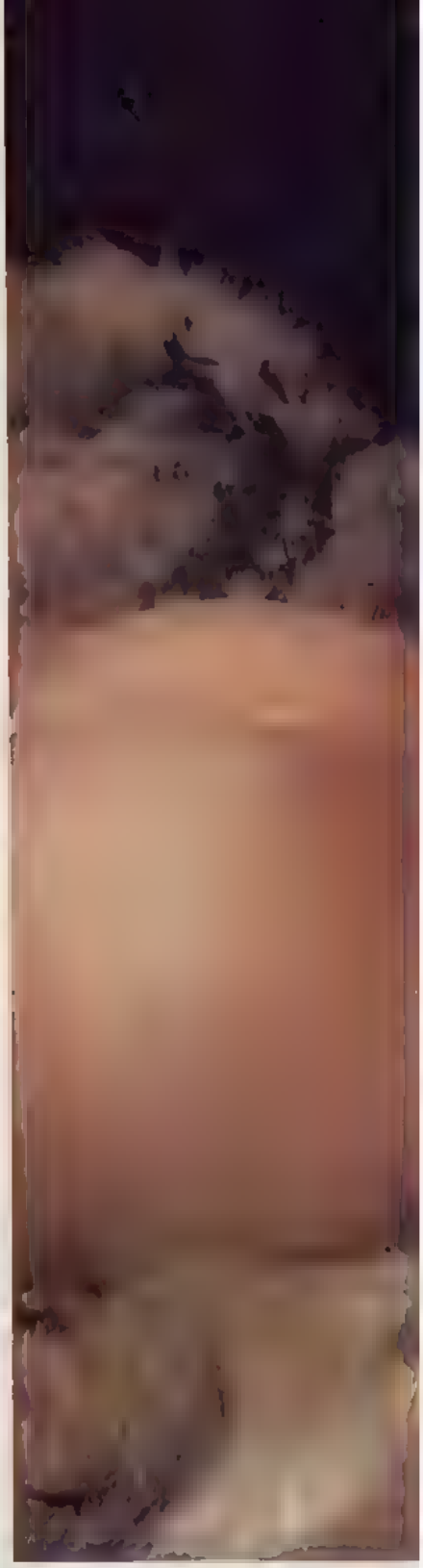
Martha Smith (above), like Julie, wants to break into films—to direct them rather than to act in them—but she, too, hasn't made much progress in that direction lately. The reason is the same—her modeling career has kept her too busy—and it's partly our fault. We've had Martha on a promotion-a-week schedule that obliges her to leave town every Wednesday or Thursday, to grace the opening of a new shopping center or apartment complex somewhere; the rest of the time, she handles her regular assignments in Detroit. But Martha's still planning to make movies, and in the next year or so she may head westward—and/or go back to school in order to study the film maker's art.

Miss August

Phyllis Coleman (opposite) hasn't worried too much lately about her boss—and man—racing-car driver David Cormony. But only because he hasn't had much opportunity to race—and that's not good. It's been a little tough to come up with the kind of financial sponsorship that a driver needs in order to compete. Phyllis is confident, however, that things will get better. In the meantime, she's helping other young people find jobs, under the aegis of the California Department of Employment

Miss October

Valerie Lane (left), who styles hair for male customers at Mr. Ron's, in Newport Beach, California, has noticed a real upsurge in business lately; it seems that a lot of guys noticed Valerie's centerfold and decided to lose their locks—specifically, at Mr. Ron's. Some showbiz people appear to have noticed, too: Valerie's gotten several acting offers. Because she's a neophyte when it comes to performing, however, she's decided to consult an agent before making any moves.



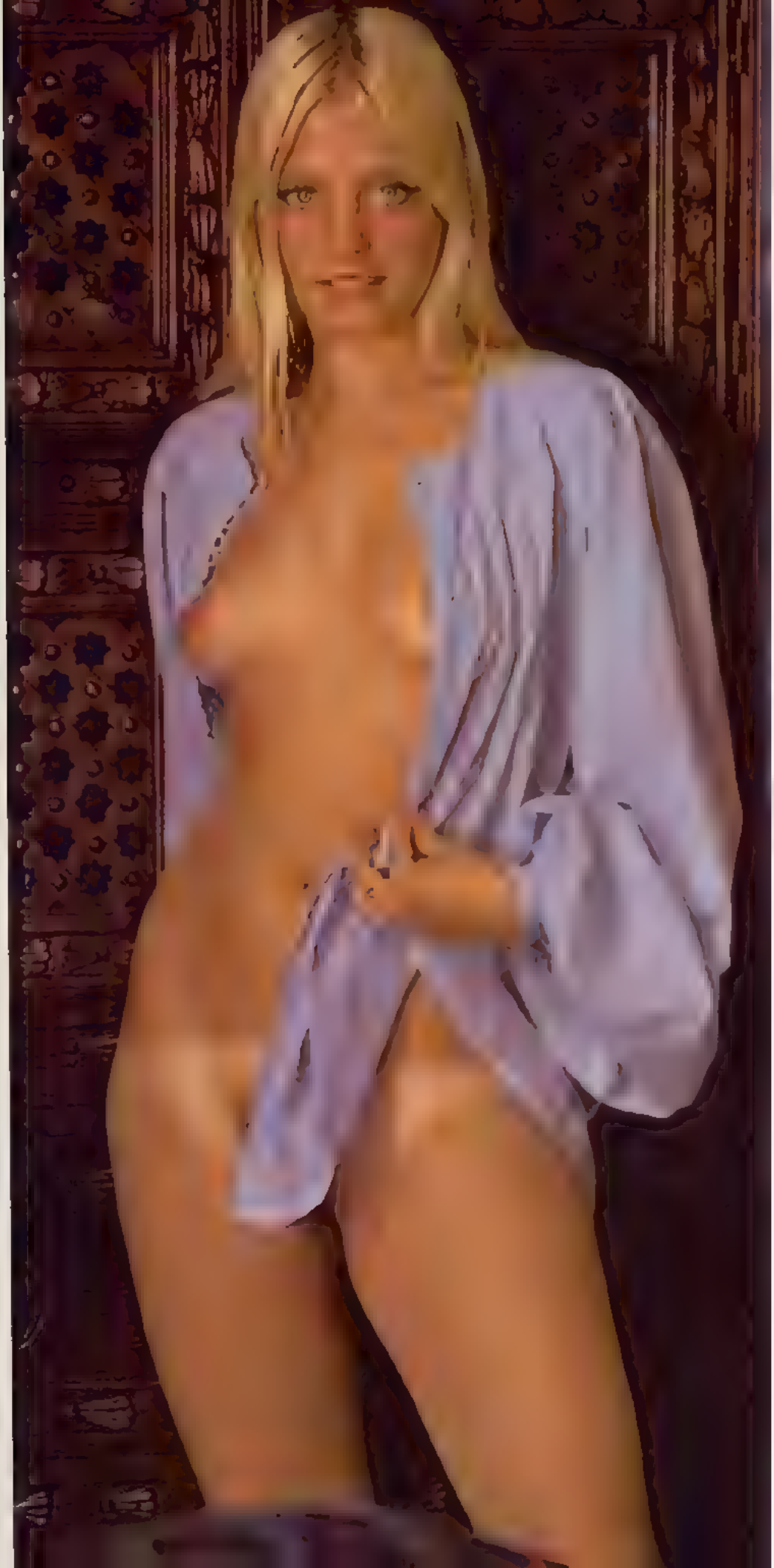
Miss November

Monica Tidwell (left) is the most enigmatic of 1973's Playmates. Since her gatefold appearance, Monica's gone underground. Though we see her around now and then, she's no longer pushing a pedicab or selling ice cream and records. Because she doesn't need the money now? "Well, that's part of the reason—but not all of it." Mysteri

Miss January

ous pause. Monica was at home when we caught her, and she'd been spending a lot of time there, reading books and pondering the future ("I guess you could say I'm waiting to see what happens next"). In the past, though, Monica has told us she wants to write a novel. We wouldn't be surprised if she were taking a crack at it—and not telling us.

Miki Garcia (above) hasn't slowed down a bit. Well, she's dropped one job—she no longer works as an insurance underwriter. But Miki's been traveling everywhere from Florida to Hanalulu (resulting in "jet lag," she claims); she's designed a new line of swimwear that she expects to be on the market in a few months; she still lobbies for homeless animals ("The state capital sees me quite often"); and she went to a White House dinner last spring as the date of a former P.O.W. Miki's also been on TV a lot, as a model, and as co-emcee of several telethons—and there's a good chance that by the time you read this, she'll have her own TV talk show (if she doesn't run out of breath first).

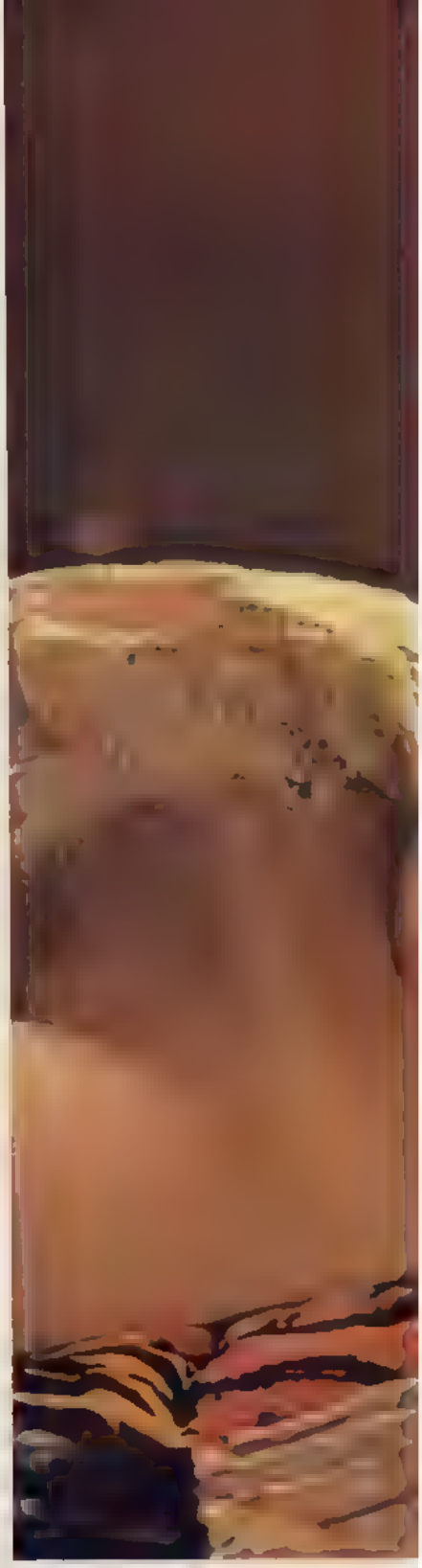


Miss May

Anulka Dziubinska (right), who is British born, despite the name, began her post-Playmate life by crossing the U.S. Then she went back to Europe—with a vengeance, hitting just about every country there, plus the Canary Islands, where she spent almost four months ("They're totally uncommercialized"). Anulka herself, though, has been making commercials for British TV—and digging it. "I've only buckled down to it in the last two months," she says, "but I'm doing well." We believe her.

Miss March

Bonnie Large (opposite) no longer hangs out with Ralph the robot, nor lets a magician saw her in half in front of conventioneers—not since she quit the production company she was working for and moved to Pasadena, where she's been modeling, taking temporary office jobs, studying modern dance and giving classes in skin care for a company that makes "natural" cosmetics. Bonnie's on kind of a natural kick, in fact: "I gave up all processed foods, and it does make a difference."



Miss December

Christine Maddox (left) hadn't yet appeared in PLAYBOY when we went to press—so we're not able to report too many significant changes in her life. When we last talked to Christine, however, she was thinking of a trip to Virginia to see relatives. She had already modeled in several ads for PLAYBOY and was expecting to do more of the same.

Miss February

She was also planning to replace her ten-speed bike, which was taken from the sidewalk in front of her Long Beach apartment last fall. And she told us she hoped her Playmate experience would enable her to meet "a lot of interesting people." (No problem there, Christine; just wait till those cards and letters start piling up in the mailbox.)

Cyndi Wood (above) lets no grass grow under her feet. First, her singing career has been going great guns—she's been doing a lot of studio work, night-club gigs and TV shows (Sonny & Cher, for one). She's continued her modeling as a side line—and even picked up a new activity: photography. That started as a hobby, but Cyndi is fast becoming professional at it. She's already had a number of commissions—for actors' portfolios and for magazine advertisements ranging from motorcycles to cigarettes. And her ambition knows no bounds. She told us that she'd like to shoot a centerfold herself someday. If she does, she'll be the first Playmate to make it on both sides of the camera.

FATHERLESS WIFE

(continued from page 178)

water). As for Molly Bloom! He enjoyed the smell of every kissable pore of her voluptuous body without for one moment believing that she had ever existed. James Joyce in drag.

"But," he had finally implored his best friend in Ailesbury Road, Hamid Bey, the third secretary of the Turkish embassy, whose amorous secrets he willingly purchased with his own, "if it is too much to expect Ireland to produce a bevy of Manons, Mitsous, Gigis, Claudines, Karenmas, Oteros, Leahs, Sanseverinas, what about those great-thighed, vast-bottomed creatures dashing around the country on horseback like Diana followed by all her minions? Are they not interested in love? And, if so, why aren't there novels about them?"

His friend laughed a gelatinous laugh, like Turkish delight and replied in English in his laziest Noel Coward drawl, all the vowels frontal, as if he were talking through bubble gum, all his Rs either left out where they should be, as in *deah* or *cleah*, or inserted where they should not be, as in *India-r* or *Iowa-r*.

"My deah Ferdy, did not your deah fatheh or your deah momma-r eveh tell you that all Irish hohsewomen are in love with their hohses? And anyway, it is well known that the favorite pinup gihl of Ahland is a gelding."

"Naked?" Ferdinand asked coldly, and refused to believe him, remembering that his beloved had been a hohsewoman and satisfied that he was not a gelding. Instead, he approached the Italian ambassador at a cocktail party, given by the Indonesian embassy, to whisper to him about *l'amore irlandese* in his best stage-French manner, eyebrows lifted above fluttering eyelids, voice as hoarse as, he guessed, his excellency's mind would be on its creaking way back to memories of Gabin, Jouvet, Brasseur, Fernandel, Montand. It proved to be another futile exercise. His ex groaned as operatically as every Italian groans over such vital, and lethal, matters as the Mafia, food, taxation and women, threw up his hands, made a face like a more than usually desiccated De Sica and sighed, "*Les femmes d'Irlande? Mon pauvre gars! Elles sont d'une chasteté*" he paused and roared the adjective—"*FORMIDABLE!*"

Ferdinand had heard this yarn about feminine chastity in other countries and (with those two or three exceptions already mentioned) found it true only until one had established the precise local variation of the meaning of chastity. But how was he to discover the Irish variation? In the end, it was Celia herself who, unwittingly, revealed it to him and, in doing so, dispelled his last doubts about her susceptibility, inflammability and volatility—despite the very proper sisters of the Spanish Steps.

The revelation occurred one night in early May—her Meehawl being away in the west, presumably checking what she contemptuously called his Gaelic-squeaking scissors. Ferdy had driven her back to his flat for a nightcap after witnessing the prolonged death of Mimi in *La Bohème*. She happened to quote to him Oscar Wilde's remark about the death of Little Nell that only a man with a heart of stone could fail to laugh at it; and in this vein they had continued for a while over the rolling brandy, seated side by side on his settee, his hand on her bare shoulder leading him to hope more and more fondly that this might be his horizon night, until, suddenly, she asked him a coldly probing question.

"Ferdy! Tell me exactly why we did not believe in the reality of Mimi's death."

His palm oscillated gently between her clavicle and her scapula.

"Because, my little cabbage, we were not expected to. Singing away like a lark? With her last breath? And no lungs? I am a Frenchman. I understand the nature of reality and can instruct you about it. Art, my dear Celia, is art because it is not reality. It does not copy or represent nature. It improves upon it. It embellishes it. This is the kernel of the classical French attitude to life. And," he beamed at her, "to love. We make of our wildest feelings of passion the gentle art of love."

He suddenly stopped fondling her shoulder and surveyed her with feelings of chagrin and admiration. The sight of her belied his words. Apart from dressing with taste and, he felt certain, undressing with even greater taste, she used no art at all. She was as innocent of make-up as a peasant girl of the Vosges. Had he completely misread her? Was she that miracle, a fully ripe peach brought into the center of the city some 20 years ago from a walled garden in the heart of the country, still warm from the sun, still glowing, downy, pristine, innocent as the dew? He felt her juice dribbling down the corner of his mouth. Was this the missing piece of her jigsaw? An ensealed innocence? If so, he had wasted six whole weeks. This siege could last six years.

"No, Ferdy!" she said crossly. "You have it all wrong. I'm talking about life, not about art. The first and last thought of any real Catholic girl on her deathbed would be to ask for a priest. She was facing her God."

Who at once pointed a finger at him through the chandelier? Within seconds they were discussing love among the English, Irish, French, Indians, Moslems, Italians, naturally the Papacy, Alexander the Sixth and incest, Savonarola and dirty pictures, Joan of Arc and martyrdom, death, sin, hell-fire, Cesare Borgia, who, she insisted screamed for a priest to pray for him at the end.

"A lie," he snarled, "that some beastly priest told you in a sermon when you were a schoolgirl. Pray? I suppose," he challenged furiously, "you pray even against me."

Abashed, she shook her autumn-gold head at him, threw a kipper-eyed glance up to the chandelier, gave him a ravishingly penitential smile and sighed like an unmasked sinner.

"Ah, Ferdy! Ferdy! If you only knew the real truth about me! Me pray against you? I don't pray at all. You remember Mimi's song at the end of the first act? 'I do not always go to Mass, but I pray quite a bit to the good Lord.' Now, I hedge my bets in a very different way. I will not pray, because I refuse to go on my knees to anybody. Yet, there I go meekly trotting off to Mass every Sunday and holyday. And why? Because I am afraid not to, because it would be a mortal sin not to." She gripped his tensed hand, trilling her Rs over the threshold of her lower lip and tenderly umlauting her vowels. Durling. Cöward. Li-er. "Amn't I the weak cöward, durling? Amn't I the awful li-er? A crook entirrrely?"

Only a thin glint of streetlight peeping between his curtains witnessed the wild embrace of a man illuminated by an avowal so patently bogus as to be the transparent truth.

"You a liar?" he gasped, choking with laughter. "You a shivering coward? A double-faced hedger of bets? A deceiving crook? A wicked sinner? For the last five minutes you have been every single one of them by pretending to be them. What you really are is a woman full of cool, hardheaded discretion, which you would like to sell to me as a charming weakness. Full of dreams that you would like to disguise as wicked lies. Of common sense that it suits you to pass off as crookedness. Of worldly wisdom still moist from your mother's nipple that, if you thought you would get away with the deception, you would stoop to call a sin. My dearest Celia, your yashmak reveals by pretending to conceal. Your trick is to be perfection masquerading as villainy. I think it is enchanting."

For the first time, he saw her in a rage.

"But it is *all* true. I *am* a liar. I *do* go to Mass every Sunday. I do *not* pray. I *am* afraid of damnation. I——"

He silenced her with three fingers laid momentarily on her lips.

"Of course you go to Mass every Sunday. My father, a master tailor of Nancy, used to go to Mass every Sunday.

(continued on page 218)

"Well, we feel that what three people do in the privacy of their own bedroom is their business and no one else's. . . ."

the ballad of luká the hose

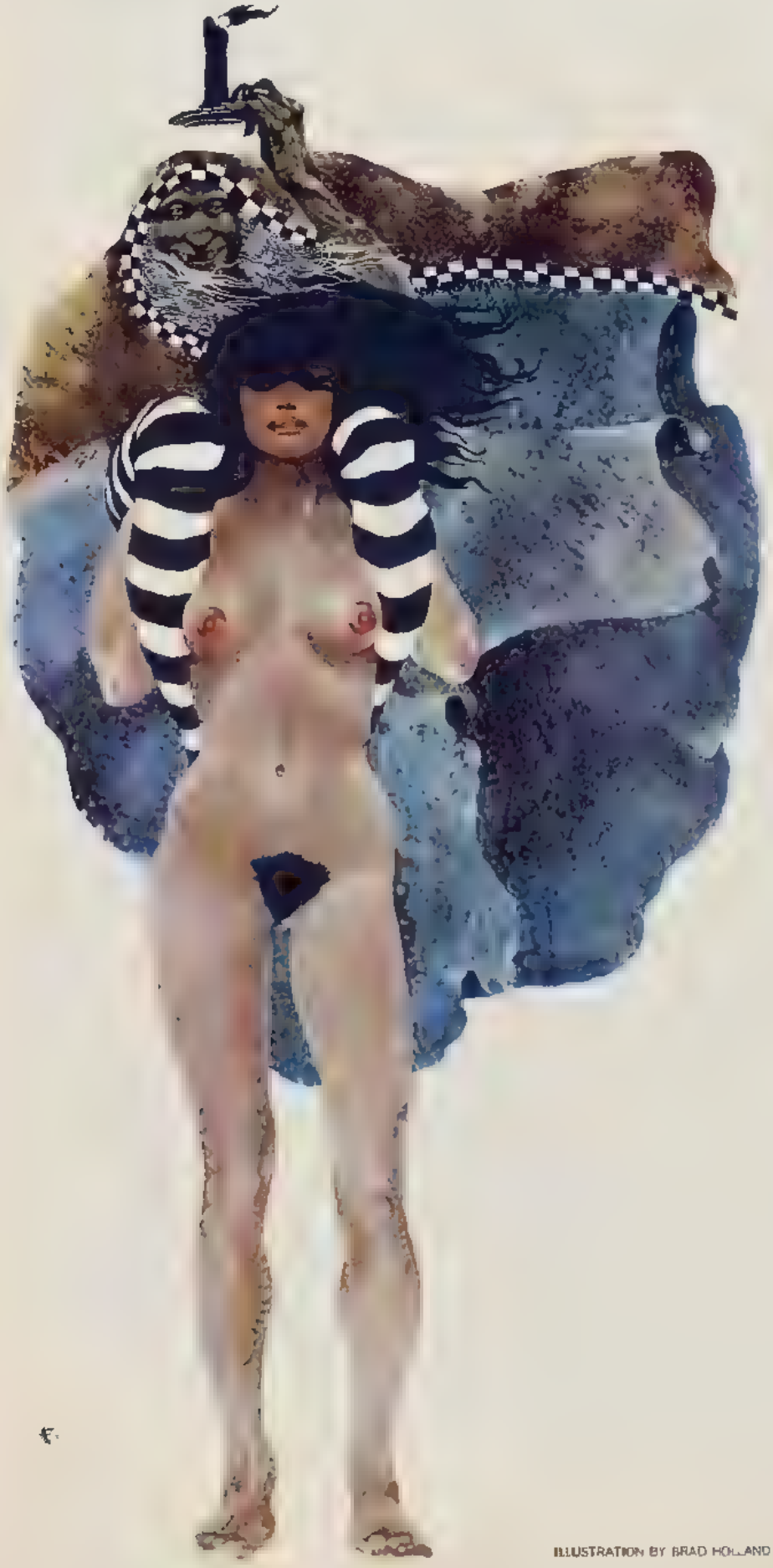


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

There lived, a scanty kilometer
From Basil's Dome in Moscow City,
A merchant's lady young and pretty,
A peach, but now without a . . . (pit?)

Her spouse —a little on the gray side,
But neither senile nor a runt—
Had dropped abruptly by the wayside,
Depleted by her wondrous . . . (cunning?).

(I cannot help it, gracious reader,
My song is full of holes like this;
I'm not a good conjecture breeder
Would you supply them, learned miss?)

Most girls become more tassel prone,
You will agree, as they grow bigger
But for inclusiveness and vigor,
This gifted lady stood alone.

His pestered pestle pined and pouted,
It temporized and took no stand,
She simply would not hear about it
And bade her mortar to be manned.

His strength, alack, was bound to fail
From this eternal mortar minding,
And he passed on to yonder vale,
Where they have harps, no organ-
grinding. . .

The widow, though, felt little change
In fervor appetite or figure,
And ventured far afield to trigger
Exploits of targetry and range.

She sampled dashing Jolly Rogers,
Delicious striplings, crisp old codgers;
She offered succor, undemanding,
To almost anyone upstanding.

As time went on, her zest and whimsy
Outgrew the muzzle loading sport;
The ramrods seemed—the one too flimsy,
The other gnarled, the third too short.

A fourth would be all wilt and flabbage,
A fifth might come with balls of lead,
Like small but solid heads of cabbage,
A real embarrassment in bed.

Each time, malfunctions to surprise one!
The widow called, in some chagrin,
Matriona Markovna, that wise one,
To lay some better ramrods in.

. . .

Beyond Moskva, on River Meadow,
A snug three-windowed hut is seen,
In which, a gay and carefree widow,
Lived the Matrióna whom I mean.

In circles of the merchant class,
No matter what the clan or locus,
Matrióna Márkovna would pass
For quite the best of marriage brokers.

This vestal priestess, stout and steady,
Of confidential years, when ready
To cast the matrimonial lots,
Was glad to tie some other knots.

Some merchant daughter fair and
buxsome
Who lived in discord with her spouse
She'd help by trysts outside the house
To prove her mettle, bare and (?)

Or if for any other reason
A man disdained his wife, the brute,
And she in sap and well in season—
Ma'mona found a substitute.

A wife will seek, when hubby sours,
A hobby for the winter hours:
She gets, no need to fret or wheedle,
A tool that beats the knitting needle.

And if some customer be nervous,
He might be fleeced or rolled outside—
Matrióna offers chamber service.
And everyone is satisfied.

Then the widow in her anguish,
To summon help, wrote this dispatch:
"Matrióna, how I languish!
Lives there a man who'll fit my . .
(match?)?"

The stout procuress made obeisance
Before the icon, bowed her head
In token of advance complaisance,
And, sitting down beside her, said:

"I gather tricks are going badly
Some maladjustment or shortcoming
I will accommodate you gladly;
Trust me to see that things start
humming.

Now describe your trouble plainly
Is it the deadly *itche de ditche*?
Perhaps in bed you labor vainly?
Well, I have many tricks to teach."

"The tricks I've tried don't work, my
dear—
The crouch, the bridge, the cogle split,
Or swinging from a chandelier,
I seem impossible to fit.

"I need a lead-pipe cinch, a cincher,
At least a twenty-seven incher,
For nothing shorter is it worth
My messing up the lower berth."

"Dear lady, have a heart! Good heavens,
You don't want much! I beg of you,
They don't grow wild, those twenty-
sevens!
I might scrape up a twenty two. . . .

"But wait . . . I do have on commission
A thing to suit you, I suppose;
It takes the proper ammunition
But looks more like a fire hose.

"On first full view, it struck me dumb. . .
It's not a thing you'll go to sleep with,
More apt to count a million sheep with
And club the Devil, should he come.

"Still—you are sportive and good-lookin g
And he, to match you, is the same,
What's more, discreet, and knows what's
cooking.
Luká Mudíshchev is his name."

Already sensing, all elation,
That pyrotechnic instrument,
She hugged the friend whom heaven had
sent
With throbs of warm anticipation.

"Oh Tronka, mother mine, no shirking!
Bring your Mudíshchev to my arms!
Tell him to get his hydrants working
And be prepared for five alarms!"

* * *

Premonitory palpitations
With axle grease and oil of rose
Helped her prepare with middling
patience
For the uncoiling of the hose.

No tools held any terrors for her
That knew divine and human laws;
But this portentous pumpkin corer,
This humdingdonger, gave her pause.

Here rang the bell! Her courage
mustered
She calmed herself as best she could.
Before her with Matrióna stood
The record holder! She was flustered. .

He stood in reach, all scrubbed and
handy:
In getup something of a dandy,
Well groomed, close-shaven, yet
unspoiled;
Not plastered, mind you—just well oiled.

Lest her vicinity might shock
The hoster and her pretty mourner,
Matriona slipped into a corner
And set herself to knit a sock.

Alone with him—what can arouse us
Like Cupid's prick, and who would mock
it?—
She slid her hand into the pocket
Of his still-dormant nankeen trousers.

Her touch, however, made them hectic:
The contents, instantly up tight,
Surged swollen, purple, apoplectic
Upon her wonder-stricken sight.

"O most exalted land and sea cock!"
She cried; and, shedding gown and lace,
She spread her fantail like a peacock
And drew him into her embrace.

As if a wagon shaft had goosed her,
She rose in ecstasy and pain,
The gleaming nozzle bruised and sluiced
her
And all remonstrance was in vain.

"Don't! Call it off!" She pales, she yellows,
She jerks the inflammation's source;
Luká pants like a blacksmith's bellows
And fights the fire with all his force. . .

Matrióna in her corner, reeling,
Dropped seven stitches and a shoe.
"Mismatched, outclassed!" she gasped
with feeling.
"He must have hosed the girl in two!"

Still with her sock and knitting needles,
She scurried headlong to the site,
To cap the well, call in the beadles,
Or tender any help she might

Luká triumphantly uncoiled,
Was still extinguishing his victim;
The widow, up a tree and foiled,
Had never slowed the hose or nicked him

Matrióna rushed the goner, jabbed him
With frantic elbow then, no slouch,
With knitting needles rampant stabbed
him
Now in the hose, now in the pouch.

He roared before she thought to
backtrack,
He drew on her with yards of lead
And with that fearsome instant blackjack,
Belabored her about the head.

Matrióna howled with lungs of leather,
But gamely clawed upon the couch,
Drew her remaining strength together
And forcibly deballed his pouch.

Mudíshchev, with a dreadful cry,
Donged her to death just like a fly;
Then fell himself, a lifeless corse—
Killed by bereavement or remorse.

* * *

And thus that triple horror came to pass:
There lay, flat as a pancake, poor
Matrióna,
The widow, all unstitched from bush to
ass.
Luká a husk, at peace but not with
honor;
And in his hose eleven spits of brass. . . .

—Retold by Walter Arndt

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT

(continued from page 112)

stupid, even for me. But now he threatens me in the night and I think I'd better pay this gangster."

"No pay!" shouted George. "The Cantabiles got thrown out of the rackets in the Thirties. He's just a bignouthed kid with a dago mustache. He's seen *The Godfather* or something. Forget it!" And so I had submitted to George's judgment.

• • •

Something had to be done about my Mercedes. I fetched the doorman, Roland. He's a skinny, elderly, unshaven black man. The slack electric blue uniform that he shared with the other doormen hangs about him. We had always had an agreeable kidding relationship. Both of us believed in cheerful greetings. He had already seen this disaster. He hadn't rung my bell but had let me discover the ruined car for myself. Tenants on their way to work had seen it, too. They knew, of course, to whom it belonged. Roland said, "This is a real bitch, Mist' Citrine." He wears thick glasses, and when I approach him, he often gives a snort of laughter. He thinks me an old roué, because women so often drive up, buzz me on the house phone, make inquiries, leave notes for me. "Somebody really has it in for you to mess up this beautiful car. I didn't come on till seven o'clock."

"One or two people couldn't have done this," I said. "It must have been a whole gang, with clubs, bats, hammers, monkey wrenches, swarming out and clobbering. Like a speeded up anvil chorus. They could have done the job in ninety seconds. A terrific racket, but short enough so that people would start up from sleep and then turn over. They'd just as lief not look, anyway. Nobody wants trouble. If I hear shots at night, I always say it's backfire from a car."

Roland's face was strongly puckered about the mouth. His glance hinted that a vengeful husband had done this to me.

"Flag those useless fellows in the squad car when they pass, will you, Roland, please? Have them take a look and ring my bell. They'll probably give me a parking ticket. . . ." I tipped Roland a dollar. To bind his good will, after such malevolence.

When I entered my apartment the phone was ringing. It was Cantabile. "Have you seen your car, smartass?" he asked. "What you finally forced me to do?"

"Senseless!" I said. "Mad! Vandalism!"

"You drove me to it." He accused me loudly, but his voice shook.

"*I* made you hammer my car?"

"Ten times you were warned. I have emotions, too. You wouldn't believe how I feel this minute." I tried to speak, but he shouted me down. "Last night was step one. Now if you don't pay . . . next is you know what."

"No, no, let's stop all this. I only want to settle."

"No settle. Pay. You make the check good. The full amount. And cash. I'm not fucking around anymore. I'll call you later. We'll make a date."

"When?"

"Never mind when. You stick by the phone till I call."

Next instant I heard a dial tone—that interminable universal miaow. Desperate to tell someone, to consult, I dialed George Swiebel. Sharon, his secretary, said he was out on a job. He's in the construction business.

Now, what was I to do to compose myself? To regain calm, I did the one yoga thing I know. I removed my shoes and took everything out of my pockets. Then I stood on my head.

My loveliest of machines had been destroyed in the street, its silver skin pitted, its headlights crushed, its doors unopenable. The Mercedes shop steward would tell me in his German accent that all parts had to be imported from Europe.

And I, clutching my bald head in both hands, fingers interlocked in a gesture of despair, legs in the air, tufts of side hair sticking out, the green Persian carpet flowing under me. I was heart-injured that material possessions could mean so much!

I would never—repeat, never!—get a penny from the insurance company on such a queer claim. They had yards of small print and a thousand ways to weasel out. American corporations were boss before, but in the Nixon Administration they were drunk with immunity. The good old bourgeois decencies, even as window dressing, were gone.

It was from George Swiebel that I learned to stand on my head. My friend George is a large, wide-built man, a thick-muscled, ruddy man. He's not exactly a physical culturist, but he is devoted to the body, and I always turn to him for health advice. George has his own system and, as a rule, he cures himself.

So, when I told him about my arthritic neck, he prescribed standing on my head. Though I threw up my palms and shrieked with laughter at this recommendation (looking like one of Goya's frog caricatures—a *vision burlesca*—the one with the huge padlock on his parts), I practiced against the wall, I learned the trick and I was cured of my neck pains. Next, when I had a stricture, I asked George what to do. He said, "It's our age. It's the prostate gland. It's happened to me, too—you start, then you stop, then you trickle again? And it burns a bit? And you feel humiliated?"

"All correct."

"The remedy is, as you stand on your head, to tighten your buttocks. Just suck in the buttocks, as if you were trying to bring the cheeks together."

Now standing on my head actually relieved me. I breathed again. But I saw, when I was upside down, two large circles in front of me, very bright. These occasionally appeared during this exercise. I figured they were produced by pressure on the cornea. Such, at least, was my explanation. The weight on my skull buckled the cornea and produced an illusion of big diaphanous rings, like seeing eternity. Which, believe me, I was entirely ready for. I had a view of the bookcase behind me, and when my head was readjusted with more weight shifted to my forearms, the beautiful rings swam away, ideas of mortality vanished with them, and in reverse I saw rows and rows of my own books, some hack work, some sincere, biographies in many languages, a few copies of my big failure, *The Sense of Being in Americans*, and many editions of my play *Von Trenck*. The fortune I was alleged by Humboldt to have made was earned mainly by *Trenck*. I didn't add the money up while it was coming in. I was more moved to do the addition when it was ebbing. For me it had been a lot to manage. I had bungled the job, despite my keen interest (which I had tried to dissemble, concealing it even from myself, wanting terribly to be high-minded). Immediately, the dough came between Humboldt and me. He claimed that I owed him a large amount, and he put through a check for 3000 bucks. The bank paid and I didn't contest the matter, although I owed him nothing. He was very litigious, Humboldt was.

Moreover, I was crippled by guilt. I wasn't absolutely sure that I had done right by Humboldt, and I had a feeling that my gains were ill-gotten. The play that brought me such wealth was not the play I had written. I had only provided a bolt of material from which the director had cut, shaped, basted and sewn his own *Trenck*. Broadway, after all, does adjoin the Garment District.

The cops leaned long and violently on my bell. I let them in and they began to write up their report. These heavy men were amused by this unusual case—a Mercedes crushed in the street. They entered smelling rather stale. Sitting in a squad car seemed to give them an assy sort of odor. Their hardware clinked and their wide hips were bulky with blanks. "Somebody really has it in for you," one huge black cop said. He was hinting at underworld complications. Perhaps I owed money to a juice man. Possibly I was in the rackets myself. But enough is enough. I had made my mistake and I wasn't going to name any names.

"I don't know anything," I said. I believe the police approved of my reserve.

"I never saw such a car massacre," said the first cop. "It's a real sin."

His buddy said, "Jesus, if I didn't have a garage I wouldn't own but a piece of

(continued on page 250)

Twenty Years of Playboy

An informal album of memorabilia from our first two decades

If you liked *Summer of '42*, you'll love Summer of '53. It opens with nattily attired Hugh Hefner banging away at a battered typewriter in the living room of his apartment on Chicago's South Side. He singlehandedly produced almost all the copy for a then untitled new magazine designed to attract "the sophisticated urban male."

What might have been: The embryo publication came within a hare's breadth of being named *Stag Party*. Illustration for the first issue had to be changed from stag to rabbit at the last minute.

We didn't know it then, but the lady who appeared in our first subscription ad gave us a sneak preview of the Playboy Club Bunny

You'll notice that the cover of our first issue—December 1953—carried no date. We didn't know if there would be a second issue

Unselfishly dedicated to his duties, PLAYBOY's Art Director, Arthur Paul, makes sure Terry Ryan puts her best foot forward in a Playmate shooting for the December 1954 issue.

Most prestigious of our early fiction offerings—and first to be serialized, in spring of 1954—was Ray Bradbury's prophetic novel *Fahrenheit 451*

An editor's work is never done—especially if he's the only editor: Swigging one of countless Pepsis consumed in the course of a night's work, pajama-clad Hefner reads a manuscript in the bedroom of the first PLAYBOY office early in 1954

Minus black stockings she later acquired, the impish Ferdin debuted in 1956 on the Party Jokes page, where she still appears each month, courtesy of her creator—a PLAYBOY discovery, the now famous artist LeRoy Neiman

Playmatehood in February 1955—along with subsequent pictorial features in PLAYBOY—helped make a major star of a then-unknown actress named Jayne Mansfield

She took off her clothes in return for Hefner's buying an Addressograph machine. Janet Pilgrim, our Subscription Manager, became PLAYBOY's only three-time Playmate.

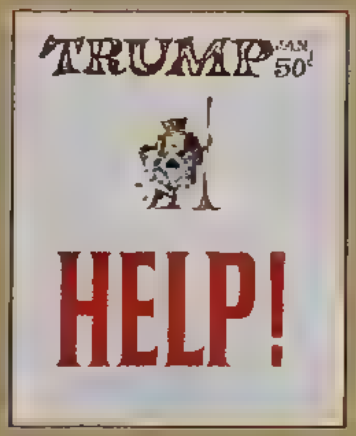
En route to the engraver's, a strategically placed piece of seaweed on August 1955's collage cover slipped, making too much of a clean breast of things for that era's standards

Portrait of the artist as a young man. Shel Silverstein started out—in 1956—as a PLAYBOY cartoonist. Since then, he's become a highly successful author/songwriter as well—and lost a lot of hair

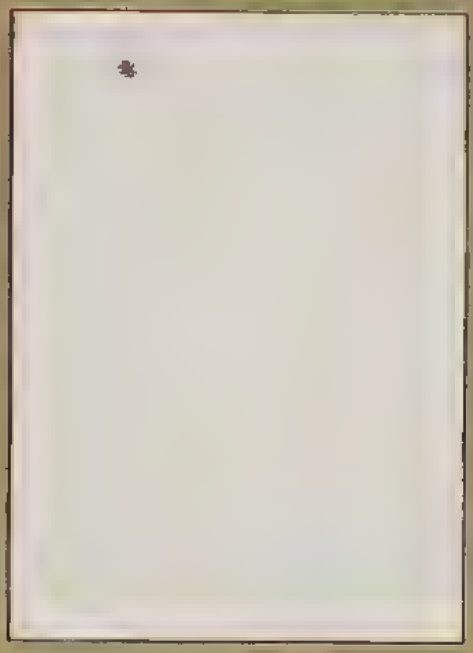
One of our first and most popular pictorial coups—in 1956—was a group of studies for a bronze of Anita Ekberg by sculptor Sepy Dobronyi, a slightly less revealing version of this statuesque pose was among them

PLAYBOY brass, a ded by contemporary cave women, were among participants in 1955's Piltdown Painting Party, staged to brighten a Chicago underpass. The fuzz found it unfunny. PLAYBOY paid the fines

"Help!" trumpeted the copy on the first cover of *Trump* (midwifed by *Mad*'s Harvey Kurtzman), our 1957 entry into the humor-magazine field. We needed it. *Trump*'s sun sank quickly—and permanently—into the west after the second issue.



Walter S. Tevis' *The Hustler* and George Langelaan's *The Fly* were the first PLAYBOY originals to hit the screen. *The Fly*'s artwork was strikingly unorthodox: a blank page with a tiny fly in the corner.



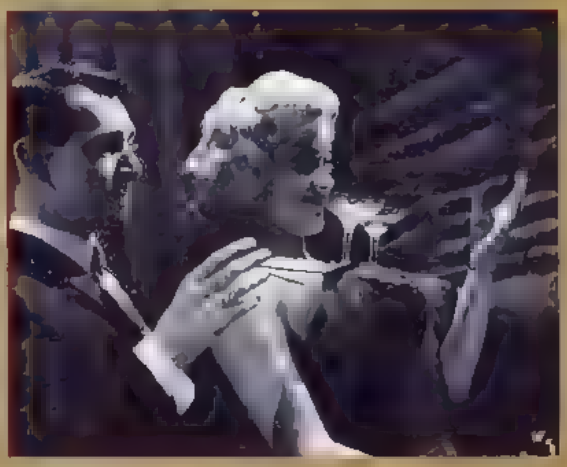
Actress Vikki Dougan's gown, revealing a new cleavage, was immortalized in PLAYBOY via *The Back*, June 1957.

PLAYBOY's most prolific writer, the late Ken W. Purdy, made the first of 75 contributions with *The Compleat Sports Car Stable* in our April 1957 issue.

Gahan Wilson's bizarre creations have been haunting PLAYBOY pages ever since this creepy character swept into our hearts in March 1958.

When Elizabeth Ann Roberts, Miss January 1958, was found to be underage, Hefner considered pointing out publicly that *September Morn*'s model was a nymphet, too. He didn't have to; court action was dismissed.

After "The Back" came "The Bosom," June Wilkinson, seen here in one of the pictures (taken in Hefner's office bedroom) that we shot for a 1958 pictorial. For obvious reasons, our nickname for the British beauty stuck—in Hollywood and in later PLAYBOY features.



First of more than 150 such lovelies to grace our pages: the inimitable Vargas *Girl*, September 1960.

If she'd been a Bunny, she wouldn't have needed a tray. June Wilkinson clowned on the set of our 1959–1960 TV series, *Playboy's Penthouse*.

Teevee Jeebies, Shel Silverstein's wacky brain child, debuted for *Late Show* fans in 1959.

"You silly son of a bitch."

"Damn it, I said three by five *feet*, not inches!" Playboy Promotion Director Victor Lownes III had problems with the flags ordered for the 1959 Playboy Jazz Festival, which was a hit anyway.

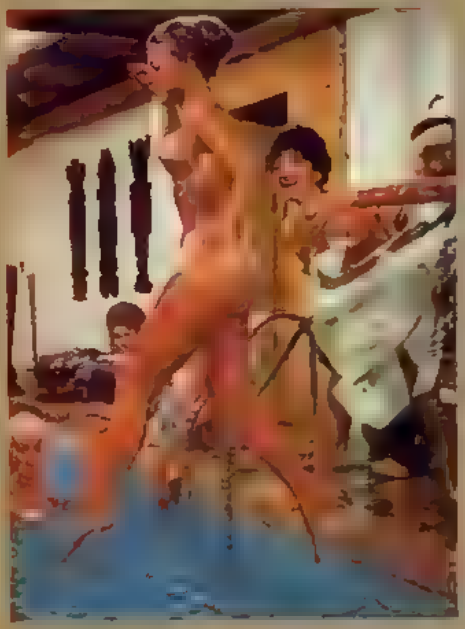
Charlie was still ostracized in the U.S. when the late Charles Beaumont profiled him in *Chaplin* (March 1960), memorably illustrated by Arthur Paul

We thought *The Nude Look*'s styles (July 1960) were a far-out satire. History proved us wrong.

The ubiquitous Janet Pilgrim strikes again—in the PLAYBOY bowling league.

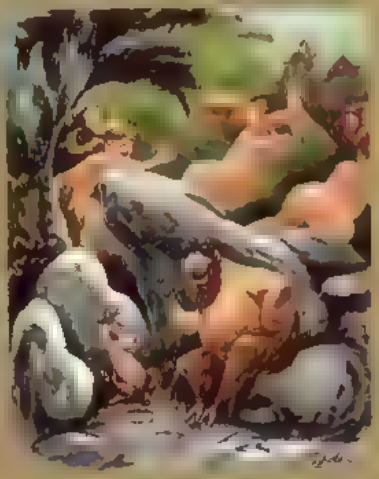
IF YOU DON'T SWING, DON'T RING, translates the Latin doorplate on Chicago's Playboy Mansion; Hefner moved in in 1960

Edited for TV: Fur trim modified the prototype Bunny Costume of receptionist (later Assistant Cartoon Editor) Cynthia Maddox on *Playboy's Penthouse*



Playboy's Pigskin Preview in 1961 featured Harvard's band in a Rabbit-head formation.

The debut of Eldon Dedini's satirical satyrs was a highlight of our March 1961 issue.

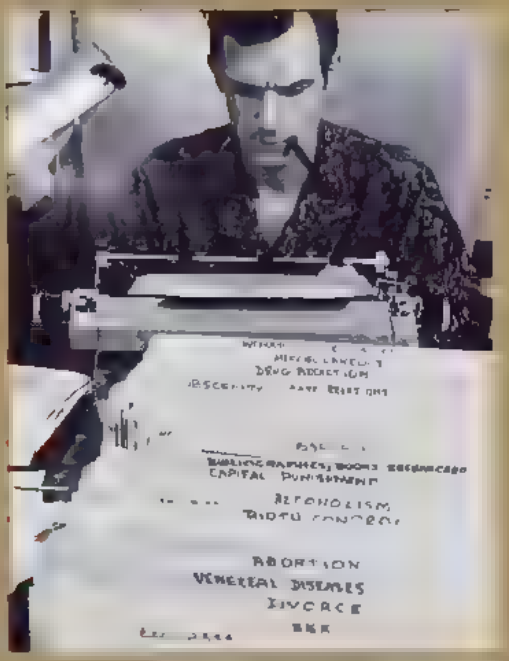


"First of all, you must learn to be preoccupied with sex!"

Most memorable shot from *Playmate Holiday House Party*, December 1961: Christa Speck takes a flier.

Requiescat in pace: *Show Business Illustrated*, born September 1961, died April 1962.

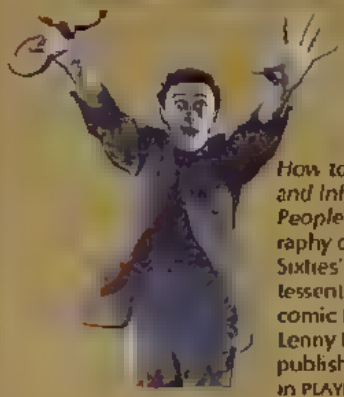
Ingenious readers found that covering the top half of our June 1962 cover provided a bit of titillation we hadn't intended.



It started in December 1962; we thought it would appear in one, maybe two issues. But before Hugh Hefner ran out of typewriter ribbon, *The Playboy Philosophy* had run 25 installments—and kicked off an era of social consciousness in the magazine.

October 1962 introduced a popular new heroine: *Little Annie Fanny*, created by *Mad*'s madcaps Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder.

1963-1964

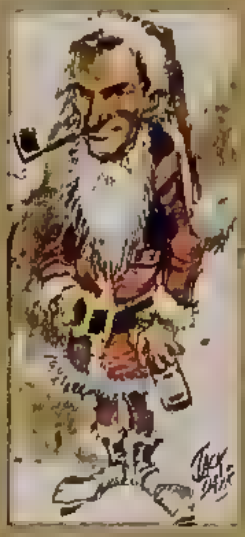


How to Talk Dirty and Influence People, autobiography of the Sixties' quintessential tragicomic figure, Lenny Bruce, was published first in PLAYBOY.

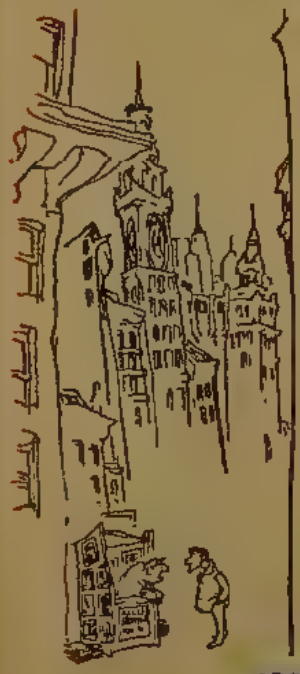
To herald James Bond's novelistic debut in our pages—at the height of the 007 craze—Robert Weaver created this illustration, which won a New York Art Directors Club award.

What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? Its appeal, obviously, is universal. Check this well-undressed Australian aborigine.

For reasons that remain abundantly unclear, shots of Jayne Mansfield in the film *Promises, Promises* got Hefner busted in 1963 on an obscenity charge. A hung jury couldn't figure it out either; the case was eventually dismissed.



Artists have depicted Hefner in many ways—not all complimentary—but Jack Davis, from whom he bought 15 cartoons, saw him as a skinny Santa.



Silverstein's History of Playboy, which began in January 1964 and ran for three issues, offered this predictably irreverent view of our beginnings.

"Believe me kid I been selling magazines in this town for thirty-five years and the public don't want another magazine If they want news, they got Time and Newsweek... they want stories, they got The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's they want pictures they got Look and Life they want sensation and exposé, they got Confidential they want love there's True Romance... they want sophistication, there's The New Yorker . they want adventure, there's True and Argosy .. they want geography there's the National Geo— Hey! Look at the knockers on that big blonde crossing the street!!!"

One of our most popular Playmates, December 1963's Donna Michelle, got herself into Rabbit shape for May 1964's cover.

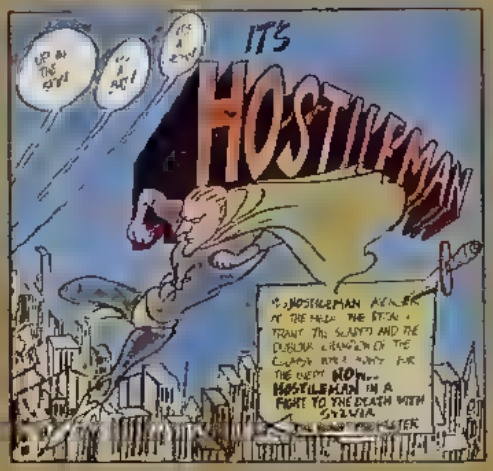
Using a false name, she applied for a job at The Playboy Club. Before her "exposé," *A Bunny's Tale*, was serialized in *Show*, few had ever heard of a Phi Beta Kappa from Smith named Gloria Steinem.

This chaste kiss, magnified to screen proportions in the nickelodeons of 1896, scandalized Victorian audiences, critics Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert reported in the opening *History of Sex in Cinema*, April '65.

The Playboy Bed, which also appeared in April 1965, was our readers' first glimpse into our editor-publisher's luxurious life style.

Woody Allen's first personal appearance in films—and in PLAYBOY—in *What's New, Pussycat?*—was in 1965; Paula Prentiss, he said, made him a "passion ridden, snarling maniac."

She Is Ursula Andress, a 12-page photo feature by her then husband, John Derek, set a record as the longest PLAYBOY pictorial ever devoted to one female. It made her a star.



Among the satiric cartoon strips drawn for PLAYBOY by the gifted Jules Feiffer was his four-part opus *Hostileman*. Jules also mixed his media as author of fiction (*Harry the Rat with Women*, in PLAYBOY) and films (*Little Murders, Carnal Knowledge*)

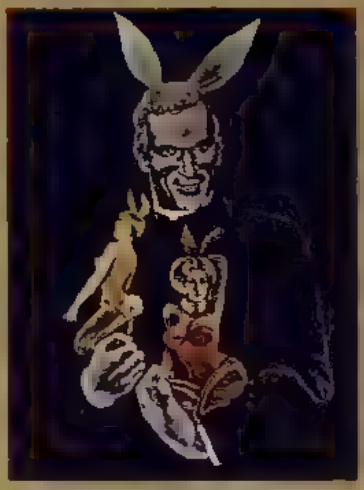
Just as it has spawned imitators, PLAYBOY's been parodied more often than any other magazine in the world. Two of the best from the Naval Post-Graduate School at Point's *Prayboy* and, from the Stanford *Chaparral*, *Layboy*.

It used to be called the Palmolive Building, and its beacon lit the way for generations of navigators on Lake Michigan. In 1966, when Playboy headquarters moved in, the [illegible] at 919 North Michigan Avenue in Chicago became the Playboy Building—and its guiding light was tagged, inevitably, The Bunny Beacon.

Writer Alex Haley, in arranging to interview American Nazi Party head George Lincoln Rockwell, assured the Fuhrer he wasn't Jewish. He didn't mention being black. Result: a chaperoned conversation.

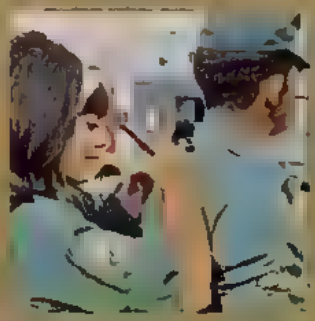
Buck Brown's Granny, America's favorite dirty old lady, got on the right track in August 1966.

"Honest, lady, we didn't come to rape or molest nobody—just to rob the damn train . . ."



Hefner, the "theologian" of *The Playboy Philosophy*, earned a clerical collar for an illustration in a *Look* special issue on the American male.

Time, in its March 3, 1967, issue, did a PLAYBOY cover story that, a magazine spokesman told Hefner, drew more mail than any such feature in its history.



Our December 1964 gatefold girl—Jo Collins—inspired sculptor Larry Rivers to create this Plexiglas dream girl for *The Playmate as Fine Art* (January 1967). The work was selected for PLAYBOY's world touring exhibit *Beyond Illustration*.

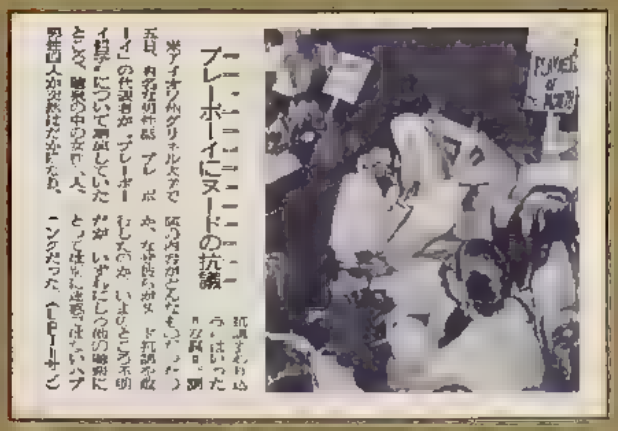
After being named 1965's Playmate of the Year, "GI Jo" Collins visited the front. So popular was the magazine, wrote correspondent Ward Just in the April 27, 1967, *Washington Post*, that "if World War Two was the war of *Stars and Stripes* and Betty Grable, the war in Vietnam is PLAYBOY's war and the centerfold Playmate is everybody's girlfriend, mistress or wife." Grunt with backpack obviously agreed.

A take-off on familiar advertising clichés, *Mad Ave Unclad*, which brightened our pages in November 1968, typifies the irreverent approach we've always taken toward the media—including ourself

Somehow Ruth Buzzi doesn't seem Hefner's type, but the two of them made beautiful comedy together on a 1968 episode of *Laugh-In*

Back in August 1969, with Lawrence Schiller's exclusive pictorial of actress Paula Kelly, we unobtrusively pioneered in the tasteful display of what had hitherto been a major-magazine taboo pubic hair

Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories (June 1969) won an unprecedented fourth PLAYBOY Writing Award for humorist Jean Shepherd.



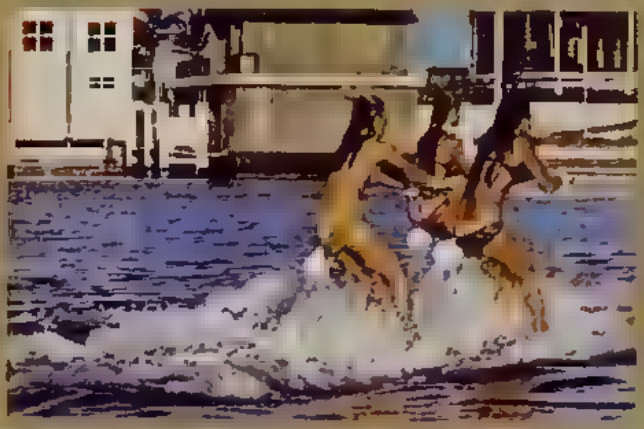
プレーボーイにヌードの抗議

The irony of it all: After Grinnell College students were arrested for staging a strip-in protesting a talk by a Playboy representative (which made headlines throughout the world, viz., Japan's *Yomiuri Shimbun* above), the Playboy Foundation was asked for—and gave—defense funds.

Barbi Doll and friend. Miss Benton hugs the foam-rubber replica of her boyfriend that was used as a playful prop on our second television series, *Playboy After Dark*, where she met Hefner in 1968.

Dragging their tails behind them: not Bo-Peep's lost sheep but Miami Beach Bunnies, waterlogged while posing for photos of the Playboy Plaza in 1970.

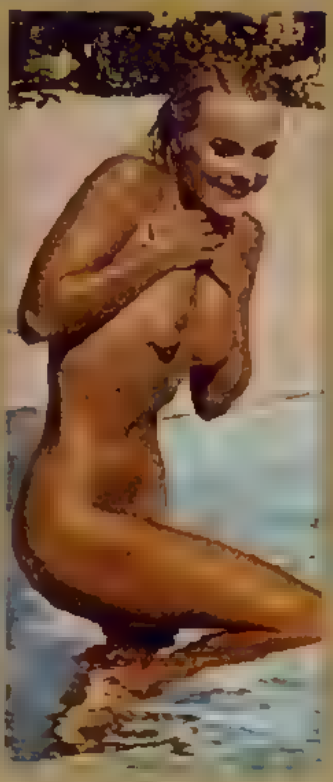
In his final published statement, *A Testament of Hope* (January 1969), Dr Martin Luther King predicted ultimate victory for "the poor and despised." Dr. King's contribution, illustrated by Shelly Canton, won that year's Best Essay Award.



The most popular feature we've ever run was, surprisingly, about a $14,000 home, September 1970's *Portable Playhouse*. Letters are still coming in, at last count, they totaled 7763.

Our leader is pictured with a lot on his mind in July 1970's *Audience* magazine

She's "the perfect wife—inexpensive to dress," wrote Joe Hyams of his wife, Elke Sommer, apropos this exclusive photo.



You'd think he was slicing into the real thing: As Barbi looks on, Heiner cuts up with an edible model of his multimillion-dollar jet, The Big Bunny, on an episode of his *Playboy After Dark* TV series.

Everybody into the pool. Civil libertarians all, the Chicago cast of *Hair* bufied it in the wee hours at a Playboy Mansion benefit for the A.C.L.U. in December 1969.

In 1971, Hefner moved into the Playboy Mansion West—and stocked the 5½-acre estate with friendly pets.

We've received so many requests for reproductions of PLAYBOY artwork—such as Fred Berger's laughing Jesus, which illustrated critic-turned contributor Harvey Cox's January 1970 essay, *For Christ's Sake!*—that we added in 1971 to the hundreds of Playboy Products now on the market a unique line of posters

During the Playboy Writers' Convocation in 1971, Hefner and table companions break up at the hilarious introduction by Art Buchwald (offcamera) of speaker John Kenneth Galbraith (second from left).

Shares in Playboy Enterprises, Inc., went on sale in November 1971. Some investors may have bought certificates for their visual appeal alone.

So what if Burt Reynolds bared (nearly) all in the April 1972 *Cosmo*? PLAYBOY beat him to the *Punch*. The British humor magazine devoted an earlier issue to a PLAYBOY parody with Hefner as the centerfold.

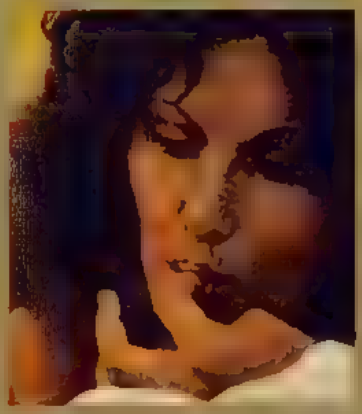
Describing his choice for *Personal Visions of the Erotic* (December 1971), Pete Turner admitted his compelling photo of "a woman pulling another woman's nipple affects some viewers emotionally."

1972–1974

Roman Polanski, director of Playboy's first film, *Macbeth*, took this photo of one of the movie's naked witches and sent it to Hefner for consideration as a centerfold

Readers are saying *oui* to our new offspring the overnight success OUI, which sold out with its first issue in October 1972, and the foreign-language editions of PLAYBOY, which got going in Germany and Italy in August and November of 1972 and in France in November of 1973.

Line forms to the right for jobs in the PLAYBOY photo studio Here's how the illustration for Dan Greenburg's first-person saga *My First Orgy* (December 1972) was staged.



Porn queen Linda Lovelace, head artist of *Deep Throat*, opened up verbally for PLAYBOY, first in a pictorial profile, then in a panel on sexual life styles

Everybody who's anybody comes to The Playboy Club Well, nearly everybody. The guy with the Chicago Bumper-Pool Bunny is impersonator Richard M. Dixon

For Playboy's second theatrical film, *The Naked Ape*, artists created a series of lifelike effigies representing Homo sapiens' evolution from the simian to contemporary man—embodied here, though not onscreen, by a familiar figure

The cover of this, our Twentieth Anniversary Issue, is devoted, appropriately enough, to the Playboy Rabbit—created, he says, "in half an hour" by Arthur Paul So closely identified with the Playboy empire has it become that mail bearing no written address—merely a Rabbit design—finds its way to our offices in Chicago. After two decades, in fact, it may be the world's best-known corporate symbol

COUNTRY THAT WASN'T THERE

(continued from page 174)

But now students turned these wage earners into oppressors, berating their own trapped employees. Economic analysis was never the kids' strong point. What mattered was to have some kind of history as outsiders that would give them a leverage for breaking inside—on terms, of course, nonnegotiable terms. And, after all, the professors dressed like factory owners, in suits and ties, while students wore drab prole dungarees. The Sixties campus imposed factory clothes on young men and women at their most peacocking time of life. When the kids stumbled across a real proletariat, they were quick to pigify it, turning Chicago's cops into members of a ruling class. Max Yasgur, on the other hand, was symbolically blessed at Woodstock, since he was a farmer (i.e., a large agricultural businessman), glowing in the kids' minds like some new social-realist poster of *The Man with a Hoe*.

These maneuvers had a less compelling quality than those of the blacks, since the students' experience of repression was more psychological than economic, the unintended result of affluence, not a deliberate imposition of poverty. But psychological affronts are real, and can be crippling. What was interesting was the sense of departure ("We are leaving; you don't need us") and wandering ("We've all gone to look for America") and the invasion of what was found at last ("We'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls").

The feminist movement also talked in Marxist terms of liberation. It even picked up the Thirties charge of male chauvinism—i.e., treatment of a class as if it were a nation; the confusion of tribal symbols with economic reality. These women needed a new language, reflecting secret history; and they were uncivil on principle. This last note of ferocity stunned many sympathetic observers. After all, civility was supposed to be an invention for protecting women, favoring human qualities that go beyond brute strength. Indeed, women seemed to be on their strongest ground when criticizing the *macho* traits of competitive and warring males, the cult of the tough guy. Then why come on like so many tough *gals*, using karate and weapons to license insults and obscenity?

For the same reason blacks did not ask favors or kids want their allowance upped. The old rules can be exploited—by Tomming it or teacher's-petting, or little-womaning the husband. That would improve the game a bit, as played by those old rules. But this just ameliorates the treatment of outsiders; it does not bring them inside. Blacks had stayed outside the system of dignifying symbols. Students were still outside the familial and public worlds of responsibility. Women were outside the world of the *serious*. They were not taken with full seriousness as students or employees, much less as professionals or employers. It did not make sense to ask for the pale recognitions of civility, exacting deference to womanhood as such. By that standard, academic and other work was commended as good (for a woman), the damning parentheses always half-voiced, depriving women of a language that would stamp their work as good *tout court*. Thus, the feminist movement was obliged to advance by denial of femininity—just as the kids had by affronting academic decorum or the blacks by never "knowing their place." The women had to get outside the structure entirely to force their way back in. The very fact that this confounded those well disposed under the old rules showed that the tactic was working—it was meant to shatter their framework, disorienting them.

The sisters had to be wild outsiders arriving, not "little women" restive in the home. They must be strangers before they could again be lovers. They looked on the native culture of America like discoverers amazed at our odd language, full of gaps where female pronouns should be. The insistence on terminological nicety surprised, provoked or struck men as trivial. Who cares whether it is chairman or chairperson? But we should not have been surprised. Blacks and students had had their own language, and insisted on it.

In some ways, it was harder for women than for blacks or students to demand liberation, since the ropes that bind them seem made of silk and velvet. Women as such are not minors in the way that students were; certainly not deprived in the literal manner of blacks. But these very advantages lead to irritation. The most educated woman is the one trammeled in subtlest disqualifying bonds—never quite man's equal as a student, faculty member, professional colleague, editor or boss. Education, which is supposed to be the great equalizer in our society, points up the culture's inequalities. That is especially true for women, who have been educated to a level of expectation, work and independence not supplied by the culture after they leave school—not, anyway, for the normal run of women. (There are exceptions, the house woman, like the house black—e.g., Midge Decter.)

Where did the new women come from? Not simply out of the kitchen. They needed a *foreign* history to make them true immigrants. Their "herstory," truly formidable, came from the traces of matriarchy, gynecocracy and Amazonian tribes in myth. This suggests that lesbianism, too, is essential to the feminist movement, like the kids' cheerful obscenities or the blacks' glowering savagery. All our internal immigrants have had to make some claim of self-sufficiency in order to pose a credible threat. For the blacks, the threat was to make cities uninhabitable. For the students, to use their interlude from real life as a sanctuary for raids upon politics and the military. In both cases, there was a separate base from which the threat was issued—the ghetto or the campus. But woman has been both more intimate with her oppressor and more dependent upon him. Her only base for separate action was the kitchen—and the bedroom undermined that bastion within the home. Women had to declare themselves more subtly autonomous, psychologically independent. Since the basis for both dependence and power within the old rules was sex, woman's independence had to be asserted sexually. Lesbianism as a threat or possibility was therefore always implicit in their stand and was reinforced by their chosen prehistory.

Lesbianism was not a thing that could be lightly added to the feminists' program, or lightly subtracted from it, as a matter of day-to-day tactics. It was a necessary part of their psychological package. Unless women can be taken as a separate tribe, the whole logic of internal immigration fails.

The similarity of gay liberation to all other "lib" movements is obvious. The homosexuals have their selective reading of history, all of which comes out a story of pederastic genius, from Socrates to André Gide. There is the same stress on language. Some words are out: fag, homo, dyke. Others are in: gay, homosexual, bisexual (the finest word of all). But words that are out can be used by people who are in: Just as blacks can call themselves bad niggers, so dykes can call one another butch. The gays also share with other movements an urge to gratuitous affront. They will not settle for a civil-libertarian permissiveness (to "do their own thing" undisturbed as long as they are inconspicuous). They must establish a right to do openly what heterosexuals do (e.g., kiss and hug in public). They will call attention to themselves.

This shows the difference between being gay and being a gay activist, part of the tribe, the oncoming solid mass of invaders. (Not all Negroes are black.) The old liberals' best bargain went like this: "We won't bother you if we don't know who you are." Kinkiness, like religion, should be a private matter, outside the public business. But gay activists want to be recognized in two senses—seen for what they are and accepted into the public business (e.g., by tax and property rights within homosexual marriage). Civil liberties are granted to the *individual*. The immigrants' powers come from being a *group*. "Look how many of us there are!"—the last thing straight society wants to hear. How many canoes have the savages got? If they keep coming in, we natives will be forced to bargain.

There is no end to the movement of internal immigrants, as we see from

(continued on page 265)

parody By G. BARRY GOLSON

I'M OK—YOU'RE SO-SO

how to achieve self-fulfillment through mental discipline, positive thinking and a firm belief in other people's mediocrity

UNTIL RECENTLY, psychiatry was the only cure for patients troubled by depression, ennui, feelings of worthlessness, paranoia, neurotic fears, alienation and, on rare occasions, scurvy. Today, of course, the self-awareness industry has expanded considerably, as countless new forms of psychotherapy, encounter groups and quasi-religious sects have sprung up everywhere. Some of these appear to hold promise, but the majority are destined to be mere fads. What is worse, a good idea is often corrupted. Before proceeding to describe the I'm OK—You're So-So way of life, which has been proved 100 percent effective, let us examine a few of these corrupt self help programs that are currently in vogue (and often in *Time* and *Newsweek* as well), in order to point out their drawbacks:

• *Transatlantic Meditation.* The original version was popularized by an Indian mystic and self-made millionaire, the Maharishi Hershie. (Observers of the youth scene will recall that this was the path of *(continued on page 284)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN P. SCHMELZER

HAITI, GOODBYE *(continued from page 170)*

round the world. Some say that he, and others like him, mobilized the nation's conscience and ultimately closed down the war. I don't disagree. The girl is a Gestalt psychologist. She introduces herself and says she is insecure in Haiti. "My reputation usually precedes me." It's a big, slow, fat Wilbur Wood special, but I don't swing. She is likable and I have towering respect for the radical. The beard is gone, but the eyes remain wild, messianic. I don't like the way he swims. He seems to be restless, shifting around for a new and exciting position. He is a bit like a rock star whose backup men have scattered, whose fame has slipped away. He says he is going down to the palace and knock on the gate and ask to see young Duvalier. I respectfully suggest that he not do that. "They don't know about guerrilla theater here. They don't know about put-ons."

We shift to Watergate. "The people who hate Nixon are really having a field day," he says. Is that the way he's going to go? He's going to start loving Nixon? I pick that one right off. It won't work. It won't send his voice booming round the world a second time. He needs something else.

• • •

Enter the Greek. Chiseled face, magnificent beard, eyes blazing with Freedom, Liberty, Conscience. He's a walking coin. I find out quickly that much of this is Freedom to push his own welfare, taking Liberties with other men's wives. The Greek says he is an artist, a citizen of the world. He tells me he once had a little trouble in Spain. At a bar, he was overheard shouting that he would like to shit in Franco's mouth. They threw him out. I can see he's in the wrong country now. For his style. He lowers his voice, chuckles and says that in Haiti, the current technique is to put you in jail and change your name and then forget about you. You have never existed. I can see that the Greek is going to be a great deal of trouble. I turn out to be right.

• • •

That night, the radical and the Gestalt psychologist run into the hotel, excited. They report that a sea of Haitians has just converged on a woman who beat up her baby and now wants to eat it. Is the crowd going to eat her before she eats the baby? No one is sure. I have dinner with the radical and his girlfriend. I tell them I'd like to read a piece telling what happened to the Sixties radicals. What happened to the movement. My new friend says terrific, he'll write it. I tell him that's not the one I want to read. It would have to be written by an outsider. Someone with cold eyes. The main course is pigeon. The radical feels there is something wrong with eating a bird like that. A peaceful bird like a pigeon. "It doesn't want to be eaten." But while he is saying that, he is eating the pigeon. I don't think he ought to be doing that. What you do, I think, if you don't want to eat the pigeon is send it back and order a cheeseburger. Or you eat the pigeon and be quiet. You don't say the pigeon doesn't want to be eaten while you're eating it. I come to an easy and cozy conclusion and I don't like myself for it, but I am stuck with it. That's what happened to the movement. Some of the guys ate the pigeon.

Later, the radical rips off a *New York Times* from the casino and gives it to me. It's a lovely thing for him to do—the paper is virtually impossible to find on the island—and even though it isn't much to him, he knows how important the "print media" is to me. I'm even sorrier about the pigeon hypothesis, but I believe it and I can't drop it.

• • •

I gamble for a while alongside some Syrians. I have a naïve belief that people gamble according to their national styles. The Syrians are supercautious at the blackjack table. A Syrian has a 12, sees the dealer's picture staring him in the face, he doesn't draw. He holds on to what he's got, afraid of what may be up ahead. This style forces me to be a little more reckless than I am normally. I pull to 16s, start pulling to soft 17s. Under his breath, one Syrian mumbles, each time I draw, "*Ouvert, ouvert.*" The cocksucker is rooting for me to go bust. This makes me even more reckless. I feel like drawing to 18s and 19s. Maybe that's the Syrian business style. Get you infuriated so that you move away from your normal pattern. You break your neck and the Syrian is there to pick up the pieces.

• • •

Coming back to the hotel, at four in the morning, I see thickets of people playing a board game under a sour light. The driver says they are "the ones who never sleep." I tell him they must sleep sometime. Never, he says. Then they must die young. No, he says, they never sleep and they die in their 80s and 90s.

• • •

The owner of the hotel and his wife arrive from Key West. I've always wondered how an American could stay in this country for long periods of time. The owners miss Chinese food and that is one reason they travel to the mainland. I watch the hotel owner in action. He has a gruff, cigar-smoking Vegas style and his work involves dealing with an endless procession of Haitian officials, high and low, who appear before him with their hands out. Each time this happens, the hotel owner looks startled, outraged, and shouts, "*Pourquoi?*" He fixes each solicitor with a long, menacing stare, but no one gets stared down. No one goes away and the hands remain extended. He reaches into a cigar box and, with more menace, hands over a Haitian bill, as if to say, "Don't try that again." But they do try it again. All he has done is slow down the process a bit. The bills are of meager denomination, but they must add up. That's his work. Handouts all day long and Lord Snowden in the evening. He can't possibly be in this for the money.

• • •

I am told of a towering gangland figure who came through with two bodyguards. It upset him that there was no air conditioner in his room. The hotel owner said he knew of a fine hotel down the road where the visitors could have three clean suites, each with its own air conditioner, spanking new. He started to make a call and the racket leader said, "We stay here." For a week, through record-breaking heat, the bodyguards never removed their jackets. After several days, the head man said his men would prepare a spaghetti dinner for the guests, who were to assemble at the pool at six o'clock, two hours before the regular dinner hour. The owner had to roam the island, hunting down spaghetti-sauce ingredients. None of the guests assembled at the appointed hour and the sauce did not work out. Toward the end of his stay, the gangster put an arm around the hotel owner and said, "I have a plan to take all the goat's milk in Haiti and ship it to the States to make mozzarella cheese. We will be partners." The owner wondered about the starving Haitian children, who need this milk. "You don't understand," the racket man said. "I have a plan in which we take all this goat's milk and what we do is ship it to the States to make mozzarella cheese. You and I will be partners."

Now I understand, said the owner.

• • •

"Bitch."

"Pig."

"Chauvinist dude."

The world's most complicated fag comes running down to the pool. He has long flowing hair and a Chinese mustache and goatee. He is a grape-picking-Maoist-liberated-activist-radicalized fag who makes a living in show business. It's difficult to know where to start with him. He has just had a big fight with his roommate. He feels they have no business living in such luxury and wants them to stay in a thatched hut with underprivileged Haitians. The roommate appears. He is a media man who loves the sun. He has dyed black hair, heavily barbered. No way you're going to get this fellow into a thatched hut. The complicated fellow is in a constant state of pique but I

(continued on page 226)

"The magic has gone out of his carpet, too."

announcing the prize-winning authors and their contributions judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS

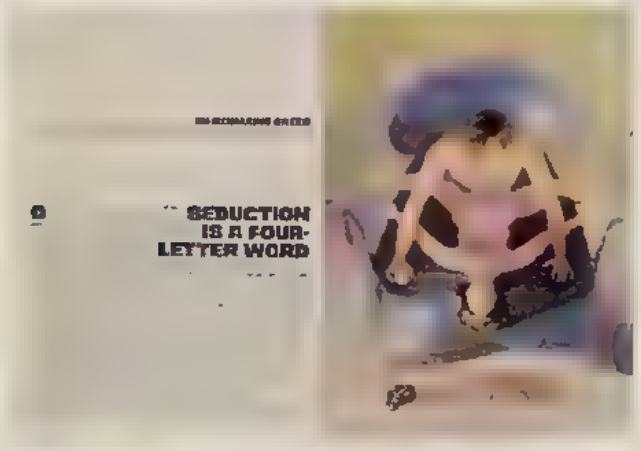
Best Major Work

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER, British-born creator of the inimitable Harry Flashman, captures first place with another of his antihero's adventures in *Flashman at the Charge* (April–June), later published in book form by Alfred A. Knopf. Ex Assistant U.S. Attorney for Massachusetts George V. Higgins is runner-up with *The Digger's Game* (January–March), also published by Knopf.

Best Short Story

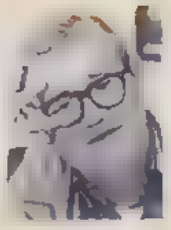
ANTHONY AUSTIN, who took part in the American landing in Shanghai during World War Two, wins first prize for his fictional account of that event in *When the Americans Come* (October). Gore Vidal's gripping *Burr: Portrait of a Dangerous Man* (October), which became part of his new historical novel, *Burr*, published in November by Random House, is a very close runner-up.

Best Essay



GERMAINE GREER, first woman, let alone feminist, to win a PLAYBOY writers award for nonfiction, takes first place for *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word* (January), arguing that all sexual exploitation is actually a form of rape. Author-critic Alfred Kazin's *The Writer as Political Crazy* (June), an examination of the erratic political predilections of writers such as Ezra Pound, is runner-up.

Best Article



JOHN CLELLON HOLMES, a winner in 1964 and 1971, takes first prize again for *Gone in October* (February), a somber recollection of the funeral and last lonely years of his friend Jack Kerouac. Second prize goes to *The Day Bobby Blew It* (July), Brad Darrach's vivid account of the maddening down-to-the-wire efforts to get the irascible Bobby Fischer on that plane to Iceland.

IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN, friends, for us here at PLAYBOY to retire to our hallowed chambers and choose this year's award winners. Don't think it's a picnic. Since your basic magazine editor is at best a bit flaky, the task of coming up with a list of nominees, let alone winners, is a yearly trauma. What one of us thinks is a classic collection of bons mots usually doesn't quite cut the mayonnaise for another. But that's life, right? Being amiable fellows at heart, we've devised a civilized method for deciding these matters: fisticuffs. So what you see on these two pages, after weeks of voting, soul searching and arm wrestling, is what we, by some miracle, have finally agreed upon as the best material to have appeared in the magazine this past year. Winners in each category get a grand, runners-up a half, and both get handsome silver medallions like the one on the left. Losers get a hearty—but, regrettably, nonnegotiable—handshake.

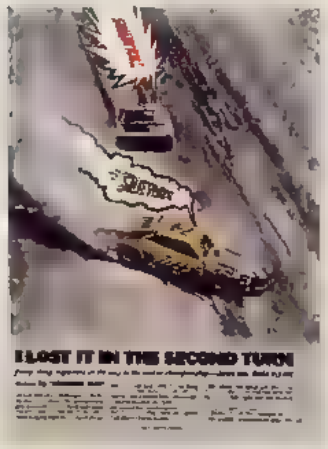
Best New Contributor (Fiction)

NADINE GORDIMER, whose short story *The Conservationist* (March), a chilling tale of a South African farmer's indifference upon finding a corpse on his property, gets the blue ribbon. Also new to our pages is **Tom Griffin,** ex–copy writer / actor / playwright / theater-company manager. His *Flies, Snakes, Fat Benny* (August)—introducing Benny, a slob with a wandering spouse—is runner-up.

Best New Contributor (Nonfiction)

ROGER RAPOPORT makes an auspicious debut with his investigative report on some of the questionable practices of the medical profession in *It's Enough to Make You Sick* (September). It was. Second place goes to **Laurence Leamer,** another new face in our *Playbill,* for *Twilight for a Baron* (May), a profile of Major William Purviance Tams, last of the West Virginia coal barons.

Best Humor



"STROKER ACE" (who turned out to be **Bob Ottum** and **William Neely**) zooms into first place with a high speed vernacular account of a "sumbitch" of a stock car race in *I Lost It in the Second Turn* (October), which I little. Brown published as part of a book called *Stand on It.* Our number two sidesplitter is **Jean Shepherd's** *Lost at C* (May), about the comeuppance of a scholastic faker.

Best Satire

WAYNE McLOUGHLIN and **SCOT MORRIS** ace the satire field with a hypothesis that takes Darwin's evolution beyond the World War Eleven stage in *The Fallout Follies* (October). **Paul Krassner's** *Thomas Eagleton Seagull* (September), to be included in a book this winter, and **Marshall Brickman's** *The Celebrated Ponce Kmitch Match* (April) tie for second place.

FAITHLESS WIFE *(continued from page 192)*

not once but three times, and always as conspicuously as possible. Why? Because he was a tailor. Just as you do because you run a boutique. You don't pray? Sensible woman. Why should you bother your *Bon Dieu*, if there is a *Bon Dieu*, with your pretty prattle about things that He knew all about a thousand million years before you were a twinkle in your mother's eye? My dearest and most perfect love, you have told me everything about Irishwomen that I need to know. None of you says what you think. Every one of you means what you don't say. None of you thinks about what she is going to do. But every one of you knows it to the last dot. You dream like opium eaters and your eyes are as calm as resting snow. You are all of you realists to your bare backsides. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you will say this is true of all women, but it is not. It is not even true of French women. They may be realists in lots of things. But in love, they are just as stupid as all the rest of us. But not Irishwomen! Or not, I swear it, if they are all like you. I'll prove it to you with a single question. Would you, like Mimi, live for the sake of love in a Paris garret?"

She gravely considered a proposition that sounded delightfully like a proposal.

"How warm would the garret be? Would I have to die of consumption? You remember how the poor bohemian poet had to burn his play to keep them all from being famished with the cold."

"Yes!" Ferdy laughed. "And as the fire died away, he said, 'I always knew that first act was too damned short.' But you are dodging my question."

"I suppose, darling, any woman's answer to your question would depend on how much she was in love with whoever he was. Or wouldn't it?"

Between delight and fury he dragged her into his arms.

"You know perfectly well, you sweet slut, that what I am asking you is, Do you love me a lot or a little? A garretful or a palaceful? Which is it?"

Chuckling, she slid down low in the settee and smiled up at him between sleepy-cat eyelashes.

"And you, Ferdy, must know perfectly well that it is pointless to ask any woman silly questions like that. If some man I loved very much were to ask me, 'Do you love me, Celia?' I would naturally answer, 'No!' in order to make him love me more. And if it was some man I did not like at all, I would naturally say, 'Yes, I love you so much I think we ought to get married,' in order to cool him off. Which, Ferdy, do you want me to say to you?"

"Say," he whispered adoringly, "that you hate me beyond the ninth circle of Dante's hell."

She made a grave face.

"I'm afraid, Ferdy, the fact is I don't like you at all. Not at all! Not one least little bit at all, at all."

At which lying, laughing, enlacing and unlacing moment they kissed pneumatically and he knew that if all Irishwomen were Celias, then the rest of mankind were mad ever to have admired women of any other race.

Their lovemaking was not as he had foredreamed it. She hurled her clothes to the four corners of the room, crying out, "And about time, too! Ferdy, what the hell have you been foothing around for during the last six weeks?" Within five minutes she smashed him into bits. In her passion she was more like a lion than a lioness. There was nothing about her either titillating or erotic, indolent or indulgent, she was as wild, as animal, as unrestrained as a forest fire. When, panting beside her, he recovered enough breath to speak, he expressed his surprise that one so cool, so ladylike in public could be so different in private. She grunted peacefully and said in her muted brogue, "Ah, shure, durling, everything changes in the beddaroom."

He woke at 3:25 in the morning with that clear bang so familiar to everybody who drinks too much after the chimes at midnight, rose to drink a pint of cold water, lightly opened his curtains to survey the predawn May sky and, turning toward the bed, saw the pallid street lamp's light fall across her sleeping face, as calm, as soothed, as innocently sated as a baby filled with its mother's milk. He sat on the side of the bed looking down at her for a long time, overcome by the terrifying knowledge that he had, for the first time in his life, fallen in love.

The eastern clouds were growing as pink as petals while they drank the coffee he had quietly prepared. Over it he arranged in unnecessarily gasping whispers for their next meeting the following afternoon—"*This* afternoon!" he said joyously—at 3:25 o'clock, henceforth his Mystic Hour for Love, but only on the strict proviso that he would not count on her unless she had set three red geraniums in a row on the window sill of her boutique before three o'clock and that she, for her part, must divine a tragedy if the curtains of his flat were not looped high when she approached at 3:20 o'clock. He could, she knew, have more easily checked with her by telephone, but also knowing how romantically, voluptuously, erotically minded he was, she accepted with an indulgent amusement what he obviously considered ingenious devices for increasing the voltage of passion by the trappings of conspiracy. To herself she thought, "Poor boy! He's been reading too many books."

Between two P.M. and three P.M. that afternoon, she was entertained to see him pass her boutique three times in dark glasses. She cruelly made him pass a fourth time before, precisely at three o'clock, she gave him the pleasure of seeing two white hands with pink fingernails—not, wickedly, her own, her assistant's—emerge from under the net curtains of her window to arrange three small scarlet geraniums on the sill. He must have hastened pervidly to the nearest florist to purchase the pink roses whose petals, when she rang his bell five cruel moments after his Mystic Hour, she found tessellating the silk sheets of his bed. His gramophone, muted by a bath towel, was murmuring Wagner. A joss stick in a brass bowl stank cloyingly. He had cast a pink silk head scarf over the bedside lamp. His dressing-table mirror had been tilted so that from where they lay they could see themselves. Within five minutes he did not see, hear nor smell anything, tumbling, falling, hurling headlong to consciousness of her wild laughter at the image of her bottom mottled all over by his clinging rose petals. It cost him a brutal effort to laugh with her, at himself.

All that afternoon he talked only of flight, divorce and remarriage. To cool him, she encouraged him. He talked of it again and again every time they met. Loving him, she humored him. On the Wednesday of their third week as lovers, they met briefly and chastely, because her Meehawl was throwing a dinner at their house that evening for a few of his business colleagues previous to flying out to Manchester for a two-day convention of cutlers. Ferdy at once promised her to lay in a store of champagne, caviar, *pâté de foie* and brioches, so that they need not stir from their bed for the whole of those two days.

"Not even once?" she asked coarsely, and he made a *moue* of disapproval.

"You do not need to be all that realistic, Celia!"

Already by 3:15 that Thursday afternoon, he was shuffling nervously from window to window. By 3:25 he was muttering, "I hope she's not going to be late." He kept feeling the champagne to be sure it was not getting too cold. At 3:35 he moaned, "She *is* late!" At 3:40 he cried out in a jealous fury, glaring up and down the street, "The slut is betraying me!" At a quarter to four his bell rang, he leaped to the door. She faced him as coldly as a newly carved statue of Carrara marble. She repulsed his arms. She would not stir beyond his door mat. Her eyes were dilated.

"It is Meehawl!" she whispered.

"He has found us out?"

"It's the judgment of God on us both!"

The word smacked his face.

"He is dead?" he cried, hopefully brushing aside his fear and despair.

"A stroke."

She made a violent, downward swish

Only Christmas is Christmas.
Only V.O. is V.O.

"I remember 1954. That was the year this guy with the pipe fell down my burrow."

with the side of her open palm.

"*Une attaque? De paralysie?*"

"He called at the boutique on his way to the plane. He said goodbye to me. He walked out to the taxi. I went into my office to prepare my vanity case and do peepee before I met you. The taxi driver ran in, shouting that he had fallen in a fit on the pavement. We drove him to ninety-six. That's Saint Vincent's. The hospital near the corner of the green. He is conscious. But he cannot speak. One side of him is paralyzed. He may not live."

She turned and went galloping down the stairs.

His immediate rebound was to roar curses on all the gods that never were. Why couldn't the old fool have his attack next week? His second thought was glorious. "He will die, we will get married." His third made him weep. "Poor little cabbage!" His fourth thought was. "The brioches I throw out, the rest into the fridge." His fifth, sixth and seventh were three Scotches while he rationally considered all her possible reactions to the brush of the dark angel's wing. Only time, he decided, would tell.

But when liars become the slaves of time, what can time do but be like them? A vat, solid-looking enough for old wine; it leaks at every stave. A ship rigged for the wildest seas; it is rust-bound to its bollards on the quay. She said firmly that nothing between them could change. He refuted her. Everything had changed, for the better. He rejoiced when the doctors said their patient was doomed. After two more weeks, she reported that the doctors were impressed by her husband's remarkable tenacity. He spoke of flight. She spoke of time. One night as she lay hot in his arms in his bed, he shouted triumphantly to the chandelier that when husbands are imprisoned, lovers are free. She demurred, saying that she could never spend a night with him in her own bed, not with a resident housekeeper upstairs. He tossed it aside. What matter where they slept? He would be happy sleeping with her in the Phoenix Park. She was furious. She pointed out that it was raining. "Am I a seal?" He proffered her champagne. She confessed the awful truth. This night was the last night they could be together.

"While he was dying, a few of his business pals used to call on him at the nursing home—the place all Dublin knows as ninety-six. Now that the old devil is refusing to die, they refuse to call on him anymore. I am his only faithful visitor. He so bores everybody. And with his paralyzed mouth, they don't know what the hell he is saying. Do you realize, Ferdy, what this means? He is riding me like a nightmare. He rang me four times the day before yesterday at the boutique. He rang again while I was here with you having a drink. He said whenever I go out I must leave a number where he can call me. The night before last, he rang me at three o'clock in the morning. Thank God I was back in my own bed and not here with you. He said he was lonely. Has terrible dreams. The nights are long. He is frightened. That if he gets another stroke, he will die. Dürling! I cannot spend a whole night with you again!"

Ferdy became Napoleon. He took command of the campaign. He accompanied her on her next visit to 96. This, he discovered, was a luxury (i.e., Victorian) nursing home in Lower Leeson Lane, where only cardinals died, only coal fires were in order, where everybody was presented with a menu from which to choose his lunch and dinner. The carpets were an inch thick. The only internal sound heard was the Mass bell tinkling along the corridors early every morning as the priest went from room to room with the Eucharist for the dying faithful. The Irish, Ferdy decided, know how to die. He, knowing no better, bore with him copies of *Le Canard Enchaîné* and *La Vie Parisienne*. Celia deftly impounded them. "Do you want him to die of high blood pressure? Do you want the nuns to think he's a queer? A fellow who prefers women to drink?" Seated at one side of the bed, facing her seated at the other, he watched her, with her delicate lace-edged handkerchief (so disturbingly reminiscent of her lace-edged panties), wiping the unshaven chin of the dribbling half-idiot on the pillow. In an unconsumed rage, he lifted his eyebrows into his hair, surveyed the moving mass of clouds above Georgian Dublin, smoothened his already black-board-smooth hair, gently touched the white carnation in his lapel, forced himself to listen calmly to the all-but-unintelligible sounds dribbling from the dribbling corner of the twisted mouth, and agonizingly asked himself by what unimaginably devious machinery, and for what indivinable purpose, the universe had been so arranged since the beginning of time that this bronze-capped pastel-eyed, rosy-breasted round-buttocked, exquisite flower of paradise sitting opposite him should, in the first place, have matched and mated with this slob between them, and then, or rather *and then*, or rather AND THEN make it so happen that he, Ferdinand Louis Jean-Honoré Clichy, of 9 *bis* Rue des Dominicains, Nancy, in the Department of Meurthe et Moselle, population 123,428, altitude 212 meters, should happen to discover her in remote Dublin and fall so utterly into her power that if he were required at that particular second to choose between becoming ambassador to the Court of Saint James for life and one night alone in bed with her, he would have at once replied, "Even for one hour!"

He gathered that the object on the pillow was addressing him.

"Oh, mosheer! Thacks be to the ever cloving and cloving Gog I khav mosht devote clittle wife in all Khlistendom . . . I'd be chlost without her . . . Ah, mosheer! If you ever dehide to marry, marry an Irikhwoman. . . . Mosht fafe ful cleatures in all exhishtench. Would any Frenchwoman attend shoo pid ole man chlike me the way Chelia doesh?"

Ferdy closed his eyes. She was tenderly dabbing the spittled corners of the distorted mouth. What happened next was that a sister took Celia out to the corridor for a few private words and that Ferdy at once leaned forward and whispered to the apparently immortal O'Sullivan. "Monsieur O'Sullivan, your wife does not look at all well. I fear she is wilting under the strain of your illness."

"Chlstrain!" the idiot said in astonishment. "What chlstrain? I khlsee no khlsignch of any chlstrain!"

Ferdy whispered with a gentle fierceness that when one is gravely ill, one may sometimes fail to observe the grave illness of others.

"We have to remember, monsieur, that if your clittle wife were to collapse under the chlstr . . . under the *strain* of your illness, it would be very serious, for *you*!"

After that day, the only reason he agreed to accompany his love on these painful and piteous visits to 96 was that they always ended with O'Sullivan's begging him to take his poor clittle, cloving clittle, devote clittle pet of a wife to a movie for a relaxation and a rest, or for a drink in the Russell, or to the evening races in the park; whereupon they would both hasten, panting, to Ferdy's flat to make love swiftly, wildly and vindictively—swiftly because their time was limited, wildly because her Irish storms had by now become Oriental typhoons of rage, and he had simultaneously become cured of rose petals, Wagner, dim lights and pink champagne, and vindictively in order to declare and crush their humiliation at being subject to another man in another bed.

Inevitably, the afternoon came—it was now July—when Ferdy's pride and nerves cracked. He decided that enough was enough. They must escape to freedom. At once.

"Celia! If we have to fly to the end of the world! It won't really ruin my career. My master is most sympathetic. In fact, since I hinted to him that I am in

love with a *belle mariée*, he does nothing but complain about his wife to me. And he can't leave her, his career depends on her, she is the daughter of a secretary of state for foreign affairs—and rich. He tells me that at worst I would be moved off to some place like Los Angeles or Reykjavik. Celia! My beloved flower! We could be as happy as two puppies in a basket in Iceland."

She permitted a measure of Icelandic silence to create itself and then asked reflectively if it is ever warm in Iceland, at which he pounced with a loud "What do you mean? What are you asking? What is really in your mind?"

She said "Nothing, darling," for how could she dare say that whereas he could carry his job with him wherever he went, she, to be with him, would have to give up her lovely old, friendly old, silly old boutique on the green where her friends came to chat over morning coffee, where she met every rich tourist who visited Dublin, where she made nice money of her own, where she felt independent and free; just as she could never hope to make him understand why she simply could not just up and out and desert her husband.

"But there's nothing to hold you here! In his condition, you'd be sure to get custody of the children. Apart from the holidays, they could remain in school here the year round."

So he had been thinking it all out. She stroked his hairy chest.

"I know."

"The man, even at his best, you've acknowledged it yourself, over and over, is a fool. He is a muzhik. He is a bore."

"I know!" she groaned. "Who should better know what a crasher he is? He is a child. He hasn't had a new idea in his head for thirty years. There have been times when I've hated the smell of him. He reminds me of a hotel ashtray. Times when I've wished to God that a thief would break into the house some night and kill him. And," at which point she began to weep on his tummy, "I know now that there is only one thief who will come for him and he is so busy elsewhere that it will be years before he catches up with him. And then I think of the poor bastard in his hospital bed, unable to stir, scarcely able to talk, looking up at his ceiling, incontinent, practically a wet-and-dirty case, with no scissors, no golf, no friends, no nothing, except me. How can I desert him?"

Ferdy clasped his hands behind his head, stared up at heaven's pure ceiling and heard her weeping like the summer rain licking his windowpane. He created a long Irish silence. He heard the city whispering. Far away. Farther away. And then not at all.

"And to think," he said at last, "that I once called you a realist!"

She considered this. She, too, no longer heard the muttering of the city's traffic.

"This is how the world is made," she decided.

"I presume," he said briskly, "that you do realize that all Dublin knows that you are meanwhile betraying your beloved Meehawl with me?"

"I know that there's not one of those bitches who wouldn't give her left breast to be where I am at this moment."

They got out of bed and began to dress.

"And, also meanwhile, I presume you do *not* know that they have a snotty name for you?"

"What name?"—and she turned her bare back for the knife.

"They call you The Diplomatic Hack."

For five minutes, neither of them spoke.

While he was stuffing his shirt into his trousers and she, dressed fully except for her frock, was patting her penny-brown hair into place before his mirror, he said to her, "Furthermore, I suppose you do realize that whether I like it or not, I shall one day be shifted to some other city in some other country. What would you do then? For once in your life, tell me the plain truth! Just to bring you to the crunch. What would you do then?"

She turned, comb in hand, leaned her behind against his dressing table and looked him straight in the fly, which he was still zipping.

"Die," she said flatly.

"That," he said coldly, "is a manner of speech. Even so, would you consider it an adequate conclusion to a love that we have so often said is forever?"

They were now side by side in the mirror, she tending her brown hair, he his black, like any long-married couple. She smiled a little sadly.

"Forever? Darling, does love know that lovely word? You love me. I know it. I love you. You know it. We will always know it. People die, but if you

"OK, boys—Crawbuck and Moffet go in the back, Hudson and Comier go up the fire escape, I cover the front and Flynn, here, goes down the chimney."

have ever loved them, they are never gone. Apples fall from the tree, but the tree never forgets its blossoms. But marriage is different. You remember the day he advised you that if you ever marry, you should marry an Irishwoman. Don't, Ferdy! If you do, she will stick to you forever. And you wouldn't really want that." She lifted her frock from the back of a chair and stepped into it. "Zip me up, dürling, will you? Even my awful husband. There must have been a time when I thought him attractive. We used to sail together. Play tennis together. He was very good at it. After all, I gave him two children. What's the date? They'll be home for the holidays soon. All I have left for him now is contempt and compassion. It is our bond."

Bewildered, he went to the window, buttoning his flowered waistcoat. He remembered from his café days as a student a ruffle of aphorisms about love and marriage. Marriage begins only when love ends. Love opens the door to marriage and quietly steals away. *Il faut toujours s'appuyer sur les principes de l'amour—ils finissent par en céder.* What would she say to that? Lean heavily on the principles of love—they will always crumple in the end. Marriage bestows on love the tenderness due to a parting guest. Every *affaire de coeur* ends as a *mariage de convenance*. He turned to her, arranging his jacket, looking for his keys and his hat. She was peeking into her handbag, checking her purse for her keys and her lace handkerchief, gathering her gloves, giving a last glance at her hat. One of the things he liked about her was that she always wore a hat.

"You are not telling me the truth, Ce'cile," he said quietly. "Oh, I don't mean about loving me. I have no doubt about you on that score. But when you persuade yourself that you can't leave him because you feel compassion for him, that is just your self-excuse for continuing a marriage that has its evident advantages."

She smiled lovingly at him.

"Will you ring me tomorrow, dürling?"

"Of course."

"I love you very much, durling."

"And I love you, too. Until tomorrow, then."

"Until tomorrow, durling."

As usual, he let her go first.

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That afternoon was some two years ago. Nine months after it, he was transferred to Brussels. As often as he could wangle special leave of absence, and she could get a relative to stay for a week with her bedridden husband, now back in his own house, they would fly to Paris or London to be together again. He would always ask solicitously after her husband's health, and she would always sigh and say his doctors had assured her that "he will live forever." Once, in Paris, passing a church, he, for some reason, asked her if she ever went to confession. She waved the question away with a laugh, but later that afternoon he returned to it pertinaciously.

"Yes. Once a year."

"Do you tell your priest about us?"

"I tell him that my husband is bedridden. That I am in love with another man. That we make love. And that I cannot give you up. As I can't, dürling."

"And what does he say to that?"

"They all say the same. That it is an impasse. Only one dear old Jesuit gave me a grain of hope. He said that if I liked, I could pray to God that my husband might die."

"And have you so prayed?"

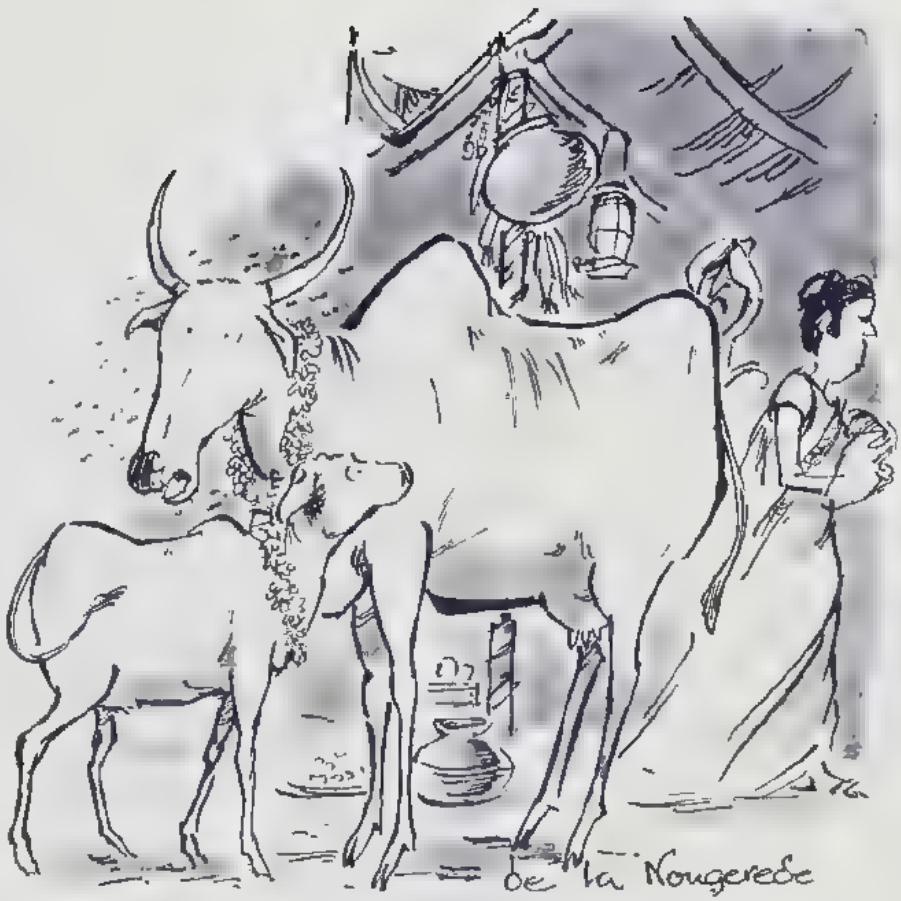
"Dürling, why should I?" she asked gaily, as she stroked the curly hair between his two pink buttons. "As you once pointed out to me yourself, all this was foreknown millions of years ago."

He gazed at the ceiling. In her place, unbeliever though he was, he would, for love's sake, have prayed with passion. Not that she had said directly that she had not. Maybe she had. Two evasions in one sentence! It was all more than flesh and blood could bear. It was the Irish variation all over again. Never let your left ass know what your right ass is doing. He decided to give her one more twirl. When he got home, he wrote tenderly to her, "You are the love of my life!"

He could hear her passionate avowal. "And me, too, dürling!"

What she actually replied was, "Don't I know it!"

Six months later, he had maneuvered himself into the consular service and out of Europe, to Los Angeles. He there consoled his broken heart with a handsome creature named Rosie O'Connor. Quizzed about his partiality for the Irish, he could only flap his hands and say, "I don't know. They are awful liars. There isn't a grain of romance in them. And they are such faithless creatures."



"May I remind you, son, that when you attack religion, you set yourself against morality, against honorable tradition, against scholarship and against the only thing that stops you from becoming a curry."

RALPH BAKSHI *drawing power*

"YOU CAN'T WALK AROUND unshaven in California," says one of its new residents, animated-film maker Ralph Bakshi. "In New York, I used to put on a dirty shirt and visit the Bowery. It was great. But here, everybody's so *clean*. It's ridiculous." He's glad to be in California anyway, because that's where people who make movies live and the 32-year-old Bakshi has just finished his second, *Heavy Traffic*, the semiautobiographical story of a shy cartoonist in the New York slums, whose world is filled with dog-faced drag queens, legless bar bouncers and violent visions floating through space—the stuff of ghetto nightmares. "They were *my* nightmares. And I held back, if you want to know the truth. I was pretty conservative in deciding to show what I did." Before *Traffic*, Bakshi did *Fritz the Cat*, billed as the first X-rated cartoon and a film that proved to be both a break and a curse for him. "*Fritz* was a hit, but I went six months without a picture afterward, because everybody wanted me to do another *Fritz*. I could have spent the rest of my life drawing animals fucking." He learned animation at CBS Terrytoons, his first job after high school, then moved to head Paramount's cartoon studio. After six months, he was so bored he quit. "Everyone was limited in his thinking about animation. I wanted to show that animation can compete with live action in full length films." He finally met someone who listened, producer Steve Krantz, with whom he collaborated on *Fritz* and *Traffic*, and the rest is recent history. Now Bakshi has his own company and is immersed in his next project. "It's called *Coon Skin* and it's a white man looking at black people and saying, 'Wow! Look what the fuck we did to them!'" After that, he hopes to work with "a major writer to animate an original work. Something really significant. There's no reason why something as important as *War and Peace* couldn't be done with animation." Given his talent and the scope of his ambition, it looks as if Bakshi will be spending a lot of time at his new drawing board.

MICHAEL MOONEY

JODY SCHECKTER *whiz kid*

KEEPING TRACK of race-car drivers is like watching rabbits—every time you look, there's a new one. Yet once in a while, a driver will varoom past all the rest with such consistency that even the experts start betting on him. This past season, the odds were on a young South African named Jody Scheckter. At 23, after a steady wave of impressive Formula 5000 wins, he had been dubbed fastest rookie on the road by people who know what's fast—people like Enzo Ferrari, Jackie Stewart and Brian Redman. Starting in his father's garage in East London, South Africa, at the age of ten, Scheckter has raced everything from go-carts to stock cars. He soon became the Junior Johnson of his native country, where stock-car racing still has the backwoodsy flavor of the early fairground-circuit days in America. "I got my style—or rather my lack of it—from stock-car racing," says Scheckter, "where it really ain't racin' if you don't crack into 'em." Scheckter doesn't crack into them anymore, but he does have a remarkable way of careening sideways around tricky turns without killing himself. "People say it looks dangerous and way out of control," he says, "but actually, it's completely controlled and very natural. Otherwise, I'd lose time." Until Scheckter's arrival, Formula 5000 racing was not exactly a spotlight event. Begun in 1967, it features slightly slower versions of the Grand Prix cars. Scheckter, who locked up the L&M Championship at Pocono Raceway, Pennsylvania, in the eighth race of the season, scored his most impressive victory at Watkins Glen, New York, where he won in a car he wasn't used to driving, breaking Jackie Stewart's Grand Prix track record in the process. "I was nervous at first," Scheckter admits, "but the new car was really very good." In fact, Scheckter has managed to break course records on most of the tracks he's raced. "It went well this past season," he says, "so we'll give a go at the Grand Prix in 1974 and see what happens." Fasten your seat belts, world.

DAVID ALEXANDER

DR. JOHN *good for what ails you*

HE WAKES UP after nine P.M., rides over to the gig with his road manager and walks slowly, anonymously up the back stairs to the dressing room. While his sidemen don their surreal finery—grass skirts, top hats, etc.—he garbs himself in chamois, adds a staggering number of amulets and charms ("People give me this stuff that they think I like"), wraps a snakeskin around his head, tops that off with a feather headdress and—while make-up is applied to his face by a San Francisco Cockette who's been flown in for that purpose—talks to reporters in a remote but kindly way: Yes, he's really into voodoo; no, he didn't "create" the Dr. John character, it created him. Out front, the band gets the packed house rocking with a classic New Orleans r&b tune; when the doctor and his two girl singers appear, tossing glitter into the crowd, the kids are ready for an orgiastic rock show—and that's just what they get. Most of them don't know, of course, that Dr. John—real name, Malcolm Rebennack, Jr.—was born 32 years ago in New Orleans, where his father ran an appliance business and sold records; that he was an A&R man for Ace Records by the time he was 17; nor that he wound up in Hollywood playing on sessions for Sonny and Chér before he decided, in 1968, to do his own thing and came out with the first Dr. John LP, a midnight ramble through the folklore of south Louisiana, with Creole rhythms, dolorous voodoo chanting, trippy lyrics that were part put-on, and his own one-of-a-kind voice ("I figured that if what Sonny and Chér did could be considered singin', then what I did could be considered singin', too"). He quickly acquired a small but devoted following, yet he didn't hit the top-ten jack pot until he went into the studio to record *Right Place, Wrong Time* with pianist producer Allen Toussaint. Now Dr. John's a genuine star. He'll be happier, though, if he can help bring back some of the Crescent City rock giants who taught him his stuff—old-timers like Professor Longhair and Fats Domino. We'd be happy, too.

ROBERT FAILLA / RAINBOW

HAITI, GOODBYE *(continued from page 214)*

notice that they stay at the hotel. To my knowledge, they never make it to that thatched hut.

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The Greek has been losing his friends. He seemed to have a great many at first, but they are dropping away. He looks at me with a certain longing. He holds his upper abdomen a lot and I find out he has an ulcer condition that's in high gear. He has fainted a few times and there is a girl at the hospital who gives him shots to keep the ulcer under control. It isn't really under control. He is not supposed to do this, of course, but he drinks brandy around the clock and smokes six packs of cigarettes a day. He says to me: "I have a story to tell you, but I can't tell it while I'm in this country." I tell him not to say he's got a story but that he can't tell it. That's no use to anyone. It's called jerking someone off. He lets that go down. And I have a feeling I'll be hearing from him again.

I am in Haiti for a rest, but I am not much of a rester. As soon as I feel rested, I'm finished resting. I can't imagine doing any resting for the future. I have to get away from the hotel and look around. I buy a Haitian primitive painting and I am delighted to learn that the artist is 82. I look at some cameras. There is a great to-do about a new Minolta that can take pictures around corners. They can't understand why I don't want one. "You'll get a Watergate," one says. I head for a place called Kenscoff, in the mountains, stop off for a bite and wind up having the most magnificent meal of the trip. Or any trip. It costs $20 just to get to this restaurant and I appear to be the only customer of the day. Possibly the month. It is not an ideal location for a gourmet restaurant and I deduce that the host is a poor planner.

I never get to Kenscoff. I do make it to Duvalier's grave. I've heard that ten men with submachine guns guard it night and day. It is inlaid with hundreds of thousands of dollars in gem stones. The crypt is neat, handsomely marbled, smaller than those of other dead Haitians. A little vacation home. Of the ten guards, five are military slick, the other five are sleepy and sit on chairs, dozing, with guns in their laps. I worry about these sleepy ones. There is an eternal fire in front of the crypt and I flirt with the notion of lighting my cigar on it, but I don't proceed to do so. This is a good caper situation. Steve McQueen and a small band ripping off Duvalier's grave. On second thought, it's not that good. On the way back, each time we stop for a light, cripples and blind people are presented to me by their children or friends, as though for comment. As each one is shoved forward, the presenter steps to the side with a flourish, as if to say, "What do you think of that?" We pass a square where there is a giant picture of the dead Duvalier and a banner that says, L'IDOLE DES PEUPLES. I recall an argument at the hotel in which a Haitian insisted that the banner said, "Duvalier, *hero* of the people." He was incorrect.

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I've had enough. It is Thursday and I plan to leave Friday. The Greek is up to eight packs of cigarettes a day and is drinking shots of rum along with his brandy and black coffee. As I understand it, this is poor ulcer therapy. He is living under a very real cloud, but I notice that he has managed to pick off the wife of a vacationing Midwestern ecologist. He has made a loud public announcement to this effect at the pool, describing the seduction in detail. So he is not the world's most attractive fellow; but in spite of this, I don't like to see him in such condition. He takes me aside and attempts to tell me his story. Before he begins, he gestures toward a man in an open-collared sport shirt who is sitting ten steps away, on a barstool. I realize that he goes with the Greek. Whenever the Greek moves, this fellow follows him, ten steps away. No sunglasses. No apparent weapon in his slacks. This is the new Haiti. Except that he is always there.

The Greek whispers his story to me. When he is finished, I wait to be enveloped by a sense of outrage. This does not happen. Here is his story:

A group of wealthy Haitians hired him to give "order, structure and technique" to Haitian art. His way of going about it was to start a kind of commune, bringing together ten of the country's most promising artists and, in some cases, their wives and girlfriends. They lived with the Greek, ate with him, slept at his house and used his equipment. The arrangement was that the art produced would stay within the group, until five years had passed, at which time some thought would be given to its commercial use. And there would be a division of the profits. The Haitians turned up one day with a lawyer (someone with a badge that said LAWYER) and said they wanted their work returned, they were backing out. The Greek said, "Take it," and stepped out onto the terrace, wondering how they were going to take 40 percent of each canvas. The artists took 250 canvases, slashed a painting of the Greek's and took the supplies he had brought to the country. While they were doing this, the Greek's adopted ten-year-old Haitian son bit one of the artists on the knee and then fainted. A day later, the Greek discovered that $5000 in cash, hidden in his underwear, was gone, too. He called an official in the government, who told him to leave Haiti as quickly as possible. He asked the owner of the hotel what to do and received the same advice. When he made arrangements to leave the country,

"Atkins, I'd like you to resign for reasons of ill health. You make me sick."

he found that his papers were "not in order."

So the story does not outrage me. I have seen the Greek in action. It's possible the deal he made with the Haitians was highway robbery. Taking your wife or girlfriend to live in the Greek's house is not intelligent. His predicament is hardly a *cause célèbre* and the Greek is not Central Casting in the hero department. Still, heroes are in short supply these days. And I don't like the biting episode. I don't think they should have taken the $5000. Once again, it's not the Dreyfus case, but I don't like the shadow assigned to him. I don't think they should advise him to leave the country and then not let him out. The ulcer, the terror in his face are unmistakable. It's not pretty to watch. The Greek says he will go to the airport with me the next day, pretending that everything is all right. I picture a scene in which I'm let through the gate and the Greek is seized, screaming for help. What do I do then? I'm not looking forward to it.

The Greek is amazing. In the middle of this squeeze play, his eyes socketed with both ulcer pain and the fear of Haitian prisons, he takes time out for a nude swim with the ecologist's wife. Before he jumps into the pool, he covers his genitals. I call him on that. Generally, he is having some trouble being sexy. He says he's been told not to go near the airport on Friday. To stay where he is. In Haiti. So I don't have to worry about that airport scene.

The Greek takes me to his villa and shows me his paintings. They are being put onto rolls, some of which will be handed over to the "bare-ass" salesman, for sale in the States. The Greek is working very quickly. He is proud of some giant surrealist canvases; they seem derivative to me. There is a group he did in Paris, in the early Sixties, that are marvelous, soulful, long-legged girls with great exploding thighs. The Greek has repudiated these. I take a swim at the hotel and when I am finished, I notice that my contact lenses are missing. I've put them in their container, in the same place, six nights in a row, and now they are gone. Any other place in the world, I would dismiss the possibility that someone has been fucking around. But we're in Haiti. The Greek is very hot. And I'm the only one who goes near him. So I get infuriated and I am impossible to deal with until I leave. That night, the Greek knocks on my door, puffing at a cigarette as if it's his lifeline, and asks me if I'd like to take the Ohio ladies to the whorehouse. I tell him I don't want to do that. And that isn't all I tell him.

• • •

I am happy to be leaving. I say goodbye to a few people at the pool and then I come to the Greek. A good question to ask is how come they are persecuting him. He is not a political type. What

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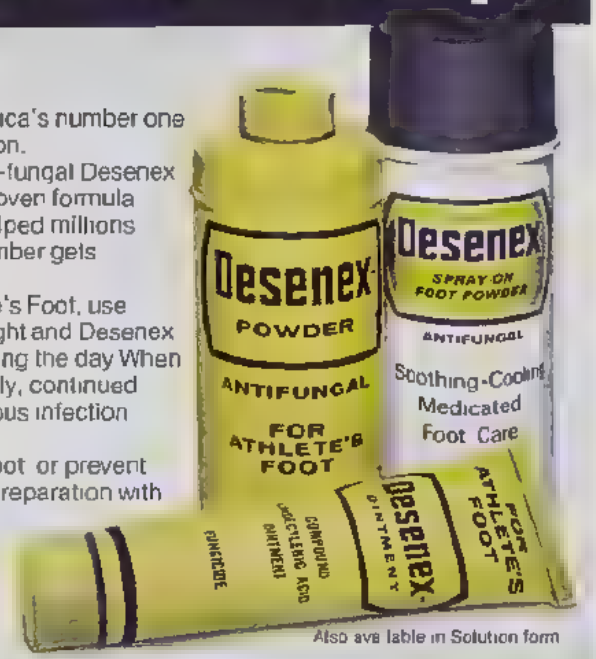

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good is it going to do? The Greek answers this for me. He says he has used his last trump card, a friend in high Haitian circles, who has promised to come to the hotel and square things for him. But the friend never shows up. And he can't be reached on the phone. "Maybe he got lost in traffic," I suggest.

The Greek says: "I don't understand the man. I know his wife. I know his mistress. We all made love together. I made beautiful love to his mistress." So I guess the answer lies in this area. The Greek asks me to give him a book. I hand over my copy of *The Dagger's Game*, which I liked a lot and wanted to keep. He gives me a "soul" handshake, which I have trouble dealing with. He asks for my number in the States and says I should wait a few days and if I don't hear from him—blow the whistle. I'm not sure I have a whistle to blow. I try to leave, but he won't let go of my hand. I have a great deal of trouble getting away from him.

I go to the airport with the salesman. In the car, I wonder aloud if the Greek is going to get out. He is a Greek citizen, but I don't imagine the colonels are going to be eager to help. The salesman taps me on the shoulder and gestures toward the driver. I get the idea and I am quiet. I am very happy when the wheels of the plane leave the ground.

• • •

I wait until the weekend goes by. Then Monday and Tuesday. Late Tuesday, I get a call from Paris. Collect. It's the Greek. He has gotten out, traveled through Guadeloupe and then on to France. What he did was go to the airport as though everything were in order. A Haitian official lectured him there, saying, "Maybe you'll conduct yourself properly in the future," then ducking over and whispering, "It's two hundred in cash to leave." The Greek paid up. He said it was marvelous once again to be breathing the clean air of freedom and would I please look up his surrealist canvases in art circles, so that he could sell them for huge prices.

• • •

Long before the Greek calls, I decide not to go back to Haiti. It is not exactly a moral judgment. People from the land of Watergate don't get to make those for a while. It's just that I've been there twice. I know what's there. And at the moment, it's not for me.

"We could never work it out, Howard. I'm a highly conscious, liberated person, and anyhow, I hate your wee-wee!"

YOUR HORRORSCOPE

(continued from page 113)

or just plain ambiguous but never, never negative. After all, there's no sense worrying about things before they happen, right? Wrong! We've been pampered and coddled long enough. It's time for our astrologers to stop pussyfooting through our futures and tell us the cold, cruel facts as they stand. We don't want our horoscopes to sound like a Norman Vincent Peale baccalaureate address, do we? Of course not. So here, for the first time anywhere, PLAYBOY's team of crack astrologers presents the unsoftened, unexpurgated truth about *your* future.

ARIES
March 21–April 20

With the entrance of Pluto into Cancer you begin the happiest period of your entire life. Get ready for it, you lucky ram, because it's going to last only three minutes—and if our stars are right, you'll probably be asleep when it occurs. Our advice to you: Stay awake all month.

TAURUS
April 21–May 21

As a Taurus, you are basically a trusting fellow. You are also quite dense most of the time. Although it is of the utmost importance to you *not* to appear paranoid, keep your antennae up this month. People may be plotting against you. For instance, why do your friends whisper and giggle when they pass you on the street? And how come your girlfriend keeps trying to get you interested in sky diving? And have you ever stopped to think *who* planted those Claymore Mines in your bedroom? Or why your neighbor is building a howitzer in his front yard? Check on these things in a quiet, subtle manner this month so as not to hurt anybody's feelings. And, most important—don't be paranoid. It annoys people.

GEMINI
May 22–June 21

Beware. A terrible, terrible fate awaits you at the close of this month. Your knowledge of this celestial fact will torment you, causing you to lose sleep, appetite and friends. You will fall into a deep depression, tics and twitches will develop, your voice will crack and your hands will shake. Since your demeanor is important to your occupation, you will lose many clients, go into debt and send your family on a long trip. At the end of the month, anxiety, loneliness, debt and depression will become unbearable and you will kill yourself. You read it here first.

CANCER
June 22–July 22

As you'd better recall, Venus is the planet of memory, and this month it will

be in perfect opposition to your full moon. This means a sizable portion of your memory will go on the fritz. Here are some of the things you'll probably forget this month: your native language, your boss's last name and profession, this forecast, the difference between an automobile and a laxative, how to use your left foot, and the Alamo. If you're smart, you'll lock yourself into a hospital room for the duration. But since you're a Cancer, you're not smart.

LEO
July 23–August 23

This month, with Pluto in conjunction with a half-moon, the essence of your true Leo personality will emerge. Let's face it—under that cool façade lies a boring, clumsy, stupid hideous excuse for a human being. Besides that, you have a miserable disposition, a demented outlook on life and an oppressive odor. But don't despair—life is only skin-deep. Just because you're a total reject in every conceivable way doesn't mean you should be unhappy. It means you should be suicidal. But suicide is not in your stars, so you'll just have to be content with being unhappy.

"Have you ever had a tune running through your head and you just can't get rid of it?"

VIRGO
August 24–September 23

Jupiter is in opposition to Saturn, which means that this is your big month for overcoming fantastic odds. Take stock of this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. If you bet on the horses or play the lottery, you will undoubtedly clean up this month, despite seemingly impossible odds. This will make you very, very happy. So happy, in fact, that you will forget the negative aspects of your good fortune and as you are about to collect your winnings, a great meteorite will fall to Earth. Guess who it will hit.

LIBRA
September 24–October 23

Your sun is about to enter your fifth house with your new moon in opposition to Mercury and this indicates a slight change in your life style. As a result, you will shed your buttondown shirts, your conservative ties and Bass Weejuns and give up your lucrative nine-to-five office job in the city to become a cave dweller and wandering sage in Passaic, New Jersey, where you will achieve enlightenment through a series of lengthy philosophical dialogs with an empty oyster shell. After reaching a state of higher consciousness, you will announce to the world that you are the Messiah and contract infectious hepatitis.

SCORPIO
October 24–November 22

This month your sun will be entering your 11th house, while the full moon is in direct opposition to Mercury. Also, a parallax relationship will be set up between Saturn and Mars. This can mean one of two things: Either absolutely nothing will happen to you this month or you will die.

SAGITTARIUS
November 23–December 21

You Sagittarians are sensitive, romantic souls constantly in search of true love. The girl of your dreams is out there somewhere and all you have to do is find her. This month, skyrockets will go off, bells will ring, waves will crash against cliffs! Unfortunately, these are everyday occurrences and have nothing to do with your love life, which will be the same as usual: grim.

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 20

As a Capricorn, you were born under the sign of the goat. This explains your lousy eating habits. Fried foods, greasy foods, rich foods and fatty foods are your idea of paradise. Unfortunately, they are not your heart's idea of paradise and pretty soon you're going to regret the disgusting way you've been filling your face with garbage. This month, your body will begin to rebel. So be sensitive to subtle changes in your bodily functions—such as your heart stopping.

AQUARIUS
January 21–February 19

At this point in time, many cycles will be completed. In other words, all the dishonest, rotten, lousy things you thought you got away with once will be catching up with you. For instance, remember that tax form you filed in '68? Your accountant kept saying it was a big, big mistake and you'd regret it one day? Well, this is the day. No sense in trying to cover it up, either. The fact that you bungled it is unimpeachable. Tough break. Who knows, maybe you'll get to like prison. Aquarians are able to adapt to almost any change in atmosphere.

PISCES
February 20–March 20

Guess what, sport? The powers of the cosmos, in their inimitable wisdom and inscrutable hindsight, are really going to fix your wagon this month. Why? you may wonder. Why not? Since your sun is about to enter your seventh house, you will lose the power of intelligent communication, the little bit you had, anyway. Your conversation will be composed solely of *non sequiturs*. For instance, when your boss says, "Good morning," you will answer, "The Kaiser is dead." When your secretary asks, "Coffee, sir?" your reply will be, "Damn the potatoes. Full speed ahead." And so on. Eventually, your family will put you in a home. But don't feel too bad—being a Pisces, this will fulfill your desire to be committed to something.

THE HEAT'S ON

(continued from page 164)

Reactivated prosecutor Dewey moved into special quarters early in 1935. Working slowly and carefully with a staff of bright young attorneys and investigators, he began accumulating evidence. Schultz was of no special interest initially, because the Federal Government had him. But once he was acquitted in Malone, Dewey publicly announced that Schultz was his prime target. The rumor spread that Dewey was set to indict Schultz in connection with the restaurant rackets and that this case would be unbeatable. But there was another rumor, as well. Dewey, it was whispered, was gathering evidence that would put Schultz in the Sing Sing electric chair for the 1935 murder of one Jules Modgilewsky, sometimes called Jules Martin or Modgilewsky the Commissar, one of Schultz's restaurant enforcers with whom he had had a falling out. (A few years later, Schultz's sometime lawyer, close advisor and confidant, J. Richard "Dixie" Davis, then on trial for crimes growing out of the association, told the full story of that snowy March evening near Albany, how Schultz, with Davis watching, had pulled a gun in a hotel room and killed Modgilewsky on the spot.)

As the rumors spread, Schultz's underworld friends worried considerably. If Schultz were convicted and confronted with a long stretch in the penitentiary, would he take some of his friends with him in trade for a reduced sentence? Or would he, if acquitted again, declare total war to recover his empire? Either way, a living, breathing Schultz was a danger to everyone.

To make things worse, Schultz also was spouting the need to kill Dewey, proclaiming with nearsighted logic that Dewey's demise would solve his immediate problems and the future problems of others. Schultz even had a plan for the assassination and he turned to Albert Anastasia for help, asking Anastasia to stake out Dewey's Fifth Avenue apartment to see how easy it would be to get to him. Anastasia obediently did just that, but he did more. Concerned about the reaction of his friends at the top of the organization, he discussed the Schultz proposal with such rising young aides as Carlo Gambino, who did not take kindly to the idea of a hit on a prosecutor and convinced Anastasia to carry word of the Schultz plot to Luciano and the other leaders of the Combination. Such news was upsetting, indeed, coming so soon after the Syndicate had established firm rules against the killing of public officials and newspapermen. There was only one recourse. Schultz had to go, and the contract was given to the Lepke-Anastasia enforcement arm of the Syndicate. One of the top killers in the outfit, Charlie "The Bug" Workman, a longtime Garment District enforcer, was given personal responsibility for the job.

On October 23, 1935, Schultz went to a favorite hangout, the Palace Chop House and Tavern, in Newark. With him in a back room were two bodyguards, Abe Landau and Bernard "Lulu" Rosenkrantz, and the wizard of the numbers, Otto "Abbadabba" Berman. Late in the evening, Schultz left the table to go to the men's room. As he closed the door behind him, the front door of the Palace opened and Workman and another killer entered. On their way to the back room, one of them opened the men's-room door and shot the man at the urinal while the other fired at the men in the back room. A quick survey identified Landau, Rosenkrantz and Berman, but no Schultz. Then the killers went back to the toilet. There was the Dutchman—the first man they'd shot, simply as a precaution against an attack from behind.

Schultz lingered until the next day, received the last rites of the Catholic Church and issued a long and delirious soliloquy with such admonitions as, "Mother is the best bet and don't let Satan draw you too fast." Then he was gone. Six years later, Workman was arrested and tried for the murder. In the middle of the trial, he suddenly pleaded guilty and was sentenced to life in prison. (In 1964, he was paroled and returned to New York, a shy, quiet man. When last heard of, he had become a notion salesman in the Garment District he had terrorized so many years before.)

Upon the Dutchman's death, the detailed records he had kept in his miserly concern over every penny spent fell into the hands of the authorities. Dewey would use them and other evidence to prosecute the underworld's political allies. In the next four years, he managed to snare Davis, and then used him as a witness to land the biggest Tammany tiger of them all, Jimmy Hines, who ended up in Sing Sing for four years.

Moving against Hines and the political hacks of Tammany Hall was only one facet of the Dewey campaign that would put him in the district attorney's office, the governor's mansion and, twice, on the campaign trail for the White House. Once Schultz was gone, the next target of the special prosecutor was the chairman of the national crime Syndicate, Charlie Lucky. For years, Luciano had followed the examples of Torrio, Lansky and Costello and had lived quietly according to the principle out of sight, out of mind. Most of his troubles with the law had come early in his career. Twice he was deeply involved in narcotics, and that stigma would remain with him the rest of his life. In 1916, he had been arrested as a runner and sent to a prison farm. In 1923, he was arrested again by Federal narcotics agents, who trapped him with heroin in his pocket. He maneuvered his way out of trouble that time by directing the agents, in exchange for dismissal of charges, to a large cache of heroin in a trunk hidden in a basement closet on Mulberry Street in Little Italy. But from that time on, he remained clean, or as clean as a rising underworld overlord could ever be, his record dotted with arrests only for traffic violations, concealed weapons and bootleg counts, all of which were dismissed or pulled with small fines.

Even after the murders of Guseppe Masseria and Salvatore Maranzano made him the most powerful underworld leader in the nation, Luciano remained a shadowy and slightly sinister figure, about whom much was whispered and little was known. He was seen with beautiful showgirls, most often with the dancer Gay Orlova, making the rounds of the best midtown speak-easies. He enjoyed the best seats at major sporting events. Unlike most of his underworld associates, he never married, opting instead for a nomadic existence in the best hotels, from the Barbizon Plaza to the Waldorf Towers. His reputation was that of a sportsman, gambler, bootlegger, whose private clients inhabited society's upper strata and who often invited him to their golf clubs and parties.

Luciano had a growing reputation as one of the major underworld powers, but the true extent of his influence was little realized until he was singled out by La Guardia. As soon as he took office, La Guardia denounced Luciano as the city's leading hoodlum and ordered his arrest. He was, in fact, picked up by friendly cops but promptly released, because there were no charges on which he could be held. If nothing else, the arrest caused the kind of publicity La Guardia craved and Luciano detested.

After La Guardia's attack, Luciano became for New Yorkers something more than just another mobster, and after the murder of Schultz, he found himself in the middle of the spotlight. Dewey promoted him to the top of the list of those he was determined to send away. But it was no simple matter for the boy prosecutor to nail the underworld's board chairman. Unlike Schultz, Luciano was no maverick, running wild and on his own; instead, he was the complete organization man, a model corporate executive. The Italian underworld, the Unione Siciliana or the Mafia, for want of a better name, had been restructured under his command—for though theoretically he ruled but a single family, it was to him that all the families looked for guidance. By the mid Thirties, there were many strata of managers between Luciano and the actual commission of crimes. Maybe Luciano gave the orders from his headquarters at the Waldorf Towers, in the

Claridge Hotel, in a small midtown office on Broadway, in the back rooms of a dozen inconspicuous restaurants—but like the dictates of any corporate executive, they filtered down through the chain of command before they were executed. To tie Luciano directly to any racket or crime seemed almost impossible.

The deeper Dewey's staff dug into the various rackets, from protection to numbers and all the rest in which they knew Luciano to be involved, the more hopeless the task seemed. Charlie Lucky had covered himself well.

As one promising investigation after another collapsed, a sense of frustration filled the special prosecutor's office. But late in 1935, one area began to show promise. Assistant District Attorney Eunice Carter had been given the thankless job by District Attorney Dodge of prosecuting the endless parade of whores picked up in the brothels and on the streets of Manhattan. Though she won few convictions—the magistrates' courts, where such trials were held, were perhaps the most corrupt in the city—Mrs. Carter observed some rather striking coincidences. On the witness stand, most of the prostitutes told almost identical stories, how they were poor working girls from out of town who just happened to be visiting a friend when arrested; they were all represented by the same law firms; if they were fined, the same bondsmen appeared with the money; and hovering in the background was always the same disbarred lawyer, Abe Karp, who was known to have close contacts in the underworld. Soon Mrs. Carter decided she was dealing not with free-lance purveyors of joyless sex but with a huge and tightly controlled organization. She took her suspicions to Dodge, who ridiculed them. But down the street at Dewey's office, she found a receptive audience. Dewey hired her away from Dodge and put her to work with two of his brightest young attorneys, Sol Gelb and Murray Gurfein (now a United States District Judge in New York), who soon confirmed that the whores were, indeed, organized. Wherever they looked, the same names kept reappearing: Ralph "The Pimp" Liguori, a smalltime punk who controlled scores of prostitutes and wielded more power than his reputation indicated; Benny Spiller, a loan shark who supplied money for defense and fines; Tommy "The Bull" Pennochio, a man with a reputation for at least some financial acumen, to whom much of the prostitution money appeared to flow; and a middle-level organization hoodlum named David "Little Davie" Betillo. For Dewey, Betillo was the key; he was known to be a member of the Luciano organization, though exactly how high up nobody was certain.

More and more Dewey staff members were assigned to the investigation. There seemed no doubt that a vast prostitution ring had been uncovered—Dewey would later estimate that it controlled 200 brothels throughout the city, employed 1000 prostitutes and grossed more than $12,000,000 annually. What the investigators were determined to prove was that the ring did not stop with Betillo but reached to the very highest echelons of organized crime and even to Luciano himself. As yet, there was no evidence of this and some doubt that it could be developed, for it seemed unlikely that anyone of Luciano's stature would deal directly with prostitutes, madams and pimps, any more than he would deal directly with underlings in any other racket.

But by early 1936, enough evidence had been developed to make an overt move. On February first, in coordination with Commissioner Valentine's special squads of police, Dewey's staff raided brothels all across the city, picking up more than 100 prostitutes, pimps and madams, and rounding up, too, Liguori, Pennochio, Betillo and others.

Once these low-level workers had been arrested, Dewey's investigators installed them in rented offices and hotel suites and began round-the-clock grillings. To those under questioning, it soon became apparent that they were of no concern to Dewey; he was after much bigger game—namely, Luciano. As potential witnesses, they were made some promises in exchange for a little testimony. If they would talk about the ring and about Charlie Lucky, all charges against them would be dropped, immunity would be granted and, once Luciano was locked away, they would find that their lives would take a sudden change for the better.

At first, Luciano himself displayed little concern over the stories that Dewey was out to get him or over the roundup of men like Betillo, Pennochio and Liguori, who had worked for him in a variety of enterprises. That they might be involved in prostitution did not seem unlikely. The combination of the Depression and the end of Prohibition had sent scores of middle- and low-level hoodlums scrounging for new sources of income. Some had gone into narcotics, others into prostitution and a dozen other illegal activities. But Luciano was certain that

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nobody could link him with these more-or-less-independent enterprises, for, he strenuously maintained, no such link existed—especially with prostitution.

So Luciano was less concerned over what Dewey's investigators might uncover concerning prostitution than with what they might come up with in other areas—or manufacture for the purpose of prosecuting him. Early in March 1936, these suspicions were confirmed when informers revealed to Luciano that some unspecified charges were about to be lodged against him. Luciano decided not to wait around to find out what kind of charges and, one step ahead of the detectives, he beat a hasty retreat to Hot Springs, Arkansas, an underworld sanctuary where he could relax, gamble and wait for things to cool off. Owney Madden and his paid-off politicians and police were supposed to see to that.

On April second, Luciano learned exactly what Dewey had in mind for him. A blue-ribbon grand jury in Manhattan indicted 12 persons for running the prostitution racket. Betillo, Pennochio and Spiller were, of course, among them. So was one Charles Lucania, as the indictment incorrectly read, charged with 90 (later reduced to 62) counts of compulsory prostitution. Dewey immediately announced that Luciano was Public Enemy Number One in New York and demanded his arrest on sight.

But Luciano was nowhere to be found. A Bronx detective in Hot Springs on another case was strolling along the Bath House Promenade when he came upon Luciano in friendly conversation with Herbert Akers, the resort community's chief of detectives. Word was flashed back to Dewey, who publicly demanded that Hot Springs and the state of Arkansas arrest Luciano and return him to New York for trial. Luciano was, indeed, arrested, but then released on $5000 bail put up by two of Madden's better casinos, the Southern and the Belvedere clubs. It was obvious he enjoyed the protection and the sanctuary of the city.

Dewey was incensed. "I can't understand how any judge could release this man on bail," he said. "Luciano is regarded as the most important racketeer in New York, if not in the country. And the case involves one of the largest rackets, and one of the most loathsome types of crimes." Embarrassed by the outcry, Arkansas governor J. Marion Futrell ordered Luciano's arrest. Once again, the racketeer was lodged in the Hot Springs jail, but there he was given complete freedom of movement, use of the telephone and rooms for private conferences with his corps of legal advisors, headed by a former Assistant United States Attorney named Moses Polakoff (who would provide legal counsel for a host of other top racketeers, including Lansky, in the years ahead). They decided to fight extradition and to counter Dewey's public pronouncements with some of their own. "Back of this action is politics," declared Luciano to reporters at a press conference. "I may not be the most moral and upright man alive, but I have not, at any time, stooped to aiding prostitution. I have never been involved in anything so messy."

There was a stalemate. As long as Luciano remained in Hot Springs, there was little chance of extraditing him, and he showed no inclination to leave. Dewey continued to press the governor and state attorney general Carl E. Bailey and Arkansas became the object of considerable national scorn. Eventually, Bailey ordered Luciano brought to Little Rock for an extradition hearing before Governor Futrell. The Hot Springs sheriff refused to honor the order. Finally, Bailey dispatched a troop of Arkansas Rangers with orders to storm the jail if the sheriff wouldn't hand over the racketeer. The sheriff capitulated.

In Little Rock, Luciano tried another ploy to block extradition. One of his underlings offered Bailey $50,000 to permit Luciano to remain in Arkansas. It was a bad move. At the hearing before the governor, Bailey stormed, "Arkansas cannot be made an asylum for criminals. Officers of Hot Springs seem to have issued an invitation to criminals to come to that city, where they are told not to worry, that they will be given protection and that they will not be compelled to return to answer for crimes committed elsewhere. The money these criminals pay for protection is blood money, from their murdered victims and from women. We are trying to make it impossible for that class to spend its filthy money in Arkansas."

And so Luciano, handcuffed, was shipped back to New York, where he soon posted $350,000 bond and began planning for the trial. His battery of lawyers included Polakoff, George Morton Levy, one of the country's most respected trial lawyers, and Francis W. H. Adams, who had succeeded Dewey as United States Attorney in New York and who two decades later would become New York City's police commissioner. The trial, which lasted more than three weeks, began in New York Supreme Court in Manhattan on May 13, 1936. In the jury box were 12 substantial New Yorkers. On the bench was a socially prominent jurist and symbol of moral rectitude, Justice Philip J. McCook. Dewey, ever eager to enhance his own reputation, handled the prosecution himself.

The line Dewey would follow was set in his opening statement. "The vice industry," he asserted, "since Luciano took over, is highly organized and operates with businesslike precision. It will be proved that Lucky Luciano sat way up at the top, in his apartment at the Waldorf,

as the czar of organized crime in this city. Never did Lucky or any codefendant actually see or collect from the women. Luciano, though, was always in touch with the general details of the business. We will show you his function as the man whose word, whose suggestion, whose very statement 'Do this' was sufficient; and all the others in this case are his servants."

And how was Dewey to prove this? During the three weeks devoted to the prosecution's case, he paraded 68 witnesses before the court. Forty were simple laborers in the vineyards of vice who had never seen or heard directly from Luciano, though they could point to Liguori, Pennochio Betillo and most of the others as directly involved in the business. But they set a proper stage. They described the seamy story of prostitution, of being enticed into the ring, of being held almost captive in brothels, of being forced to turn over so much of their money to madams, pimps, doctors, lawyers and bondsmen, so that they considered themselves fortunate to keep $25 a week after servicing scores of men every day. They described how they were turned on to addictive drugs, which were then given or withheld as inducement to make them perform up to prescribed standards (and all declared that thanks to Dewey and his staff, they had received treatment and were now free of addiction).

At first, nothing implicated Luciano; and he sat relaxed at the defendants' table and chatted easily with reporters outside the courtroom. But Dewey had been painstakingly creating a picture of such misery and degradation that the jury was only waiting for the first mention of Luciano to believe anything said about him. That word came, initially, from an incorrigible thief named Joe Bendix, brought down from Sing Sing, where he was serving a mandatory life sentence for a career of robbery and burglary. Luciano, he declared, had personally offered him a job as a collector for the prostitution ring, had boasted of how he controlled it.

If Bendix gained yardage for Dewey, Cokey Flo Brown scored at least one touchdown. A prostitute, madam and drug addict, she suddenly appeared in court in a shabby, ill-fitting blue dress, worn shoes, disheveled dark hair, looking like a small, lost and defenseless waif who had been ill used by society. She had met Luciano, she declared, on a number of occasions, had been at one meeting with him when he asserted, "I'm gonna organize the cat houses like the A&P," had attended another when he told the whorehouse managers to use strong-arm methods to bring the madams, bookers and girls into line. "First you got to sit on them," Cokey Flo quoted Luciano, "then you got to step on them. Talking won't do no good. You got to put the screws on." He had, she said, ordered the girls threatened, beaten, forced to use narcotics. The points Cokey Flo scored mounted when she would not be shaken under cross-examination.

And more points were scored by Nancy Presser, a faded belle who had entered the profession at 13, had risen to high priced callgirl and mistress of Gordon, Schultz, Adonis, Masseria and more, and had at last fallen into the hands of Liguori, who had lodged her as a common laborer in a two-dollar Harlem crib. Luciano, she asserted, was an old and close friend and he had rescued her from this low point in her life, calling her one day and summoning her to his Waldorf Towers suite for the first of many visits. "When Charlie called me over, he'd give me a hundred dollars, but we'd just talk. That's all. We never went to bed." During her hours with Luciano in his bedroom, Nancy said that she had listened in on his conversations with Betillo and others about the prostitution ring.

If all this sounded somewhat unlikely, Dewey was prepared to demonstrate that Nancy was telling the truth. He led her through a detailed description of the Luciano quarters, including the furniture and the arrangements. But during cross-examination, Nancy's eye for fine detail proved to be somewhat astigmatic and her memory more than a little muddled. Her description of the suite was at considerable variance with its true arrangement ("She's not an interior decorator" was the way Dewey dismissed that problem). And then there was her testimony that she had entered and left the Waldorf Towers late at night on all her many visits without ever seeing any employees, without ever being stopped and questioned by anyone; she had just walked in, gotten on the elevator and ridden up to the 39th floor. That was surprising, since the hotel manager testified to the Waldorf's tight security arrangements; there was always somebody on duty inside the entrance and all visitors were checked and announced before being permitted to enter. And then, not only was Nancy unable to describe the hotel or the location of the elevators, she wasn't even quite sure where the Waldorf was, except somewhere on the East Side near Park Avenue.

Did this damage Dewey's case? Not at all. The jury and the judge seemed more concerned with the personal plight of Miss Presser than with what was being done to her story.

To some observers at the time, and to many who examined the court records later, the case against Luciano—if not against Betillo and the other codefendants—was beginning to emit an offensive odor. That odor became even ranker when Dewey led witness after witness into declaring that she had been

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You won't have
any doubts
about yourself.

See "The Protectors", an exciting new TV adventure show starring Robert Vaughn, brought to you by the great "Protectors" of good grooming. Brut 33 by Fabergé.

threatened if she testified against Luciano, and the court, over strenuous defense objections, let those statements go into the record and the jury's ears. And it was ranker yet when Frank Brown, an assistant manager of the Barbizon Plaza, where Luciano had lived as Charles Lane, was called as a prosecution witness. He crossed up Dewey, declaring that he had been intensely interrogated by Dewey staff members who demanded that he identify photographs of the other defendants as frequent callers on Luciano. Brown testified that when he could not do so, one of the Dewey staffers "warned me about jail if I didn't tell the truth. There were three or four in the room. They were very insistent about my identifying the pictures. When I said I couldn't do it honestly, they threatened me. They hinted that Mr. Dewey was very powerful and could do as he liked."

But the blue-ribbon jury preferred to believe the testimony presented by the prosecutor and not the holes poked in it on cross-examination or the complete denial by Luciano. Indeed, Luciano turned out to be his own worst witness, being forced by Dewey to admit a life of crime and association with almost every notorious underworld figure in the country. If the jury retained any doubts, they were dispelled by both Dewey and Justice McCook. In his seven hour summation, Dewey accused the defense of using every trick and "all their evil means" to break down the testimony of his witnesses because "they dare not face the truth." Luciano, he declared, had committed "a shocking, disgusting display of sanctimonious perjury—at the end of which I am sure not one of you had a doubt that before you stood not a gambler, not a bookmaker, but the greatest gangster in America." McCook drove the final spike, telling the jury that it did not need to find that Luciano had ever dealt directly with the prostitutes, madams or anyone else in order to find him guilty—only that he had in some manner received some of the proceeds of prostitution. And then, to show his own feelings, he concluded, "The crimes of which these men are accused are vicious and low and those who would aid and abet such crimes are not to be met in polite society."

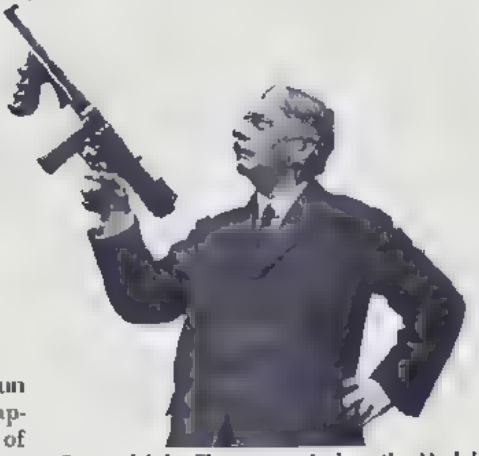
Within six hours, the jury's verdict was in: guilty on all counts. McCook sentenced Luciano to 30 to 50 years in state prison, the longest sentence ever handed down for prostitution.

In what can only be considered an arrogant confession, Dewey afterward crowed, "This, of course, was not a vice trial. It was a racket prosecution. The control of all organized prostitution in New York by the convicted defendants was one of their lesser rackets. . . . The prostitution racket was merely the vehicle by which these men were convicted."

The question of whether Dewey

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

there was black humor in the tommy gun's corporate motto: "on the side of law and order"



General John Thompson displays the Model 1921 tommy gun with buttstock removed.

When the Thompson submachine gun was introduced in 1921, military weapons experts acclaimed it as a triumph of American ordnance technology. Police officials marveled at its size and firepower and predicted that it would either kill or cure the country's gunmen, rioters and "motorized bandits." Five years later, a *Collier's* writer described it less approvingly. "This Thompson submachine gun is nothing less than a diabolical engine of death . . . the paramount example of peacetime barbarism . . . the diabolical acme of human ingenuity in man's effort to devise a mechanical contrivance with which to murder his neighbor." Over the next ten years, the "tommy gun" became synonymous with crime and violence and earned itself an enduring place in the national folklore as the gangster equivalent of the cowboy's six shooter.

This was hardly the future that General John Taliaferro Thompson had envisioned for the invention that bore his name. An aristocratic old-line Army officer, Thompson conceived the original "submachine" gun during World War One in the belief that a small, handheld, fully automatic weapon would enable Allied infantrymen to break the stalemate on the Western Front. But the first successful model of the gun was not completed until the fall of 1918—too late for the war but just in time to play a bloody role in two of the country's most lawless decades.

The submachine gun as originally conceived in 1917 for storming German trenches.

Completed in 1918, the first Thompson gun used ammunition belts instead of clips.

With a small fortune already invested in arms development, Thompson's company, the Auto-Ordnance Corporation of New York, put its faith in the police and military markets and contracted with the venerable Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company to build 15,000 submachine guns, model of 1921. The Thompson was, after all, a unique and revolutionary weapon: a machine gun weighing only ten pounds and firing .45-caliber pistol cartridges at a rate of about 800 rounds per minute. It used either a straight magazine carrying 20 rounds or drum magazines holding 50 or 100. It had the careful workmanship, the blued finish and the graceful walnut stocks of a sporting firearm, which made it all the more sleek and menacing. Auto-Ordnance billed it as "a combination machine gun and semi-automatic shoulder rifle in the form of a pistol"—an "anti bandit" gun that could either cut a fleeing bank robber's car to pieces with copper-jacketed slugs or "humanely" disperse labor rioters with special bird-shot cartridges. In short, anything a rifle, pistol or shotgun could do, the Thompson could do better.

Despite extravagant claims and promotion, the submachine gun was a commercial flop. The military decided it was wonderfully conceived but tactically useless, and police had sober second thoughts on the wisdom of sweeping

city streets with machine-gun fire ban dits or no. At this point, the Thompson might quietly have joined the ranks of other inventions whose time had not yet come. It was saved from obscurity mainly by the outbreak of Chicago's gangland "beer wars" in 1925–1926, which called for a weapon combining portability, concealability and firepower. These happened to be the cardinal virtues of the tommy gun, which also had the coincidental virtue of being completely legal: Ironically, the laws that many cities had enacted to control handguns did not apply to machine guns, which traditionally were heavy, cumbersome devices of interest only to

The Thompson Submachine Gun

The Most Effective Portable Fire Arm In Existence

AUTO-ORDNANCE CORPORATION

the military. This meant that a Chicagoan, for example, could not legally buy or carry a pistol without a police permit, but for $175 he could walk into any well-stocked gunshop and walk out with a submachine gun, no questions asked.

If the "chopper" was discovered and popularized by big-city bootleggers who routinely riddled one another in ambushes and massacres, it acquired even greater notoriety in the hands of John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, Machine Gun Kelly, Pretty Boy Floyd and other Depression desperadoes who terrorized and titillated the country with sensational bank robberies and main-street gun battles. This kind of violence was more disturbing than gangland assassinations and, by the late Thirties, strict state and Federal laws were gradually taking the Thompson out of general circulation.

Despite widespread rumors that the tommy-gun company was getting rich and even supplying big name gangsters with free samples for promotional purposes, by the late Thirties the Auto-Ordnance Corporation was moribund, and had been for several years. More than a third of the original 15,000 guns still languished in a Colt's warehouse and John Thompson retired and in failing health, was sorely regretting that he'd ever conceived such a weapon. He took little comfort in the fact that the country's police departments and the FBI had adopted the gun—they had done so mainly in self-defense. Nor was he consoled that the Marines had bought a few hundred for use in Nicaragua, that the Navy was placing it on gunboats or that the Army, at long last, had adopted it as a special-purpose weapon. Shortly before he died in 1940, at the age of 79, Thompson wrote a melancholy letter to Theodore Eickhoff, one of the three young men who had built the first working model of the gun in 1918:

> I have given my *valedictory* to arms, as I want to pay more attention now to saving human life than destroying it. May the deadly T. S. M. G. always "speak for" God and Country. It has worried me that the gun has been so *stolen* by evil men and used for purposes outside our motto, "On the side of law and order."

A few months earlier, the Auto-Ordnance Corporation had fallen into the hands of Russell Maguire, a shady Connecticut financier who had persuaded the estate of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the deceased majority stockholder, to sell him the controlling interest for $529,000—less than half the retail value of the unsold guns and accessories. To Maguire's credit, he foresaw—as the U.S., British and French armies had not—the value of the submachine-type weapons that were

The 1920 prototype gun had no buttstock and fired at a rate of 1500 shots per minute.

already proving so effective in the hands of German blitzkrieg troops. He contracted with the Savage Arms Corporation to put the Thompson back into production and began building his own factory. By the end of 1940, every Allied army was clamoring for submachine guns and Maguire's long-obsolete Thompson was the only one in town. During World War Two, he sold almost 2,000,000 guns for $130,000,000, becoming a multimillionaire and a wartime celebrity as America's farsighted and patriotic "Tommy Gun Tycoon."

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

suborned perjury to convict Luciano has never been resolved. Luciano himself maintained to the end of his life that while he was involved in many kinds of crime, prostitution was not one of them; that he had been framed by a prosecutor who could get him no other way. Luciano's statement may be self-serving, but some persons close to Dewey in those days have privately indicated that Luciano's contention is very close to the truth. Further, there are some pieces of circumstantial evidence supporting this. The witnesses who testified damagingly against Luciano were, indeed, well rewarded. Not only were the charges against them dropped and immunity granted but when the trial ended, Cokey Flo Brown, Nancy Presser and a couple of the others were sent, at the expense of the state, for indefinite vacations to Europe, returning only with the outbreak of the war. All would, a few years after the trial, declare in depositions obtained by Luciano's lawyers, that they had lied on the stand and that they had been prepared and rehearsed in those lies by Dewey's staff. The appeals courts, however, preferred to credit their original testimony and not their retractions.

Dewey could take pleasure in the way the case enhanced his own reputation, providing him a springboard to higher and higher office. And the city could take some satisfaction in the fact that the underworld's board chairman seemed to be out of commission, locked far away in Clinton State Prison in Dannemora, New York. Yet even from his cell, Luciano continued to rule, to give orders, to maintain his power. He left behind an efficient and powerful organization and he left it in the care of some very efficient managers—Adonis, who was the link with the Italian underworld; Costello, who lived in all worlds; and Lansky, who was the link between the national Syndicate and Adonis.

Vito Genovese might have been one of the heirs, but Don Vitone, as he was often called, had too many troubles of his own. As one of Luciano's chief lieutenants and already one of the biggest narcotics dealers in the underworld, he was next on Dewey's list for prosecution.

Ironically, what really spelled trouble for Genovese was a smalltime badger game. As Joe Valachi and others have detailed, soon after his return from a honeymoon trip to his native Italy—he had fallen in love with Anna Petillo and then murdered her husband so he could marry her—Genovese had been brought a supersucker by a smalltime punk named Ferdinand "The Shadow" Boccia. The sucker, a Brooklyn merchant, was lured into a card game with Genovese and a fellow thug named Michele "Mike" Miranda, who would later rise high in the Genovese underworld family. They took their victim for $60,000, then

offered him a chance to recoup: They would sell him a machine for $100,000 that manufactured real ten-dollar bills. The idiot bought it and Genovese was ahead $160,000.

Then Boccia came around, looking for the one-third cut he had been promised for setting up the deal. Genovese, who sometimes made the penny-pinching Schultz look like a spendthrift, decided on a different payoff. He hired two hoods named Willie Gallo and Ernest "The Hawk" Rupolo to kill Boccia, which they did. Then he paid Rupolo $175 to kill Gallo. Rupolo, however, was unequal to the task, managing only to wound Gallo in two tries. Understandably put out, Gallo turned Rupolo in to the cops and then gave testimony that sent him away on a nine-to-20-year sentence.

This was all quite upsetting to Genovese. Dewey was after him on a number of grounds, and now he feared that Rupolo, in the solitude of his prison cell, might consider revealing the whole Boccia murder plot. Genovese decided to take a vacation. He packed $750,000 and some clothes in a black satchel, kissed Anna goodbye and boarded a ship for Italy, where he hoped to find sanctuary with the friends he had made on an earlier trip, friends who were high in Mussolini's Fascist regime. Genovese envisioned only a short stay, but he reckoned without world events that would extend his visit to 1945 and deprive Dewey of this trophy.

But the flight of Genovese was merely an annoyance; in 1937, the ambitious prosecutor, on the strength of his Luciano conviction, was elected Manhattan district attorney. With Luciano in the clink and Genovese in exile, Dewey set his sights on the next biggest gangster in New York, Louis "Lepke" Buchalter. But what would emerge from the Lepke investigation would surprise and shock not only ordinary citizens but even the most sophisticated law-enforcement officials. And it would add a new name to the American lexicon: Murder, Incorporated.

This is the sixth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.

"Don't you have any words of wisdom for PLAYBOY*'s Twentieth Anniversary Issue other than, 'Shake it, but don't break it. Wrap it up and I'll take it'?"*

MR. MORLEY, I PRESUME

(continued from page 130)

as we thought again, his death. Then about three months later, my husband and I went to dinner at the home of the police commissioner. The meal began with spaghetti soufflé."

I asked her about problems confronting white Kenyans these days and she thought cattle rustling was as serious as any. The whole farming economy is undermined by the necessity of enclosing the stock every evening. It means cows can't be left out to pasture but have to be driven into pounds. Their grazing is interrupted and the milk yield and growth rate are far lower than they should be. When cattle are stolen, the farmer must do everything possible to recover his beasts, otherwise he will lose more of them next time. The thieves have to be tracked, sometimes for weeks, and all other work on the farm comes to a standstill; and when the cattle are found they have to be driven home and they lose more weight in the process.

My companion was one of the few white Kenyans I met who didn't seem affronted by the way things were going. The others always prefaced their opinions by confiding how long they had lived in Kenya. They felt a peculiar sense of injustice at the nationalism they were now encountering. Whatever their attitude had been before independence, they no longer clapped their hands and shouted for Charley. When they spoke to their African servants, they almost whispered their requests, couching them in the reasonable terms in which one might address a difficult seven-year-old. "Don't scream," they seemed to be pleading, "and don't stamp your foot, but just run along like a good boy and see if you can find Mummy a little more ice. Won't that be fun, now?"

How much fun the Africans have these days is difficult to assess. The women lead lives of incredible austerity: each day they must walk miles in search of firewood and to fetch water from the communal tap. They also must do the housework and till the fields and mind the herds and contrive at the same time to dress elegantly and to carry their youngest on their back.

For men, life is easier. Unless, that is, they elect to work in the hotels, where they must watch the guests waste the bath water and leave the food untouched on their plates. What do they think of the luxury in which we wallow, compared with the deprivation and undernourishment of their own folk? I asked the proprietor of Leisure Lodge, arguably the most comfortable and certainly the most beautiful hotel in Kenya. He told me that the African wasn't undernourished, that most Europeans were far from clean and only with the greatest

reluctance would he be willing to entertain one in his home. This was particularly true of hippies, whose physical presence nauseated him.

According to the proprietor, his staff had no need to work; they were all possessed of small holdings that brought them adequate incomes. They worked in order to pay for more wives. The acquisition of wives was a complicated and lengthy game. "It is played," he explained, "rather like Monopoly."

"But if you were an African awakened in the night by your child crying for a drink of water, how would you feel if you knew the nearest tap was five miles away?" I asked. "Would you go yourself? Would you send your wife?"

"I would wake my wife," he told me, "and she would give the child a coconut or a glass of goat's milk. Very few Africans drink water."

I wasn't sure whether I believed him or not. I recalled the experience of one settler who had taken his head cattle man, a Masai tribesman, to the Royal Show in London last summer. After two days he was asked what had struck him most forcibly. "Those taps," he said, "all those taps."

There is a man called Donovan Maule, an actor like myself, who went to Nairobi after the last war and decided to stay and found a stock company. Curiously enough, he made a fortune, retired and built himself and his wife a bungalow on a creek near Mombasa. The theater is now run by his daughter. They still play Rattigan and Coward and Priestley and Maugham, but the heart and the profit have gone out of the business. "A lot of our patrons have had to pack up and go home. They don't like it, you know; England isn't what it was, any more than this place. What they dread most is having to retire to somewhere like Canterbury." He poured me another gin and slapped his wrist. "We don't get mosquitoes here, you know."

"Nor in Canterbury," I told him, but he seemed unconvinced.

In what was once called the White Highlands, beyond the Aberdare mountain range, the British still farm the land, but no longer with the confidence they used to display when the Mau Mau was around and each settler had a gun at the ready. They have put their guns away but still greet the stranger on their stoop with caution. They know that his briefcase hides no fearsome machete, but more probably just a letter from the president, himself, inquiring in the politest possible manner whether perhaps the present owner might care to sell his property. After that, of course, it's only a matter of time before Canterbury, or a bungalow near Mombasa, becomes a reality.

The mission pilot was on his honeymoon and lived in Abyssinia. He was the only man I saw in Africa actually eat a coconut and he did it with expert ease, even producing a bowl for the milk. He had been married only three days, which was perhaps why, in true African fashion, he neglected to offer his wife any until he had almost finished it. There was plenty of coconut meat for both of them, and as he munched, he explained why he found it necessary to spend an hour on his knees each week, specifically asking the Almighty to put an end to the permissive society in West London.

"Are you praying for a holocaust?" I asked him.

"If necessary."

"Tell me," I urged, "about Addis Ababa. Is it true the penalty for stealing is to cut off a hand?"

"Sometimes."

"My goodness," I told him, "I wouldn't like to see that sort of thing in Britain. Think of the number of one-armed shoppers you'd meet. I think I prefer the permissive society."

On my last night in Africa, I hired a launch in order to inspect the carmine bee eaters. Extraordinary birds, which look like psychedelic starlings, who choose to roost each evening in one particular clump of mango trees three or four miles upstream from the creek on which stands the Mnarani Country Club. The club is an elegant establishment, much patronized by big-game fishermen and, especially, the present Lady Delamere. The murder case in which her husband, Delves Broughton, was tried and acquitted of the killing of "Boy" Errol in the Fifties still provokes raised eyebrows and lowered voices wherever two or three Kenyans are gathered together with a stranger who will listen to the tale.

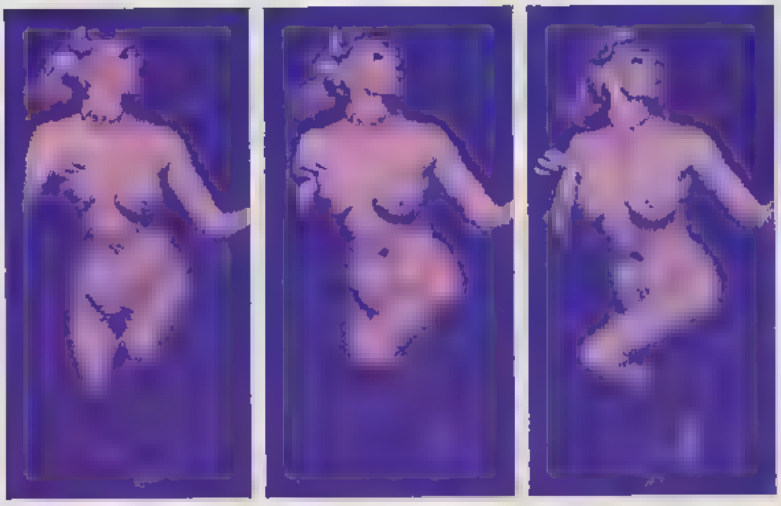
Upstream, we dawdled by the riverbank. I was convinced the boatman was uncertain which mango clump harbored the birds. But no, it was too early and they hadn't yet arrived. Meanwhile, he showed me huge pelicans perched in banyan trees and egrets fishing from the bank and sea eagles circling above and, rounding a bend of the river, a village built on the mud flats with children calling us to come closer and be inspected for cigarettes. My boatman ignored them and, turning the boat suddenly, brought us back downstream. He's lost, I told myself, we'll not find them now, it will be too dark to see. Then suddenly the carmine bee eaters came swooping and soaring, settling for a moment and then flying away, and returning and all the time the beat of their wings and the sound of their voices filled the air with excitement.

This is Africa, I told myself. This is what I came to see, and wondered if it was true that these were the only carmine bee eaters in the world and this the only mango swamp they patronized. But when it was quiet again and darkness fell and we journeyed back downstream to the country club, I found myself considering for the 100th time the riddle of Delves Broughton.

The rip-roaring days are over for the British. Now they walk abroad as delicately as the Japanese. In Kenya, they are remembered, but without gratitude. They set an example of incorruptibility in the administration that has not been followed. They planted sisal and grew groundnuts and became croppers. They left Kenya no richer than they found it, but look, an African will tell you, look what they got out of it for themselves.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

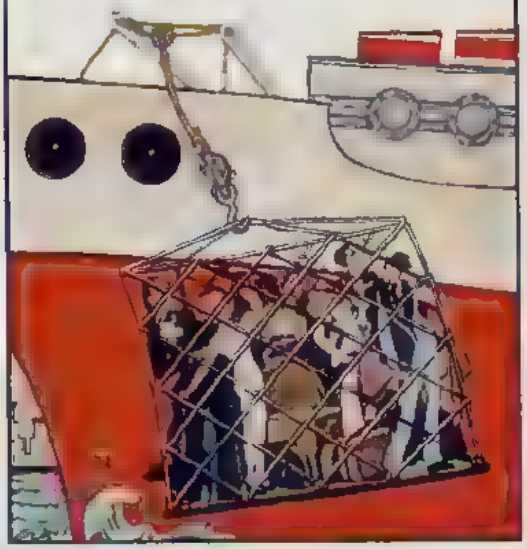


AND GOD CREATED WOMAN

The movie is called *Take Off* and it shows a San Francisco stripper doing her thing—except that after she's peeled off her clothes, she proceeds to remove her head, her legs, etc., until she's just a torso, floating off into space. The idea of the film—made by a Bay Area lady, Gunvor Nelson—is to show just how dehumanizing a striptease can be. It's one of three flicks available on a rental basis ($100 for a single showing) from Polymorph Films, 331 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts, under the encompassing title Films About Women. (The others are *Six Film-Makers in Search of a Wedding* and *How to Make a Woman*.) According to Alvin Fiering at Polymorph, Films About Women is a feminist-consciousness-raising package, ideal for meetings of your friendly neighborhood women's libbers, and not for chauvinist-pig parties. Oink!

SHIP SHOPPING

Invest ten dollars for a three-year membership in Air and Marine Travel's Drop of the Hat Freighter Club (501 Madison Avenue, New York City) and what you'll get is first crack at using certain shipowners' suites—should management decide not to make the next voyage. Or, if you'd just like to do some reading on whither various cargo ships wander, send two bucks for the latest freighter guide.

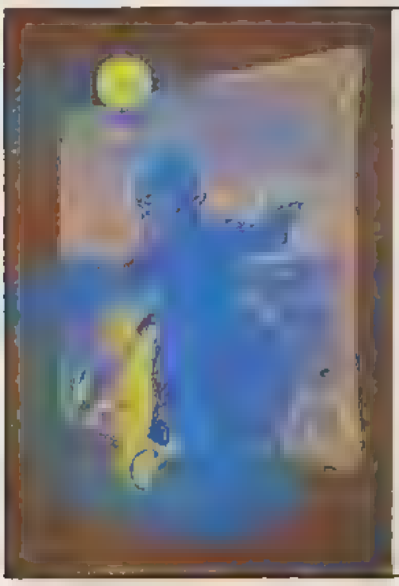


SOB STORY

Remember how, way back in 1952, an eager young fellow who just happened to be running for a high political office was viciously accused of taking illegal campaign gifts? Remember how he went on TV and made us all weep for him when he told us all about his daughters' cute doggy, Checkers? Remember how he made everything perfectly clear? Remember how we all forgave him? Well, that was ages ago and things are much different now, right? But in case you want to refresh your memory, The Center (P. O. Box 157, East Elmhurst, New York) will send you a printed copy of this landmark American soap opera for only a buck. Chances are, you won't weep this time around.

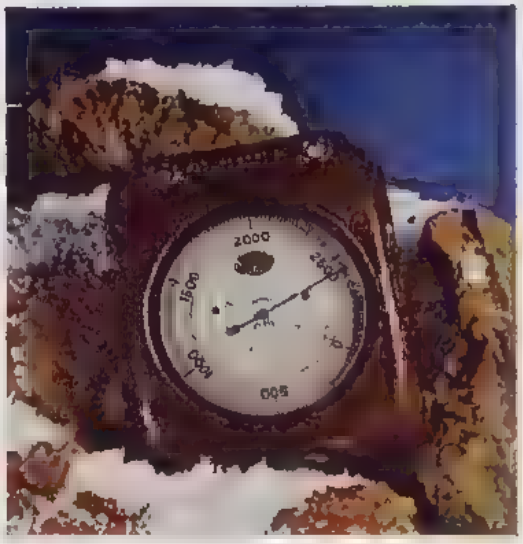
CHICKEN SOUP TO NUTS

Have they got a deal for you! Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Brown make up the staff of Renta Yenta (P. O. Box 415, Tarzana), a new California-based outfit that will do almost any cockamamie thing you want it to, as long as it's legal—anything from deghosting a haunted house to teaching your parakeet to speak French to arranging blimp rides. And you don't even have to be Jewish.



SAIL AWAY

Now that bicycling has become one of the popular ways to get a little exercise, somebody's come up with a device that does away with almost all the work. the Viking Bicycle Sail Company (P. O. Box 603, Oregon City, Oregon). With the clear-vinyl sail attached to your handle bars, you can cast your fate to the wind practically without moving a muscle. The sail can also be adapted for use with ice skates, skis, canoes, kayaks and inner tubes, and it's yours for $22 postpaid. But will it power a wheelchair?



REACHING A NEW HIGH

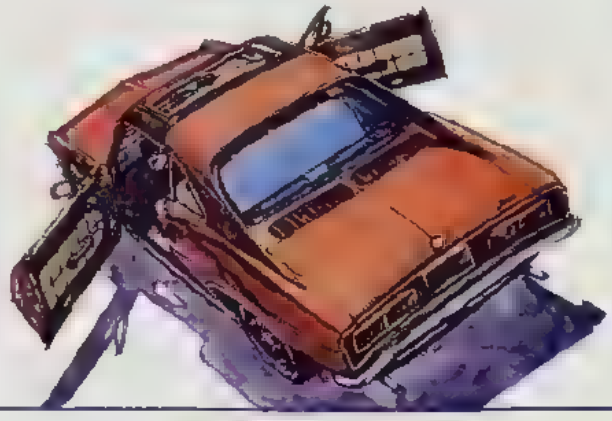
There must be as many ways of getting high as there are folks who want to. But there's only one way to know just how high you really are, and that's by using an altimeter. Until recently, such devices were too bulky to tote about, but now the AGA Corporation, 550 County Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey, has lightened your load with its Swiss pocket model that sells for $79. Head for the hills!

JANUARY IS DELICIOUS

It would seem there's a calendar for every subject from male nudes to horticulture but would you believe one on recycling? Yes, environmentalists everywhere, the next 12 are your months when you hang up Eat January, a calendar available from Resource Planning Associates, 44 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for $5. Each month is a crash course in various recycling problems and most are reusable. Pass the salt, please.

NADER'S NADIR

Art Herschberger of Solar Automotive in Princeton, Wisconsin, knows a bad thing when he sees one. That's why his business is converting nasty old Corvairs into fast, luxurious Cavaliers. Sound crazy? Maybe, but Cavalier owners swear by their 300-hp engines—and additional options range from water injection to Rallye mirrors. Furthermore, you can take in your own Corvair or pick one of Art's reconditioned babies. Prices range from $4000 to $7000, depending on options. For a *Corvair*?



WHO REMEMBERS WORLD WAR II?

Just when you were getting into Fifties nostalgia, Kenneth Waissman and Maxine Fox, the producers of *Grease*, are asking you to turn back the hands of time one more decade. Beginning February 27, the two living legendary Andrews Sisters, Patty and Maxene, will open on Broadway in an original Forties-era musical called *Over Here*, which, we're told, is about "two sisters who run a home-front U. S. O. canteen for boys in uniform." We're hep!

NEVADA

(continued from page 168)

Daddy, you're making him nervous."

Culp told her, "I am *not* nervous."

Polly told her, "I can't keep holding it."

"Baby. You just went less than an hour ago."

"I'm nervous."

Culp laughed. Laura said, "You're not funny. You're not a baby anymore."

Polly said, "Yeah and you're not a wife, either."

Silence

"Nobody said I was."

Nevada spun by. Sarah stepped out of a car, their old Corvair convertible, wearing a one-piece bathing suit. Her hair was stiff and sun bleached and wild. She was eating a hot dog loaded with relish. Culp looked closer and there was sand in her ear, as in a delicate discovered shell.

Polly announced, "Dad, that sign said a place in three miles. 'Soft Drinks, Sandwiches, Beer, Ice and Slots.'"

"Slots, slots," Laura spit, furious for a reason that eluded her father. "Slots and sluts, that's all there is in this dumb state."

Culp asked, "Didn't you enjoy Reno?"

"I hated it. What I hated especially was Mom acting on the make all the time."

On the make, sluts—the language of women living together, it occurred to him, coarsens like that of men in the Army. He mildly corrected, "I'm sure she wasn't on the make, she was just happy to be rid of me."

"Don't you kid yourself, Dad. She was on the make. Even with Jim about to show up she was."

"Yeah, well," Polly said, "you weren't that pure yourself, showing off for that Mexican boy."

"I wasn't showing off for any bunch of spicks, I was practicing my diving and I suggest you do the same, you toad. You look like a sick frog, the way you go off the board. A sick *fat* frog."

"Yeah, well. Mommy said you weren't so thin at my age yourself."

Culp intervened: "It's *nice* to be plump at your age. Otherwise, you won't have anything to shape up when you're Laura's age."

Polly giggled, scandalized. Laura said, "Don't flirt, Dad," and crossed her thighs; she was going to be one of those women, Culp vaguely saw, who have legs. She smoothed back the hair from her brow in a gesture that tripped the home-movie camera again. Sarah before the mirror. He could have driven forever this way; if he had known Nevada was so easy, he could have planned to reach the Utah line, or detoured north to some ghost towns. But they had made reservations in Elko, and stopped. The hotel was three stories high; on the ground floor, a cavernous dark casino glimmered with the faces of the slots and the shiny uniforms of the change girls. Though it was only three in the afternoon, Culp wanted to go in there, to get a drink at the bar, where the bottles glowed like a row of illumined stalagmites. But his daughters, after inspecting their rooms, dragged him out into the sunshine. Elko was a flat town full of space, as airy with emptiness as a honeycomb. The broad street in front of the hotel held railroad tracks in its center. To Polly's amazed delight, a real train—nightmarish in scale but docile in manner—materialized on these tracks, halted, ruminated, and then ponderously, thoughtfully dragged westward its chuckling infinity of freight cars. They walked down sun-struck sidewalks, past a drunken Indian dressed in clothes black as his shadow, to a museum of mining. Polly coveted the glinting nuggets. Laura yawned before a case of old-fashioned barbed wire and sought her reflection in the glass. Culp came upon an exhibit, between Indian beads and pioneer hardware, incongruously devoted to Thomas Alva Edison. He and Sarah and the girls, driving home from a Sunday on the beach at Red Bank, would pass a service island on the Jersey Turnpike named for Edison. They would stop for supper at another one, named for Joyce Kilmer. The tar on the parking lot would sting their bare feet. A peppery smell of carbon waste and butane in the air. Sarah would go in for her hot dog wearing her *dashiki* beach wrapper—hip length, with slits for her naked arms. Her arms would be burned pink in the crooks. The sun would have ignited a conflagration of clouds beyond the great Esso tanks. Here, in Elko, the sun rested gently on the overexposed purple of the ridges around them. On the highest ridge a large letter E had been somehow cut, or inset, in what seemed limestone. Polly asked why.

He answered, "I suppose for airplanes."

Laura amplified, "If they don't put initials up, the pilots can't tell the towns apart, they're all so boring."

"I like Elko," Polly said. "I wish we lived here."

"Yeah, what would Daddy do for a living?"

This was hard. In real life, he was a chemical engineer for a conglomerate that was planning to exploit Colorado shale. Polly said, "He could fix slot machines and then at night come back in disguise and play them so they'd pay him lots of money."

Both girls, it seemed to Culp, had forgotten that he would not be living with them for the future, that this peaceful Nevada nowhere was all the future they had. He took Polly's hand, crossing the railroad tracks, though the tracks were arrow straight and no train was materializing between here and the horizon.

• • •

Laura flustered him by taking his arm as they walked into the dining room, which adjoined the dark grotto of slots. The waitress slid an expectant glance at the child, after he had ordered a drink for himself. "No. She's only sixteen."

When the waitress had gone, Laura told him, "Everybody says I look older than sixteen; in Reno with Mom, I used to wander around in the places and nobody ever said anything. Except one old fart who told me they'd put him in jail if I didn't go away."

Polly asked, "Daddy, when're you going to play the slots?"

"I thought I'd wait till after dinner."

"That's too long."

"OK, I'll play now. Just until the salad comes." He took a mouthful of his drink, pushed up from the table and fed ten quarters into a machine Polly could watch. Though he won nothing, being there, amid the machines' warm and impetuous colors, consoled him. Experimenting, he pressed the button marked CHANGE. A girl in a red uniform crinkling like embers came to his side inquisitively. Her face, though not old, had the Western dryness—eyes smothered in charcoal, mouth tightened as if about to say, *I thought so.* But something sturdy and hollow backed in her stance touched Culp, gave him an intuition. Her uniform's devilish cut bared her white arms to the shoulder. He gave her a five-dollar bill to change into quarters. The waitress was bringing the salad. Heavy in one pocket, he returned to the table.

"Poor Dad," Laura volunteered. "That prostitute really turned him on."

"Laura. I'm not sure you know what a prostitute is."

"Mom said every woman is a prostitute, one way or another."

"You know your mother exaggerates."

"I know she's a bitch, you mean."

"Laura."

"She *is*. Dad. Look what she's done to you. Now she'll do it to Jim."

"You and I have different memories of your mother. You don't remember her when you were little."

"I don't want to live with her, either. When we all get back to Denver, I want to live with *you*. If she and I live together, it'll always be competing, that's how

"I believe your firm can use a man like me, sir. I'm young, aggressive, and I won't take no for an answer!"

"Must have cost him a fortune!"

it was in Reno; who needs it? When *I* get to forty, I'm going to tell my lover to shoot me."

Polly cried out; an astonishing noise, like the crash of a jackpot. "*Stop* it," she told Laura. "Stop talking big. That's all you do, is talk big." The child, salad dressing gleaming on her chin, pushed her voice toward her sister through tears: "You want Mommy and Daddy to fight all the time instead of love each other even though they *are* divorced."

With an amused smile, Laura turned her back on Polly's outburst and patted Culp's arm. "Poor Dad," she said. "Poor old Dad."

Their steaks came, and Polly's tears dried. They walked out into Elko again and at the town's one movie theater saw a Western. Burt Lancaster, a down trodden Mexican, after many insults, including crucifixion, turned implacable avenger and killed nine hirelings of a racist rancher. Polly seemed to be sleeping through the bloodiest parts. They walked back through the dry night to the hotel. Their two adjoining rooms each held twin beds. Laura's suitcase had appeared on the bed beside his.

Culp said, "You better sleep with your sister."

"Why? We'll leave the door between open, in case she has nightmares."

"I want to read."

"So do I."

"You go to sleep now. We're going to make Salt Lake tomorrow."

"Big thrill. Dad, she mumbles and kicks her covers all the time."

"Do as I say, love. I'll stay here reading until you're asleep."

"And then what?"

"I may go down and have another drink."

Her expression reminded him of how, in the movie, the villain had looked when Burt Lancaster showed that he, too, had a gun. Culp lay on the bedspread reading a pamphlet they had bought at the museum about ghost towns. Champagne and opera sets had been transported up the valleys where now not a mule survived. Train whistles at intervals scooped long pockets from the world beyond his room. The breathing from the other room had fallen level. He tiptoed in and saw them both asleep, his daughters. Relaxed, Laura's face revealed its freckles, its plumpness, the sorrowing stretched smoothness of the closed lids. Polly's face wore a film of night sweat on her brow; his kiss came away tasting salty. He did not kiss Laura, in case she was faking. He switched off the light and stood considering what he must do. A train howled on the other side of the wall. The beautiful emptiness of Nevada, where he might never be again, sucked at the room like a whirlpool.

Downstairs, his intuition was borne out. The change girl had noticed him, and said now, "I thought so."

"You ever go off duty?"

"What's duty?"

He waited at the bar, waiting for the bourbon to fill him; it couldn't, the room inside him kept expanding, and when she joined him, after two, sidling up on the stool (a cowboy moved over) in a taut cotton dress that hid the tops of her arms, the blur on her face seemed a product of her inner chemistry, not his. "You've a room?" As she asked that, her jaw went square; it reminded him of somebody, who? The landlady.

"I do," he said, "but it's full of little girls."

She reached for his bourbon and sipped and said, in a voice older than her figure, "This place is lousy with rooms."

• • •

Culp arrived back in his own room after five. He must have been noisier than he thought, for a person in a white nightgown appeared in the connecting doorway. He could not see her features, she was a good height, she reminded him of nobody. Good. From the frozen pose of her, she was scared—scared of him. Good.

"Dad?"

"Yep."

"You OK?"

"Absolutely." Though already he could feel the morning's sun grinding on his temples. "You been awake, sweetie? Sorry."

"I was worried about you." But Laura did not cross the threshold into his room.

"Very worried?"

"Naa."

"Listen. It's not your job to take care of me. It's my job to take care of you."

TENNIS SWAPPING

(continued from page 157)

I must admit the idea of having Alice for a partner intrigued me.

"When we were alone in our room later, I said to my wife, 'You know, it might be sort of nice if we swapped partners tomorrow. We'd get a better game out of it.'

'Carol became furious and said I was a dirty old tennis player and she would never consent to any such thing. But about one o'clock in the morning she admitted that Ted's forehand had fascinated her and that she had wondered, while we were playing, what it would feel like to be standing next to all that power. She finally consented to give it a try.

"The next day I told Ted that Carol and I didn't know if he had been joking or not, but if he hadn't been, we'd like to swap partners for our morning game.

"He said Alice and he had also discussed it and nothing would please them more. Alice had been really turned on by my serve and he said he had dreamed about my wife's lob all night long.

"Ted told me he and Alice had been swapping tennis partners for two years. He said they do it only when they're away from home and nobody knows them. He told me they had met some wonderful couples that way and whenever he and Alice can find someone to stay with the children, they go somewhere for a mixed-doubles game.

"In every other respect, they are the all-American couple, pillars of their church and community. Far from breaking up their marriage, tennis swapping has not only helped them stay together but it's improved their game tremendously."

Bob continued: "After our game with Ted and Alice, which we both found unbelievably stimulating, we became tennis swappers ourselves. Sometimes we meet couples through ads in the papers, other times we go to a tennis club where we know mixed doubles are encouraged. It's changed our lives and we're sorry we didn't do it ten years earlier."

John and Mary L. were childhood sweethearts and had gotten married the day after they both graduated from college. When they were first married, they lived in the city and played tennis only once or twice a week, which they felt was enough. Then John was offered a job with a computer firm in Paradise Valley. He bought a $75,000 home in Paradise Acres, where all the executives from the computer firm lived.

A few weeks after they moved in, they were invited to an evening tennis party at the Paradise Valley Country Club.

John told me, "We were both very excited and we went out and bought new tennis outfits, including Adidas sneakers. When we showed up, all the courts were full. I knew a few of the couples and I was surprised to find they weren't playing with each other.

"Then Beecham, who was my supervisor, came up to Mary and said 'You and I are on next against John and my wife, Suzanne.'

'Mary was shocked and looked at me wide-eyed. 'I don't think I want to play.'

"'Oh, come on, Mary,' Suzanne said. 'No one in Paradise Acres plays doubles with her husband. Be a good sport.'

"'John has a great future with the company' said Beecham coldly, 'provided he plays the game.'

"I whispered to Mary, 'You have to do it. My job depends on it.'

'With tears in her eyes, Mary went onto the court with Beecham. At first she could do nothing but double-fault. But pretty soon she became angry and was hitting drives across the net like I've never seen her hit before. They beat us in three straight sets.

"That night Mary said to me, 'All right, you son of a bitch, you got me into it and I want you to know I enjoyed it. I'll play with anyone just to make you president of the goddamn company, but don't ever ask me to play with you again, because, buster, I am now a liberated tennis woman.'"

John said, "Well, the rest of the story is that Mary is now known around Paradise Acres as someone who will play with anyone who asks her. Whenever I come home at night she's on the tennis court. I guess it was my fault for getting her into it, but how the hell did I know she'd like it so much?"

Rod and Cynthia M. have their own tennis court and have been swapping tennis partners for 15 years.

Cynthia told me, "Our marriage was on the rocks. Rod and I lost interest in playing with each other and we were drifting apart. Then one day I was sick and Rod played doubles with our neighbor, a beautiful redhead. He came home and told me about it and I got so excited I insisted on going out onto the court and playing him at that very moment. It was the best tennis game we ever had. After that we would play with other partners, but the best part of it was telling each other about it at night. I would excite Rod discussing my partner's net game

"Say, how about moving in with my wife and me? The kids are grown up and gone and we've got lots of room."

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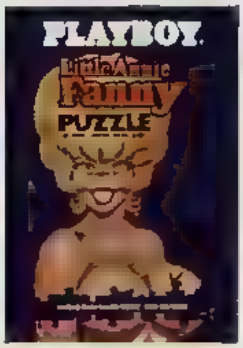

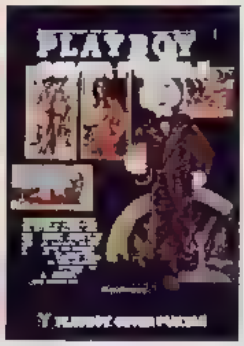

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500 AP 154

Angela Dorian (Sept. 1967)
500 AP 155

Puzzlers from PLAYBOY

and he could drive me wild describing his partner's backhand. It brought a new dimension to our lives.

"We never get jealous, because I know that Rod is still the best partner I'll ever have, and he has assured me none of the women he has played with can ever fit in my tennis shoes."

Not all tennis swapping ends happily. Lola Q., a California housewife, told me, "My husband and I had what we thought was a beautiful relationship. One day for a lark we decided to swap partners in a mixed-doubles tournament on parents' day at our son's boarding school.

"Jerry played with the mother of my son's roommate and I played with my son's math teacher.

"Jerry's partner put a top spin on her serve, which is something I could never develop. I was hopelessly outmatched.

"Since then it's never been the same between us. Jerry still plays with me, but I know he's only going through the motions. Every time I serve he closes his eyes and I know he's fantasizing about her top spin.

"We've been going to a tennis clinic for a year, hoping to get back what we had together, but it's over between us. How can I compete against a woman with a top-spin serve?"

Dr. Riband Rogenthaler, a tennis psychiatrist who has worked with many mixed-doubles couples, considers tennis swapping a healthy thing, provided both parties are willing.

"For years people have been repressed about their tennis, but now they feel the important thing is to let it all hang out.

"Tennis between two consenting adults can be the most beautiful experience in the world. We all need stimulation and novelty. But I warn my patients there are emotional pitfalls to switching partners in a mixed-doubles match. The important thing is to think of it as a game, and no matter who you play with, always keep your eye on the ball."

"Miss Del Santo is appearing as a friend of the court."

OTHER BUBBLIES

(continued from page 115)

bracing definition. Kriter's Blanc de Blancs Brut de Brut isn't bone-dry despite the name. Their Blanc de Blancs Special Brut has a touch more sugar, though it's by no means sweet. Both bottlings are vintaged.

Sparkling red burgundies go much better at parties than at dinners. They're made sweeter to neutralize the bitterness of the tannin in the grape, which the bubbles bring up. Chanson, B & G, Bichot, Piat and Red Cap are all respectable names.

Interesting for their singularity are *blanquette de limoux*—sweet, almost white, like a mild *asti*—and the oddball wine Vin Fou, a humdrum white effervescent from the Jura region that benefits from clever merchandising.

One expects all kinds of effervescents from France; but Spain? Well, Cavas Codorníu is the world's largest producer of sparkling wine by the *methode champenoise* (secondary fermentation in the original bottle). Bowing to the current fad, Codorníu makes a *blanc de blancs* that is softer and less acidic than champagne, but lacks the radiance of the prototype. Brut Codorníu has more oomph. A Non Plus Ultra Brut which rests five years on its yeast, may be Codorníu's best. It's quite dry, between the *blanc de blancs* and the *brut* in body and bouquet, with a finesse beyond either.

From the Rioja region comes a sparkler with the unlikely name of Royal Carlton: available as Brut Natur and a sweeter Extra Seco. It has more body than Codorníu and a sprinkle of spice in its bouquet. The Anglicized name is allegedly a tribute to Winston Churchill's fondness for the brand.

The Asturias region contributes something different in the way of bubblies—Sidra. It's a hard cider, redolent of apples, with more carbonation but less alcohol (under seven percent) than American apple wines. Around the holidays *los hombres* toss a shot of brandy into a glass of Zarracina or El Escanciado Sidra, to make a blood-warming Spaña Llamas.

Per capita, Germans put away more of the tingly stuff than anybody. It's considered a status symbol there, and the *Herren* apparently want their neighbors to know they're participating in the country's economic boom. *Sekt* has come to mean German champagne, although the term for sparkling wine is *Schaumwein*. The word *Sekt* is supposedly a corruption of sack, which in Chaucer's time meant wine from the south. In our time, *Sekt* has taken on a quality connotation, which is recognized by the new German wine regulations. To warrant its use on a label, the wine must contain at least ten percent alcohol, have a low level of sulphur dioxide, be produced by way of a second fermentation (not carbonation)

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and exhibit "flawless color, bouquet and flavor." A *Sekt* containing at least 60 percent German wine may be sold as *Pradikatsekt*

Deutsches Sekts run to the touch of sweetness and Riesling fragrance characteristic of German still wines. The better ones achieve a refreshing balance between sweet and acid, but even they generally have a sweet edge. A lot of cheap wine brought in by tanker goes into the lesser lights.

Henkell and Soehnlein are the largest producers in Germany, but only Henkell is known in the U.S., and it's a worthy representative. In an attempt to get a foothold in America, it pushed a Piccolo, split size, at distress prices. Henkell and Soehnlein both have bottlings labeled *trocken* (dry), but they are not *sehr trocken* (very dry).

The familiar Blue Nun is equally palatable and considerably more festive as Sekt Sparkling Blue Nun. The flavor of the *Sekt* is consistent with still Blue Nun, so if you like one, you'll probably like the other. A ridged plastic cork is a helpful innovation, affording some protection for the novice cork popper.

Dienhard Lilac Sekt, Langenbach and Kupferberg Gold are well made *Sekts* from smaller houses and do not suffer when compared with the biggies. For a pleasing change of taste, try Erdbeer Sekt, German Sparkling Strawberry. It's on the sweet side, with a redeeming tart edge and strawberry scent.

If German regulations are precise, the Italian wine scene is, well Italian; that is to say, unpredictable. Still wines often come up *frizzante* and occasionally erupt in Vesuvian splendor. Practically every table wine has a vivacious counterpart - *asti spumante* being the most notable. It's a pale, honeyed ingratiating sip, with the unmistakable fragrance of muscat grapes in its bouquet. Wines run from fairly to frankly sweet, but the bubbles keep them from being saccharine.

The *spumante* and *panettone* party is a favorite form of holiday entertainment in Italy. M&R, Fontanafredda and Calissano are exemplary *astis*, the latter not quite as sweet or perfumy as the others. Cora, about two dollars below M&R, is good value. Don't look for *méthode champenoise* on *asti* labels. It's one sparkling wine for which tank fermentation is preferable.

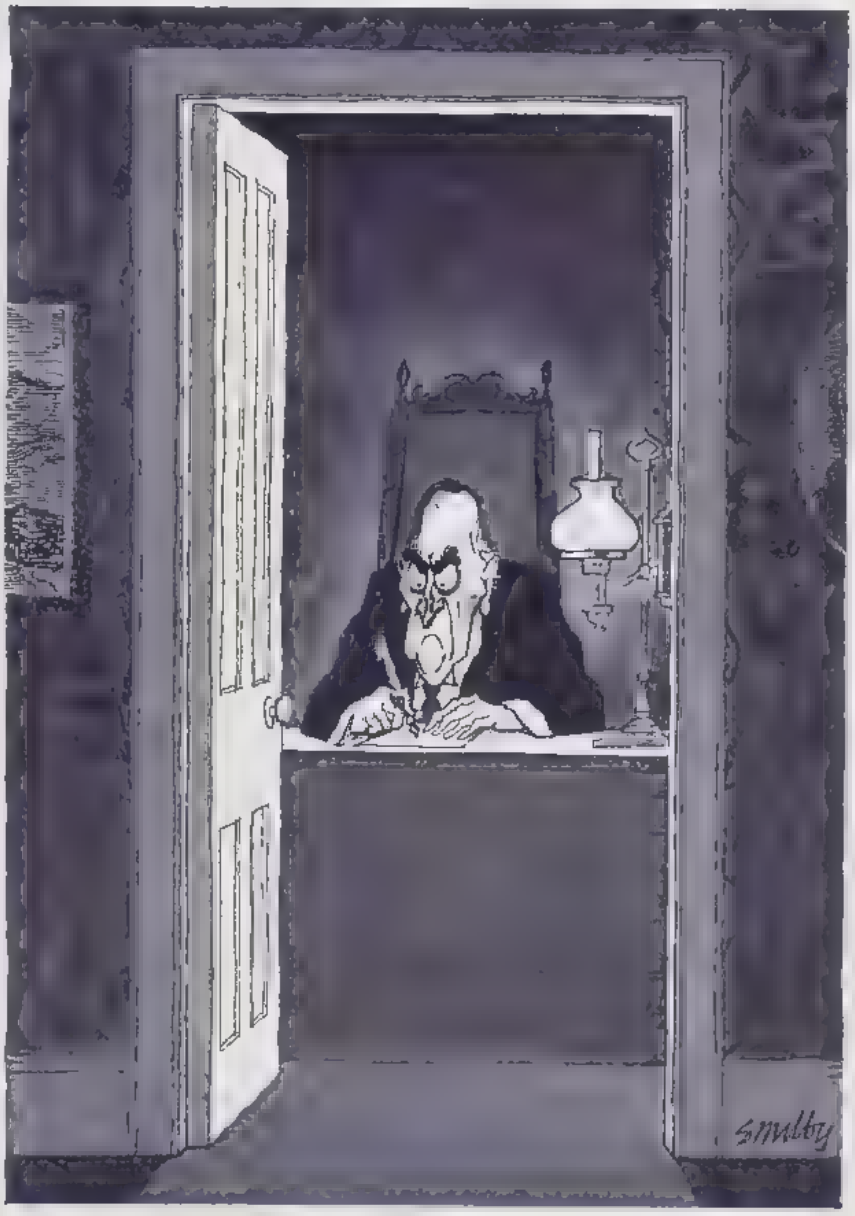
Italy's drier whites can have a slightly bitter aftertaste. You might investigate Calissano Duca d'Alba Carpene Malvolti Brut or Cinzano Brut Riserva. The last is known as the Elizabeth Taylor Special at Metropolitan Wine and Liquor, New York because they've delivered it by the case to her door. Lacrima Christi, which can be quite dry, is being phased out as a sparkling wine, although there's still some around.

Italy's foremost red foamer, Nebbiolo Spumante, is sweet and velvety, with a hint of violets in its bouquet. Barbera, Brachetto and Lambrusco are also made *spumante*. Be aware that the two-dollar Lambruscos now flooding the country are *not* sparkling, though most do have a pin point prickle.

What about American sparklers? We have them in profusion—not to say confusion. The whites, with a few exceptions, are labeled champagne. One such exception is an extravagantly bouqueted Sparkling Muscadelle du Bordelais out of the Hanns Kornell Cellars. And Kornell's winy sparkling burgundy, made with *pinot noir* grapes, is one of the best reds. They're flirting with the idea of calling it Champagne Rouge. Sparkling Pinot Noir might be more apt.

While the cold-duck caper seems to be abating, that champagne-burgundy mixture is still in demand. Paul Masson makes one of the drier premiums and André is hard to beat at the price. Le Domaine and Gold Seal, available in magnums, are prospects for the punch bowl. And if you've a hankering, there are ebullient fruit wines, boisterous moscatos, turbulent cabernets, crackling rosés and an alluring Sparkling Gamay Beaujolais from Mirassou

So count on it. Where there's a still wine, somebody's going to bring it out as a bubbly. The gamut runs from terrible to terrific, thus we suggest a preparty sampling to determine whether your initial choice is a hit or a miss. Happy holidays and happy sipping!



"Dear Sir—your sheer self-indulgent pleasure at attaining your 20th anniversary is the reason for this, my 240th letter of complaint."

MONETARY CRISES

(continued from page 91)

at 268 billion dollars, a figure that the First National City Bank thinks too high but would cut only to 130 billion dollars. The commission concluded that "much of the funds which flow internationally during a crisis doubtlessly are of multinational corporation origin." We have not only speculation with consequent uncertainty but speculation from sources of the greatest respectability.

• • •

Given the risk and cost of doing business with large and unpredictable fluctuations—i.e., without knowing what one will receive, or taking a heavy discount on exchange because the bank doesn't know what it will get, or paying the cost of hedging—the proponents of the float fall back on an obvious remedy. That is to keep the fluctuations within narrow limits. If the dollar is being driven down or up in relation to the mark, central banks or international authority must step in to buy or sell dollars and arrest the fall or gain. This eliminates uncertainty, giving the American buyer reasonable assurance as to what his money will buy in Germany and giving Volkswagen reasonable assurance as to what it will get for its cars.

A moment's thought will tell the reader where this solution arrives—although advocates of the float are not always so percipient. It goes back to fixed exchange rates. Rates are not absolutely fixed, but, like a horse race, if rates are a little fixed, they are fixed. And among the things that will change them is further trade disequilibrium deriving from the diverse courses of national economic prices and performance leading to a new outbreak

WILL THE REAL GNOMES OF ZURICH PLEASE STAND UP?

Economist-in-Chief Richard M. Nixon: "In the past seven years there's been an average of one monetary crisis every year. Now, who gains from these crises? Not the workingman, not the investor, not the real producers of wealth. The gainers are the international money speculators because they thrive on crises, they help create them."

You know—the gnomes of Zurich. The Arab sheiks. The eastern European central bankers. The unpatriotic types. True to form, Nixon has found us an enemy to blame. Don't blame him, blame the international money speculators. But Pogo long ago saw the true enemy—"and he is us."

The tip-off, an old Wall Street hand told me, was last July Fourth (since we are making it a matter of patriotism). The banks here were closed, and the dollar fared much *better* than in the days just before and after. *The New York Times* reported: "Although this was Independence Day in the United States, banks were open in Europe and trading in foreign exchange was active. The holiday may have helped the dollar. Europeans have been taking their lead from banks in New York which have been heavy sellers in recent weeks. With the New York banks closed, this additional pressure was not felt." In fact, for the first half of 1978, Chase Manhattan, for one, reported a pretax foreign-exchange trading profit of about $16,000,000. According to Dr. Robert Aliber, author of *The International Money Game*, much of that profit must have come from selling dollars.

Likewise, many of the huge American multinationals have profited as the dollar sank in value over the past couple of years, if only because their foreign profits and working capital equal more dollars under the new exchange rates. In addition, the prudent corporate treasurer who is expecting payment at some future date in a weak currency will go into the foreign-exchange futures market now, selling that weak currency short, in order to lock in his dollar profit, just as a farmer locks in the price of his corn before it's grown. Is that speculation? Is it speculation to decide *not* to lock in the dollar profit on a transaction that is to be paid off in a strong currency, which might become more valuable by the time the transaction is settled? Is it speculation, if the dollar looks weak and the mark looks strong, for the American parent to send the German subsidiary some dollars to be used to prepay a loan denominated in marks? These and other foreign exchange management techniques are generally considered entirely legitimate. But when the German Bundesbank is being flooded with dollars, it doesn't help much to know that most of them are legitimate. (Many would argue, it should be noted, that the role of the speculators is also legitimate, indeed valuable.)

Monetary crises are not issues of patriotism but of good sense. As long as there is a system of fixed, or semi-fixed, exchange rates, there will be crises. Because every so often, fixed rates will have to be refixed to bring currencies back into alignment with each other. (They fall out of line as different national economies develop differently.) It is the job of Morgan Guaranty, Citibank, Chase Manhattan and the others to advise their clients as to the weaknesses and strengths of different currencies; and it is the job of the clients not to lose their shareholders' money in devaluations.

The only reason there is ever a "crisis" at all is that the central banks of various countries come rushing in to support the artificial fixed rates. When they do, they subsidize everyone else, including Mr. Nixon's international money speculators, at taxpayers' expense. (You don't see much taxpayer protest over this, because the whole subject is so tortuously complicated and boring that it is best just to pay the bill.)

It is true that international speculators thrive on monetary crises, but their role in creating them is probably greatly overblown. Walter Wriston, who, as chairman of First National City Bank, is the generally acknowledged leader of the banking industry, and who, unlike Professor Galbraith, favors floating exchange rates, told *U.S. News and World Report*: "The money that moves on the margin—'the roulette players from Las Vegas'—is so small as a percentage of legitimate transactions as to be unimportant."

Just who these speculators are—and they may change from crisis to crisis—is hard to say. Understandably, they try to keep a low profile, which is rather easy for a gnome to do. About the only speculators dumb enough, or arrogant enough, to boast about their operations have been the Iraqis and the Syrians, according to an international-banker friend of mine, who calls them "downright perverse." But the other Arabs—and they have most of the money—do not seem to have joined in. (Not yet, anyway.) Sources at Morgan Guaranty and Citibank say the Saudis and the Kuwaitis actually built up their dollar balances prior to the last devaluation.

"You can forever identify villains when there's currency unrest," the foreign-exchange manager of a large multinational told me. "The players are there; they've got a huge amount of money at their command, whether they be banks, multinationals or sheiks. And when you've got tensions and imbalances and an artificial or fragile system, any amount of money is going to bust it. I think at one point this year it was just $50,000,000 that caused the Bundesbank to say, 'Oh, the hell with it, that's the ball game,' and they practically closed down. That's *nothing*, $50,000,000. You can blame it on whomever you want. The problem very simply was that the system was wrong." —ANDREW P. TOBIAS

of speculation. The risks of currency accumulation will come to seem excessive to the central banks—in recent times, the Swiss government has absorbed the losses of the Swiss National Bank—and the support will fail. A radical change in exchange rates will then occur. In other words, there will be a stable and orderly float until the next currency crisis.

There is another danger from the so-called float. The ultimate solution for international currency problems lies in national policies, a point on which a fair number of authorities—Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve, Robert Triffin and Henry Wallich of Yale—agree. But if it is supposed that anything so easy as a float is a remedy, it is certain that no more difficult solution will be sought or tried. Rising wages, responding price increases, excess private or public demand, poor use of capital—all damaging to a country's international competitive position—require unpopular action. No government, and certainly not one as given to wish and prayer as opposed to policy as the present U.S. Administration, will ever increase taxes or tangle with unions if everything can be remedied by a little sorcery with exchange rates. And by the time it is discovered that sorcery is not a solution—that it makes everything worse—the sorcerer is likely to be safely back in his Texas law practice or at the University of Chicago teaching his errors to the young.

Also at some stage, deliberate downward floating, more rightly called devaluation, could become an international game, something like chess. To put your currency down is to achieve a competitive advantage in other markets. That advantage others can offset by making their currency go down, too—by offsetting the other country's downward float by an aggressive purchase of that country's currency and counterpart sale of its own. This keeps that nation's products cheap, its employment high, its competitive position strong. In the years since World War Two, in reaction to wartime currency disorder and the competitive devaluation that preceded it, the moral aversion to such action has been strong. It is now weakening. A new era of competitive international currency devaluation is all too probable. It will add a new burden to international trade, a new dimension to international tension. If it happens, the prophets of floating rather than fixed exchanges will bear a heavy responsibility, and one can only hope that, by some magic, they will be tagged with the blame. International trade and even international relations will be adversely affected. International monetary disorder will no longer be a nonevent, even in Des Moines.

• • •

The proper course of action is now evident. There is no monetary solution. The search for such a solution is a form of escapism unworthy of the adult mind. In a closely knit world, there must be some stability and predictability in exchange rates. That can be achieved in only one way—by much greater coordination among national economic policies. One cannot have a stable international system and grossly divergent national policies. It is to the latter that attention must be turned.

"Why can't you just nag, nag, nag like other wives?"

This, at first glance, will seem a formidable, even unrealistic proposal. How can we unite or coordinate the wage-and-price policies, or the fiscal policies, or even the monetary and central bank policies of the United States, the Common Market countries and Sweden, Switzerland, Austria and the other countries outside? In fact, coordination will not be accomplished by Assistant Secretaries and central bankers meeting to agree on wage-and-tax policies over which they have no perceptible influence at home. George Meany and the British Trade Unions Council will not easily subordinate their wage demands to international need and convenience when they do not fully accept the need to intervene for domestic reasons. A Secretary or Assistant Secretary of the Treasury who goes to Paris to meet on such policies may not be able to see the President before he leaves or when he returns.

Yet there is no other answer and, oddly enough, this is the way the problem has been solved in the past. Anciently, the gold standard provided fixed rates of exchange between each of the relevant currencies and gold, and thus between all. And in its classical manifestation – more precise in theory than in practice—the gold standard compelled the coordination of the participant countries. Countries with a fiscal policy that was too easy, monetary policy that was too lax, found their prices rising. This manifestation of uncoordinated national policy was then brought into line by the loss of gold, the resulting stringency in bank lending and the warning it served for tax and expenditure policy.

This coordination did not disappear in the years following World War Two. It no longer brought about the movement of gold from one central bank to another. Nor, needless to say, was it the work of officials meeting agreeably and later going out to dinner. It was, above all, the result of a relatively stable and predictable economic policy in the United States, to which other countries could accommodate. Prices in the United States in the Fifties and Sixties were *relatively* stable. There were steady gains in productivity. In the early Sixties, the guidepost policy eliminated the modest wage-push inflation of the Eisenhower years, and our sanity had not become suspect from misadventures in Vietnam. Wall Street had not yet got into the go-go binge and seemed a good place to send dollar balances. In those years, we were an easy country with which to live. We did not coordinate our policies with other countries', but our policies were predictable, and smaller and more manageable countries could coordinate their policies with ours.

This is the clue to the present need. Nothing depends on monetary solutions. Eventually, the anachronism of national governments in an international economy of transnational business firms will have to be faced, but that will not be soon. The immediate need is for a predictable economic policy in the United States.

The essential features of a predictable

policy are without surprise. There must be control—permanent control—in the organized sector of the American economy where union settlements act on prices and prices pull up wages. In the recent past (and even as this is written), there was urgent need for higher taxes to soak up the purchasing power that pulled up prices in the market sector of the American economy. And in the future, there must be willingness to use taxes whenever such restraint on aggregate demand is required. The President of the United States three years ago announced his conversion to Keynes, a man many of the President's followers once equated with Marx. It was an incomplete conversion—in baptismal terms, a partial submersion. A Keynesian will reduce taxes to expand output. Mr. Nixon went that far. But the complete Keynesian will also raise taxes to curb an excess of aggregate demand. This step Mr. Nixon declined to take.

Additionally, there is need for a strong policy of public-service employment. This is important, for it eliminates the need to use crude economic policy measures to carry the full cost of keeping unemployment at an acceptably low level. Jobs can be provided in the number and in the places where they are needed. Even in budget terms, it is a great bargain.

Finally, there will be need, on occasion, for judicious monetary restraint. But this must not be a central reliance. Monetary policy is the most uncertain of all policies in terms of the relation between a given action and the size and timing of the result. And it works with marked discrimination against those industries that, by their nature, must borrow money. Quite a few foreigners recognize that world monetary stability requires, first of all, that the United States get its own house in order. Unfortunately, they confine their further recommendations to proposals for making greater use of high interest rates.

There cannot be a predictable inflation. Price stability is the only possible thing to which other countries can anchor—with which they can coordinate their policy. Given stability, other countries can accommodate. Nor is this an inferior role; it is the natural relationship between small countries and large.

On occasion, no doubt, this coordination can be facilitated by negotiation among the United States, the Common Market countries and Japan. A commitment to a common target respecting prices and perhaps also productivity might have a certain moral effect. And once American policy is in order, the working out of cosmetic details—the demonetarization of gold, strengthening of the Bretton Woods machinery, expanding drawing rights, developing other international monetary gadgetry—will give useful employment to world monetary experts. Restraints on the movement of capital by the banks and multinational corporations need also to be devised. As an interim measure—until dollar balances are reduced and stabilized—this would be very useful, as even conservative banking authorities agree. (Even Switzerland maintains a substantial measure of control over such movements.) But the major point must be emphasized. With proper American policy, everything is possible. Without it, nothing is possible.

"If you're not making these long-distance calls to Australia, then who is?"

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT

(continued from page 196)

junk, only." He spoke on behalf of good judgment, and it made him pious. Then he saw the framed medal in green plush on the wall and he said, "Is that from the war? Were you in Korea?"

"No," I said, "it's from the French government. The Legion of Honor. Chevalier. I'm a knight."

"I didn't know an American was *allowed* to be," he said.

Von Humboldt Fleisher had sent me an unsigned postcard on that occasion.

"*Shoveleer! Your name is now lesion.*"

The hand was shaky, but it was Humboldt's, no other. He had been on a *Finnegans Wake* kick for 20 years. Whenever I was similarly honored, he sent me a message. "Now you are one of Pulitzer's pullets. Lucky *P. R.* Always in a muddle." In the old days, we had had theoretical discussions about the deformation of language, a further extension of the artificial derangement of the senses. All of which came from the necessity to reclaim consciousness from received ideas. It was Blake and Vision against Locke and the *tabula rasa*. Did you, beholding the sun, see a pale blot in the sky, or did you see a heavenly host and hear it singing "Holy, holy, holy"? Art must redeem us from the cartoon world of positivist abstractions.

The state of mind Humboldt had created for himself had little to do with Art and Redemption. He became convinced that the main ingredient of my Success had been "stolen" from him. He didn't claim that he had written *Von Trenck*. What he said was that I couldn't have done it without him. It followed that he should have been an honored first-nighter in a tuxedo escorting a starlet and later, like a fair-haired bison, he should have been one of the guests at Sardi's, upstairs, waiting for the reviews. Instead, he behaved like a lunatic outside the Belasco, picketing me, applauded by his own cheering section, his cronies from the White Horse. The police offered to run him in, but I cried out in a frenzy, "Don't you touch him!" It was not one of my happiest evenings in New York.

Soon after, he drew that check for $3000 on my account. He had smashed up his Buick. I understand that he bought himself an Oldsmobile with my money.

I had heard, too, that he was living with a gorgeous black girl who studied the French horn at Juilliard, but I knew that this was not possible when I had my last sight of him on 46th Street. He couldn't have been living with a pretty girl, he was too destroyed for that. His color was dead. His face was a sort of East River gray and he was floundering in a large gray suit. His head looked as if the gypsy moth had gotten into it and spun

its tent. His eyes were red. He stood eating pretzel sticks at the curb, his lunch. Hiding behind the cars across the street, I wore English shoes, custom-made by Poulsen and Skone. My underpants were combed Sea Island cotton, seven bucks a pair. I was in this period of my life dressed like Sugar Ray Robinson. Not that I had the fighter's spirit. Oh, no. I wasn't arrayed to fight but to be overcome. Seeing Humboldt, I was overcome by horror, compassion, ideas of Fate and other humanistic lah-de-dah. And I beat it. I went around the corner on long trembling legs, jaws and teeth shut hard and my very mustache stinging me. I said to myself, "Humboldt, goodbye! I'll see you in the next world."

And a few weeks later, he dropped dead at the Hiscombe Hotel.

On that same day, I went from breakfast at the Plaza, the Edwardian Room, to La Guardia. On the 727, I opened the *Times* and turned to the obituaries. There I saw his handsome, ruined face in black and gray. I went into the can and wept, while lights flashed RETURN TO YOUR SEAT.

In his youth, he had had it all. The Goddess was with him. He was handsome, wise, angelic—he was a genius. His poems were musical, his ideas were daring, he was an original conversationalist, and women were mad for him. At a party I once heard a lady say, "Do you know what I think you're like, Humboldt? To me you're like a person from a painting." Well, he was destroyed. For a long time after his death, what I felt was that there were left in the world only certain gross comical disheartening persons in custom-made shoes or suits with psychedelic lining. And that these, or people like them, promoters, hard-nosed men, moral detectives, powerful dimwits—these owned the stock portfolios, the corporations, the reputations, these sailed the Aegean on yachts with gold faucets. These brutes had power and governed the nations.

* * *

I sat rubbing my mustache, staring at the walls, waiting for that telephone call.

And actually, this Rinaldo Cantabile didn't make me wait too long. I didn't know whether he was a real hoodlum or only an aspirant, but he was as subject as anyone else to the daily rhythms of the metropolis: the click that starts the traffic rushing at sunrise, the five-o'clock buzzing that rumbles it back from industries and offices. This great unaware beast is covered by a scale of minutes. Lunchtime is lunchtime. Rinaldo phoned me at half past 11. He probably had another date to keep. He said, "All right, you dumb prick, we're going to meet. Bring cash. And that's all you bring. Don't make any bad moves."

"I wouldn't know what or how," I said.

"You come alone."

"What else, it never even occurred to me——"

"Well, it better not occur. And bring new bills. You go to the bank and get new money. I don't want any grease or snot on those dollars. Get nine bills of fifty. New. And be glad if I don't make you eat the fucking check that bounced."

What a fascist! But maybe he was only priming himself, keeping up the savagery level. I had a hunch that it might be so. I said, in appeasement and abasement, "Any way you want it." My sole object now (through docility) was to put an end to our relations. "Where do you want me?" I said.

"On Division Street, the Russian Bath," he said.

"That old joint! For the love of God!"

"You be in front of it at one forty-five, and wait. Alone," he said.

I answered, "Right." But he hadn't waited for agreement. Again I heard the dial tone. I identified this interminable sound with the anxiety level of the disengaged soul.

I tried again to get hold of George Swiebel to warn him away from the Bath. Apparently, I had mentioned during the fatal poker game that it amused George to join his father now and again in the old steam room on Division near what used to be Robey Street. There could be no other reason Cantabile had picked that place for our rendezvous. The Russian Bath on Division Street is as old as old Mr. Swiebel, who is now in his 80s, and perhaps older. In childhood I went there with my own father and the place was as dank and rotten then as it is now, but always very agreeable as well. The steam was comforting and golden: it rotted the wooden posts until they resembled beaver fur, it softened the planks. Old Mr. Swiebel steamed himself there daily. I told George's secretary, Sharon, "No Russian steam today. This is Charlie Citrine. It's important, Sharon: you hear?"

George had said of his receptionist, "She digs emergencies." This was understandable. Sharon, a low-built, plain woman, had had her throat cut last year. Without warning, unprovoked, a fellow off the street stepped into the office one day with a razor and swept it over her throat. He went out again and was never seen. "The blood," said George, "fell like a curtain." With wonderful presence of mind, he knotted a towel on her neck and rushed her to the hospital. She now sits behind a glass panel.

I was afraid that Cantabile, having warmed up on my Mercedes, would want to go on to George. George Swiebel is generous, a good soul, a bright man, in his own way. George had organized that poker game for my pleasure and instruction. He said I was alone too much and out of things. He wanted to show me 'real people," the masses. But his guests knew why they were invited and felt that they were on exhibit. The categories are grasped nowadays by those who belong to

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them. Thus, George's poker pals, aware that they were on display, enriched the evening with their own irony. It was all perfectly clear to them. They saw the Cantabiles for what they were. Emil, a smalltime hoodlum, was born to throw rocks through windows and to twist arms. His cousin Rinaldo, with his black mustache and elegant clothing, talked big, bluffed madly, read books but pretended to be a cast-iron lowbrow. About me the guests obviously knew that I was some kind of mental fellow whose name they could find in a reference book at the public library, and that I was there to relish their peculiarities. I proved to be by far the most peculiar.

I am a bad poker player. Besides, I was distracted by the people George had brought together: one undertaker, one junior statistician from the branch of the State University, one hillbilly from George's sales force, a fellow in the tuxedo-rental business, and Rinaldo and Emil, who had pushed their way in uninvited. My legs jittering under the table, I was smiling as the cards flipped toward me.

We sat with whiskey, poker chips and cigars in this South Chicago kitchen, amid the dark breathings of steel mills and refineries, under webs of power lines. Driving over the Skyway, I often note odd natural survivals in this scene of heavy industry. Carp and catfish still live in the benzine-smelling ponds nearby. Black women angle for them with dough bait. Woodchucks survive among the dumps. Redwing blackbirds with their shoulder tabs fly like uniformed ushers. Daisies and violets persist.

It's true I dropped about 600 bucks altogether, counting the check to Cantabile, but I am so used to having money taken from me that I didn't really mind. I had great pleasure that evening. I drank, I relaxed and I laughed a good deal. I was told later, however, that I alone failed to understand what was going on. The others saw how the Cantabile cousins were cheating, flashing cards and finagling with the deck.

• • •

In the Capone era, the Cantabiles had been bad eggs. At that time, for one reason and another, the whole world had identified Chicago with blood, there were the stockyards and there were the rackets. In this myth of blood, the Cantabiles had stood in the middle rank. They were quite well known. They worked for the Mob, they beat people and shot them, they drove whiskey trucks. Unfortunately for the family, there was a weak-minded uncle who joined the police force. This police Cantabile, one evening when he was off duty, got drunk in a bar. Two playful punks took away his pistols and had fun with him. At gunpoint, they made him crawl on his belly, eat sawdust, they kicked his ass while he lay on the floor moaning with humiliation and rage. When they had had enough, they ran away, full of glee, throwing the guns down. This was their mistake. He recovered his pistols, pursued them and killed them both in the street. For this he got a life sentence. It was a hard blow for the family. After this disgrace, the Cantabiles were dropped by the underworld. They had always been average minor racketeers. Now, because of old Ralph "Moochy" Cantabile, no one would take them seriously. Therefore, Rinaldo Cantabile could not afford to be brushed off by a person like me who lost to him at cards and then stopped his check. Perhaps George was right and Rinaldo, or Ronald, was of no consequence as a hoodlum. But he had done a terrible thing to my Mercedes. Whether his rage was natural or contrived, no one could say. He was apparently one of those proud, sensitive fellows who are a cause of so much trouble in human life through being passionate about internal matters of very slight interest to any other sensible person.

I got moving. I went out to my dented car, which, in maintenance costs alone, ran me $1500 per annum. Encountering bad air, which often comes in garbage gusts across the corner of the lake from the greatest steel-and-oil complex in the world—a brown air, more gas than air—I put up the windows and turned on the air conditioner and the stereo. It was between Thanksgiving and Christmas, dark December, and the cultural FM stations were performing sacred music—oratorios by Monteverdi and Palestrina and Handel. *Christ Lag in Todes Banden*, arranged by Greenberg, with Cohen on the viola da gamba. I drove off, barely able to see through the windshield.

I hadn't yet decided in what order to do things. Maybe it would be best to take my car to the Clark Street garage and then take a taxi to the bank.

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A little later, with the new $50 bills in my wallet, I was riding westward in a taxi. All I could see of the driver was a steel-wool Afro and atop that a cap. The back of the cab was dusty with cigarette ash and smelled like a tavern.

This is my old neighborhood, a district of small brick buildings painted by their Polish owners, with their strong property sense, mainly in Christmas red. The grass plots are fenced with black-iron pipe. There must be Baltic towns that look like this, Gdynia, for instance. But the Illinois prairie erupts in vacant lots and occasionally the wind drives tumbleweed down the streets.

In the old days, the days of coalmen and icemen, broken hot-water boilers were cut in half with acetylene torches, and these long troughs were used as planters on the grass plots of the brick bungalows coated in blaring red. The troughs were often painted silver in the spring; they had double rows of silver rivets and in their black soil geraniums grew. Big Polish women in ribboned dust caps beat the carpets, shook out mops and hosed the flowers.

As there was still time for it, I told the cabby to go farther, so that I could look at old landmarks. I had to speak to him through the perforations of the bullet-proof screen. We went another mile west. The old landmarks had been demolished! I felt like a captive flamingo in the back seat, trying to look through the windows at the mangroves of his youth. With the pulsatory agitation of a bird, I saw that Lovi's old restaurant had been swept away, plus Ben's Pool Hall, and the old carbarn and Gratch's Funeral Parlor, from which both my parents had been buried. Eternity had allowed no picturesque interval. The ruins of time had been bulldozed and scraped away. Steel beams were rising in the air. It was the famous acceleration, the obliteration of familiar and sentimental attachments of which Americans are so bitterly proud. Polish *kielbasa* no longer hung in butchers' windows. The sausages in the *carnicería* were Caribbean, purple and wrinkled. The old signs were gone. The new ones said HOY. MUDANZAS. IGLESIA. This was now a Puerto Rican neighborhood. There was more rubble in the street than formerly, a great deal of crushed plaster and broken glass. But the low limestone Russian Bath building (it was also a lodginghouse or proletarian hotel) still stood. The second floor used to be for bachelors or widowers who drove milk wagons or worked on the car line, aged working stiffs, lone Ukrainian grandfathers.

Ah, yes, I knew the place from boyhood. My father used to bring me. He had great faith in steam and in being lathered with oak leaves. These steam bathers don't look at all like the lean, elderly downtown people. They are cast in an antique form. Here you see men with swelling buttocks and fatty breasts as yellow as buttermilk, thick pillar legs with a sort of creeping verdigris or blue-cheese mottling of the ankles. After steaming, these old fellows eat enormous snacks and drink schnapps. You see hard, stout, old-fashioned bellies. Things are very elementary here. An atmosphere of conscious obsolescence, of a line of evolution abandoned by nature. And down in the superheated cellar, all of these Slavonic cave men and wood demons with hanging laps of fat and legs of stone and lichen boil themselves and splash ice water on their heads by the bucket. While in the locker room upstairs little dudes and grinning broads leap up and down on the television screen and make smart talk. And Mickey, who keeps the food concession, fries skirt steaks and potato pancakes and, with enormous knives, chops cabbages for cole slaw and quarters grapefruits for the old men who mount

in bed sheets from the blasting heat. The steam below rises from a pile of white-hot boulders on which Franush, the attendant, sloshes cold water. To keep his brains from baking, he wears a rimless wet felt hat. Like a red salamander, Franush creeps up with a stick to tip the latch of the furnace, which is too hot to touch, and then on all fours, with testicles swinging on a long sinew and the clean anus staring, he backs away, groping for the bucket. Then he flings the water and the boulders flash and sizzle. There may be no village in the Carpathians where such practices still prevail.

Loyal to this place, Father Myron Swiebel came every day with his own herring, raw onions, buttered pumpernickel and bourbon whiskey. Though he had no driver's license, he drove his own Plymouth. On both eyes he had cataracts. But he could see well enough straight ahead. It was the side vision that was poor. Owing to this, he did great damage to other cars in the parking lot. But I was anxious about George. I didn't want Cantabile to run into him here.

I asked Mickey, who was searing fatty steaks and frying onions, "Has George come in today?"

A man of peace built like a bouncer, with huge bare arms and an apron tied very high under his muscles, Mickey has a twisted lip. During the Depression, he had to sleep in the parks and from the cold ground he got a partial paralysis of the cheek. It made him seem to scoff or jeer. This was a misleading impression, for he was a gentle, earnest person.

"The old man is here," he said. "George came on Sunday but not today."

I hurried out past the cashier's cage with its little steel boxes where patrons left their valuables. I passed the squirming barber pole, and when I got to the sidewalk, which was as dense as the galaxy with stars of broken glass, a white Thunderbird pulled up in front of the Puerto Rican sausage shop across the street and Ronald Cantabile got out. He sprang out, I should say. I saw that he was in a terrific state. Dressed in a brown raglan coat with a matching hat and wearing brown-kid boots, he was tall and good-looking. His dark and dense mustache was as fine as mink. But through this crackling elegance of dress there was a current, a desperate sweep, so that the man came out, so to speak, raging from the neck up. Clear across Division Street, I could see how red he was. He had worked himself up to intimidate me, I thought. But also, he was making unusual steps. His feet behaved strangely. Cars came between us just then, so that he could not cross over. Beneath them I could see his trotting movements. At the first break in the traffic, Cantabile opened his raglan coat to let me see that he was wearing a magnificent belt. But surely it wasn't a belt that he wanted to display. Just beside the buckle, something was sticking out. He clapped his hand to it. He wanted me to see that he was carrying a gun. More cars came and Cantabile was jumping up and down. Under the utmost strain, he called out to me when the automobiles had passed, "You alone?"

"Alone. I'm alone."

He drew himself up toward the shoulder with peculiar twisting intensity. "You got anybody hiding?"

"No. Just me. Nobody."

He opened the Thunderbird and brought up two baseball bats from the floor. A bat in each hand, he started toward me. A van came between us. Now I could see nothing but his feet moving rapidly in the high boots. I thought, he sees I've come to pay. Why should he clobber me? He's got to know that I wouldn't pull anything. Should I run?

As the last of a string of cars passed, Cantabile took a long stride with both bats, as if to rush upon me without a pause. But I yelled, "For Christ's sake, Cantabile!"

He paused and I held up open hands. Then he flung one of the bats back into the Thunderbird and started for me with the other.

"I brought the money," I said. "You don't have to beat my brains out."

"You got a gun?"

"I've got nothing."

"You come here," he said.

I went willingly to the middle of the street. He made me stop. "Stay right there," he said. I was in the center of heavy traffic, cars honking and the provoked drivers rolling down their windows. He tossed the second bat back into the T-bird. Then he strode up and took hold of me roughly. He treated me as if I deserved the extreme penalty. I held out the money, I offered it to him on the spot. But he refused to look at it. He pushed me with what I thought a Sicilian sort of fury toward the stairs of the Bath and past the squirming barbershop cylinders of red, white and blue. We hurried in, past the cashier's cage and along the dirty corridor.

"Go on, go on," said Cantabile.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To the can. Where is it?"

"Don't you want the dough?"

"I said the can! The can!"

I then understood his bowels were acting up, he had been caught short, he had to go to the toilet, and I was to go with him. He wouldn't allow me to wait in the street. "OK," I said, "just take it easy and I'll lead you." He followed me through the locker room. The john entrance was doorless. Only the individual stalls have doors. I motioned him forward and was about to seat myself on one of the locker-room benches, but he gave me a hard push on the shoulder and drove me forward. These toilets are the Bath at its worst. The radiators put up a stunning dry heat. The tiles are never washed, never disinfected. The hot dry urine smell rushes to your eyes like onion fumes.

"Jesus!" said Cantabile. He kicked open a stall, still keeping me in front of him. He said, "You go in first."

"The both of us?" I said.

"Hurry up."

"There's space only for one."

He tugged out his gun and shook the butt at me. "You want this in your teeth?" The black fur of his mustache spread as the lip of his distorted face stretched. His brows were joined above

the nose like the hilt of a large dagger. "In the corner, you!" He slammed the door and, panting, took off his things. He thrust the raglan and the matching hat into my arms, although there was a hook. There was even a piece of hardware I had never before noticed. Attached to the door was a brass fitting, a groove labeled CIGAR, a touch of old-fashioned class. He was seated now with the gun held in both palms, his hands between his knees, his eyes first closing, then greatly dilating.

In a situation like this, I can always switch out and think about the human condition. Of course, he wanted to humiliate me. Because I was a chevalier of the *légion d'honneur*? Not that he actually knew of this. But he was aware that I was, as they would say in Chicago, a *bram*, a man of culture or intellectual attainments. Was this why I had to listen to his rumbling and slopping and smell his stink? Perhaps fantasies of savagery and monstrosity, of beating my brains out, had loosened his bowels. Humankind is full of nervous invention of this type, and I started to think (to distract myself) of all the volumes of ape behavior I had read in my time, of Kohler and Yerkes and Zuckerman and Schaller on gorillas, and of the rich repertory of sensitivities in the anthropoid branch. It was even possible that I was a more limited person than a fellow like Cantabile in spite of my concentration on intellectual achievement. For it would never have occurred to me to inflict anger on anyone by such means. This might have been a sign that his vital imagination was naturally more prodigal and fertile. In this way, thinking improving thoughts, I waited with good poise while he crouched there with his hardened dagger brows. He was a handsome, slender man whose hair had a natural curl. It was cropped so close that you could see the roots of his curls and the contraction of his scalp in this moment of stress. He wanted to inflict a punishment on me, but the result was only to make us more intimate.

He stood and then wiped, and then pulled his shirttails straight, belting his pants with the large oval buckle and sticking back the gun (I hoped the safety catch was on). As I say, when he pulled his shirttails straight and buckled his stylish belt on the hip-huggers, thrusting the gun in, flushing the toilet with his pointed kid boot—too fastidious to touch the lever with his hand—he said, "Christ, if I catch the crabs here!" As if that would be my fault, too. I saw that he was a violent, reckless blamer. He said, "You don't know how I hated to sit here. These old guys must piss on the seats." This, too, he held against me and entered on the debit side. Then he said, "Who owns this joint?"

Now, this fascinating question had never occurred to me. The Bath was so ancient, it was like the Pyramids of Egypt, the gardens of Assurbanipal. "I've never heard of an owner," I said. "For all I know, it's some old people out in British Columbia."

"You're too fucking smart. I only asked for information. I'll find out." He washed his hands without soap because none was provided, and then refused the roller towel. I admit that it had a kind of repulsive originality in its cake of filth. Full of the nastiness of the place, he asked, "Is this what they call a Bath?"

We went together to the lunch counter and there Cantabile dried his hands with paper napkins, which he pulled angrily from the dispenser, crumpled and dropped on the floor. He asked Mickey, "Why don't you have soap and towels in your can? Why don't you wash the god damn place out? There's no disinfectant in there."

"No? Don't you put moth balls in there anymore, Joe? We got some Lysol left?" Joe, black and silent, leaned on the shoeshine chair, with its brass pedestals and upside-down bronze legs with feet. Aged and wordless, he seemed to wish to remind us all of some remote, grand considerations—possibly Honor, maybe Reason, perhaps Destiny.

"You guys are gonna buy supplies from me," said Cantabile. "Disinfectant, liquid soap, paper, everything. I got a shop on Clybourn Avenue." He took out a long ostrichskin wallet and threw a business card onto the counter.

Mickey took up the card with deference. His huge fingers were covered with black knife marks. "I'm not the boss. I just have the restaurant concession. But I'll pass the word on to management downtown."

"Mickey, who owns the Bath?" I asked. But he simply raised his eyebrows and looked blank. It would be curious, I thought, if it should turn out to belong to the Syndicate.

"Is George Swiebel here?" Cantabile asked. Mickey shook his head. "Well, he's a dumb shit. Tell him I said so."

We went out into the street. The sky had suddenly cleared. I couldn't decide if gloomy weather wasn't more suitable to these surroundings. The air was cold; the light was neat and sharp; the shadows thrown from blackened buildings made patterns on the ground.

"Well, let me give you this money. I brought the clean bills. That ought to wrap up the whole thing, Mr. Cantabile," I said.

"What—just like that? You think it's that easy?" said Rinaldo.

"Well, I'm very sorry. It shouldn't have happened. I really regret it."

"Do you take your friend George's word for everything? Why, he's an asshole. Why didn't he catch Emil and me in the act? No, he has you stop the check, and then you and he and that undertaker, the tuxedo man and all those other dummies spread around the gossip that Ronald Cantabile is a punk. Man! You could never get away with that. Don't you realize?"

"Yes, now I realize."

"I was watching you at the game, and I didn't dig you. When are you going to do something—*and know what you're doing*?" These words he spaced, he accented, he vehemently uttered into my face. He snatched away his coat, which I was still holding, the rich brown raglan with its large buttons—such buttons as Circe might have had in her sewing box. Very beautiful, really rather Oriental-treasure buttons. The last garment I had seen resembling this one was worn by the late Colonel McCormick. I was then about 12 years old. His limousine had stopped in front of the Tribune Tower (I was there to obtain a free map of Chicagoland, as the colonel had renamed it). Two gunmen of small stature came out of the limousine first, each with two pistols, and crouched and circled on the pavement, defending all approaches. Then, in this four-gun setting, the colonel stepped out in just such a tobacco-colored coat as Cantabile's, and a pinch hat with gleaming harsh fuzz which would have given you nettle rash just to look at.

"You think I don't know what I'm doing?"

"No, you don't. You couldn't find your ass with both hands."

He made me get into his showy auto. It had red-leather bucket seats and an immense instrument panel. He took off at top speed from a standstill, like an adolescent drag racer, the tires wildly squealing.

In the car, I got a slightly different impression of him. Seen in profile, his nose ended in a sort of white bulb, which was darkly lined. His eyes were bigger than they should be, artificially dilated, perhaps. His mouth was wide, with an emotional underlip that seemed to evidence a childish struggle to appear full grown. The look in his dark eyes also hinted that he aspired to be something he'd never attained and that this was a violent grief for him. I suspected that he didn't know what ideal it was he tried for. Only the grief was real.

We were speeding eastward. "Didn't I hear that you fought in Vietnam?" I asked.

"I was in Vietnam," he said. "I got out of that smelly Catholic college and enlisted."

"Did you see some action?"

He laughed. "I started some action. I stole a complete tank truck of gasoline and sold it to some black-market guys. Then I got caught. But my folks made a deal. Senator Dirksen helped. I was only eight months in jail."

He wanted me to know that he was no Uncle Moochy Ralph but a true Twenties Cantabile, with a criminal pedigree. The

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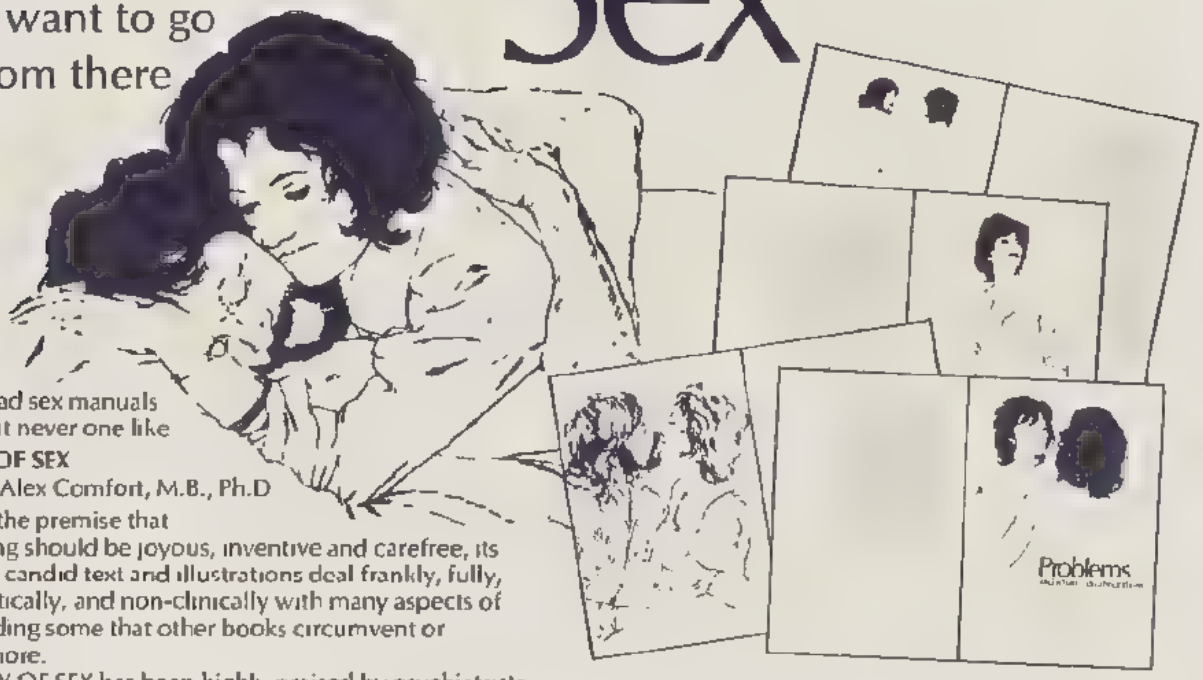

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toilet disinfectant business on Clybourn was obviously one of his rackets. He probably had a currency exchange or two and maybe an exterminator business. But he was obviously in the minor leagues.

No, this restless, sunring, smoky-souled Cantabile was on the outside trying to get in. He was the sort of small entrepreneur the sanitation department fishes out of sewers after three months of decomposition. Certain persons of this type were found in the trunks of automobiles parked at O'Hare. The weight at the back was balanced by a cinder block laid on the motor.

Deliberately at the next corner, Rinaldo ran a red light. He rode the bumper of a car ahead and he made other motorists chicken out. He was elegant, flashy. The seats of the Lincoln were specially upholstered in soft crimson bloodsplash leather. He wore gloves sold to horsemen by Abercrombie & Fitch. At the expressway, he gunned up the slope, running into merging traffic. The cars behind braked noisily. His radio played rock music. And I recognized Cantabile's scent. It was Canoe.

• • •

Rinaldo took me first to the Playboy Club. The Bunny at the door knew him and the checkroom Bunny was all smiles. He threw his coat down on the counter; I handed mine over carefully.

We stepped into the semidarkness, the opulence, onto the thick carpet of the bar, where bottles shone and sensual female forms went back and forth in an amber light.

Cantabile said: "We're going to see some people. When I give the high sign, you pay me the money and apologize." I realized that I was going to make amends in public, at least in a small way. Had a Cantabile family council ordered Rinaldo to do this—to repair the damage to their good bad name?

We were standing before a table.

"Bill, I'd like to introduce Charlie Cipoline."

"Mike, this is Ronald."

The rest was, "Sit down, what'll you drink?"

Bill was unknown to me, but Mike was Mike Schneiderman, the gossip columnist. He was large, heavy, strong, tanned, sullen, stupid, fatigued, his hair razor styled, his cuff buttons nearly of a size with his sleepy eyes. His necktie was a big clumsy flap of silk brocade. He was sitting with his old fashioned and his cigar. His occupation was sedentary. He sat with people in bars and restaurants. He was clumsy by nature, smooth by practice. At certain moments he looked blank and almost ill. He knew me at once and said, "Hello, Charlie." Then he said to Bill, "Charlie's a famous person. He lives in Chicago incognito."

I was beginning to appreciate what Rinaldo had done. He had gone to a lot of trouble to set this up. Many strings had had to be pulled, many phone calls made, one could be sure of that. This Bill, a connection of his, perhaps owed the Cantabiles a favor and had agreed to produce Mike the columnist. I thought Bill had the Cosa Nostra look. Very clean shaven, his powerful yet vulnerable nose curved deeply toward the nostrils. I thought it the kind of nose that would bleed easily. In a different context, I would have guessed him to have started out in life as a violinist, to have become disgusted with the bow and strings and to have gone into the liquor business. He had been well summed in Acapulco. Mike was sleepy and haughty. Bill, doing Rinaldo a small favor, seemed contemptuous. Too bad. In a way, my sympathy at this moment was with Rinaldo, who had gone to great trouble to organize what should have been a beautiful encounter worthy of the Italian Renaissance. Mike's column was full of jet set expressions and illiteracies. The names of the happy few appeared in bold type. He was used, of course, to people trying to crash his column. The Bunny took our drink order. Up to the neck, she was ravishing. Above, all was business anxiety. The wrinkle between her eyes had more force than the soft crease of her breasts could overcome.

Where the Club is, this lake-shore strip of the city is stupendous—skyscrapers of every form, and the shining road beside the shining golden-white vacancy of Lake Michigan. Man had overcome the emptiness of this land. But the emptiness had given him a few good licks in return. Here we were amidst the flatteries of wealth and power with pretty maidens and booze and tailored suits, and the men wearing jewels and using scent. Mike Schneiderman the columnist was waiting, most skeptically, for an interesting offering. I drank down my double Scotch eagerly and, being a quick expander, started to laugh. No one joined me. Ugly Bill said, "What's funny?"

I said, "Only that I learned to swim near this place at Oak Street before all these glamorous buildings went up. I used to come on the streetcar. It went no farther than Wells. I had a greasy bag of sandwiches. My mother bought me a girl's bathing suit at a sale and I was mortified by the little skirt with its rainbow border. Now I'm here drinking whisky."

Cantabile gave me a shove under the table with his whole foot, probably leaving a dusty print on my trousers. His frown spread upward into his scalp, rippling under the close-cut curls, while his nose became as white as candle wax.

I said, "By the way, Ronald . . ." and I took out the bills. "I owe you money."

"What money?"

"The money I lost to you at that poker game. It was some time back. I guess you forgot about it. Four hundred and fifty bucks."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Rinaldo Cantabile. "What game?"

"It seems to have slipped your mind. We were playing at George Swiebel's apartment."

"Since when do you book guys play poker?" said Mike Schneiderman.

"Why? We have our human side. Poker has always been played at the White House. Perfectly respectable. President Harding played. Also during the New Deal. Morgenthau, Roosevelt, and so on."

"You sound like a West Side Chicago boy," said Bill.

"Humboldt Park," I said.

"Well, put away your dough, Charlie," said Cantabile. "This is drink time. No business. Pay me later."

"Why not now, while I think of it and as long as I have the bills out? You know, the whole thing slipped my mind, and last night I woke up with a start, thinking 'I forgot to pay Rinaldo his dough.' Christ, I could have blown my brains out."

Cantabile said violently, "OK, OK, Charlie!" He snatched the money from me and crammed it without counting it to the breast pocket of his jacket. He gave me a look of high irritation, a flaming look. Nor could I imagine why. What I did know was that Mike Schneiderman had power to put you in the paper and if you were in the paper, you had not lived in vain. Death's hold over you was in part canceled. You were not just a two-legged creature sneaking about for a brief hour, suffering eternity with nasty doings and thoughts. You were . . .

"What cha doing these days, Charlie?" said Mike Schneiderman. "Another play, maybe? A movie? You know," he said to Bill, "Charlie's a real famous guy. They made a terrific flick out of his Broadway hit. He's written a whole lot of stuff."

"I had my moment of glory on Broadway," I said. "I could never repeat it, so why try?"

But Cantabile, like a cat gliding through a window, said, "We've got to go." I followed him and in the lobby he said, "What the fuck is the matter with you?"

"I can't think what I did wrong."

"You said you wanted to blow your brains out. You must know damn well, you creep, that Mike Schneiderman's brother blew *his* brains out two months ago. You read about it in the paper, how he gave counterfeit bonds for collateral and got caught."

"Oh, *that* Schneiderman! The fellow who printed up his own certificates, the forger?"

"You knew it, don't pretend," said Cantabile. "You did it on purpose to louse me up."

"I swear I didn't. 'Blowing my brains out'? That's a common expression. At worst, a Freudian slip. Absolutely unintentional."

"You always pretend you don't know

"I used to hate office parties until I learned to relax around management."

what you did. I suppose you'll try to tell me that you didn't know Bill Lakin, the guy with the big nose. I suppose you'll say it's all news to you that he took the forged bonds as security and got indicted along with Schneiderman's brother."

"Is that true? Why should he be indicted just because brother Schneiderman put one over on him?"

"Bird brain, you don't understand what you read in the news. He bought Lekanide from Schneiderman for a buck a share when it was worth six. Haven't you heard of Kernel, either? These grand juries and trials? But you don't care about the things that other people knock themselves out over. You have contempt. You're arrogant, Catrine. You despise us."

"Who's us?"

"Us! People of the world . . ." said Cantabile. He spoke wildly. It was no time for argument. I was to respect and to fear him. It would be provoking if he didn't think I feared him. I didn't think that he would shoot me, but a beating was surely possible, perhaps a broken leg. As we left the Playboy Club, he thrust the money again into my hand.

Our next stop was in the Hancock Building, somewhere on the 60th or 70th story. It looked like a private apartment, and yet it seemed also to be a place of business. It was furnished in decorator style, with plastic trick art objects hanging on the walls, geometrical forms of the trompe l'oeil type that intrigue business people. They are peculiarly vulnerable to art racketeers. The gentleman who lived here was elderly, in a brown hopsack sports jacket with gold threads and a striped shirt on his undisciplined belly. White hair was slicked back upon his narrow head. The liver stains on his hands were quite large. Under the eyes and about the nose, he did not look altogether well. As he sat on the low sofa that, judging by the way it gave under him, was stuffed with down, his alligator loafers extended far into the worsted carpet. The pressure of his belly brought out the shape of his phallus on his thigh. Long nose, gaping lip and wattles went with all this velvet, gold-threaded hopsack, brocade, satin, alligator and trompe-l'oeil objects. From the conversation, I gathered that his line was jewelry and that he dealt with the underworld. Perhaps he was also a fence. How would I know? Rinaldo Cantabile and his wife had an anniversary coming and he was shopping for a bracelet. A Japanese houseboy served drinks. I am not a great drinker, but today I understandably wanted whisky and I took a double shot of Black Label Scotch. From high up, I could contemplate the air of Chicago on this short December afternoon. A ragged western sun spread orange light over the dark shapes of the town, over the branches of the river and the black trusses of bridges. The lake, gilt, silver and amethyst, was ready for its winter cover of ice.

Meantime the phone rang continually, and not a single call seemed local. They were all Las Vegas, L.A., Miami and New York. "Send your boy over to Tiffany and find out what they ask for this item," our host was saying. I then heard him speak of estate jewels and of an Indian Nizam who was trying to sell a whole lot of stuff in the U.S.A. and moving bids.

At one interval, while Cantabile was fussing importantly over a tray of diamonds (nasty, that white stuff seemed to me), the old gentleman spoke to me. He said, "I know you from somewheres, don't I?"

"Yes," I said, "from the whirlpool at the Downtown Health Club."

Yes, I had met this old gentleman in the hot chemicals bath, where people sat sweating, gossiping about sports, taxes, television programs, best sellers or chatting about Acapulco and the Cayman Islands. I didn't know but what this old man had one of those infamous cabanas near the swimming pool to which young chicks were invited for the siesta. There had been scandal and protest over this. What was done behind drawn drapes in the cabanas was no one's business, of course, but some of the old guys, demonstrative and exhibitionistic, had been seen fondling their little do's on the sun terrace, removing their false teeth in public to give the girls soul kisses. I myself had seen some of these spider-bellied old codgers on the sun deck taking the breasts of teenage bookers into their hands.

I was excited, I admit, by this apartment and its currents of criminality. I could feel the need to utter rising, mounting, always a sign that my weakness for the sensational, my American, Chicagoan (as well as personal) craving for high stimuli, for incongruities and extremes was aroused. I knew that fancy thieving was a big thing in Chicago. If you knew one of these high-class supermarket fagan types, you could order luxury goods. The actual shoplifting was done by addicts. They were compensated in heroin by the fences. As for the police, they were said to be paid off. They kept the merchants from making too much noise. Anyway, there was insurance. There was also the well-known "shrinkage" or annual loss reported to the Internal Revenue Service. Such information about corruption if you had grown up in Chicago was easy to accept. It even satisfied a certain need. It harmonized with one's Chicago view of society. You couldn't really afford to be taken in naive.

Rinaldo was engaged with a fine Accutron watch and slipped it on. His old watch he tossed to the Japanese, who caught it. I thought the moment had come to recite my piece and I said, "Oh, by the way, Ronald, I owe you some dough from the other night."

"Where from?" said Cantabile.

"From the poker game at George Swiebel's. I guess it slipped your mind."

"Oh, I know that guy Swiebel with all the muscles," said the old gentleman. "But he's terrific company. And you know he cooks a great bouia-baize. I'll give him that."

"I inveigled Ronald and his cousin Emil into this game," I said. "It really was my fault. Anyhow, Ronald cleaned up on us. Ronald is one of the poker greats. I ended up about six hundred in the hole and he had to take my I O U. I've got the dough on me. Ronald, and I better give it to you while we both remember."

"Ok." Again Cantabile, without looking, crumpled the notes into his jacket pocket. His performance was better than mine, though I was doing my very best. But then, he had the honor side of the deal, the affront. To be angry was his right and that was no small advantage.

When we were out of the building again, I said, "Wasn't that OK?"

"OK —yes! Ok!" he said loud and bitter. Clearly, he wasn't ready to let me off. Not yet.

"I figure that old pelican will pass the word around that I paid you. Wasn't that the object?"

But Cantabile was still stoking his anger. "Christ!" he said. "I didn't like the way he was staring at me under those straight bodkin brows."

"Well, then, that does it. I can catch a cab."

He caught me by the sleeve. "You wait," he said. I didn't really know what to do. "Aren't you enjoying our afternoon?" said Cantabile, and grinned. Attempting to laugh this off, I failed. The glabrous hysterics interfered. My gullet felt sticky. "Get in, Charlie."

I sat in the crimson bucket seat, the supple fragrant leather again reminding me of blood. I fumbled for the seat belt—you never can find those cursed buckles.

"Don't fuck with the belt, we're not going that far."

Out of this information I drew what relief I could. We were on Michigan Avenue, heading south. We drew up beside a skyscraper under construction. A head's trunk swooping up, swarming with lights. Below the early darkness now closing with December speed over the glistening west, the sun like a bristling fox jumped down beneath the horizon. Nothing but a scarlet edge remained. I saw it between the el pillars. As the tremendous trusses of the unfinished skyscraper turned black, the hollow interior filled with thousands of electric points resembling champagne bubbles. The completed building would never be so beautiful as this. We got out, slamming the car doors, and I followed Cantabile over some plank bedding laid down for the trucks. He seemed to know his way

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around. Maybe he had clients among the hard-hats. If he was in the juice racket.

Anyway, Cantabile had brought his own hard hats. We put them on. Everything was prearranged. He said he was related by blood to some of the supervisory personnel. He mentioned also he did lots of business hereabouts. He said he had connections with the contractor and the architect. He told me things much faster than I could discount them. However, we rose in one of the big open elevators, up, up.

How should I describe my feelings? Fear, thrill, appreciation, glee—yes, I appreciated his ingenuity. But it seemed to me that we were rising too high, going too far. Which button had he pressed? By daylight, I had often admired the mantis-like group of cranes tipped with orange paint. The tiny bulbs, which from a distance seemed so dense, were sparsely strung through. I don't know how far we actually went, but it was far enough. We had as much light about us as the time of day had left to give, steely and freezing, keen, with the wind ringing in the empty squares of wound-colored rust and beating the hanging canvases. On the east, violently rigid, was the water, icy, scratched, like a plateau of solid stone, and the other way was a tremendous effusion of low-lying color, the last glow, the contribution of industrial poisons to the beauty of the Chicago evening. We got out. About ten hard-hats who had been waiting crowded into the elevator at once and went down, leaving us nowhere. Cantabile seemed to know where he was going, but I had no faith in him. He was capable of faking anything. I followed, I went slowly. He waited for me. There were a few windbreaks up here on the 50th or 60th floor, but the wind was storming them. My eyes ran. I held on to a pillar and he said, "Come on, Granny, come on, check stopper."

I said, "I have leather heels."

"You better not chicken out."

"No, this is it," I said.

But actually, we had come sufficiently far. "Now," he said, "I want to show you just how much your dough means to me. You see this?" He held up a $50 bill. He rested his back on a steel upright and, stripping off his fancy equestrian gloves, he began to fold the money. It was incomprehensible at first. Then I understood. He was making a child's paper glider of it. Hitching back his raglan sleeve, he sent the glider off with two fingers. I watched it speeding through the strung lights with the wind behind it out into the steely atmosphere, darker and darker below. On Michigan Avenue, they had already put up the Christmas ornaments, winding tiny bubbles of glass from tree to tree. They streamed down there like cells under a microscope.

He sailed off more of the 50s and they flew like finches, swallows, butterflies, all bearing the image of Ulysses S. Grant. They brought crepuscular fortunes to people in the streets.

"The last two I'm going to keep," said Cantabile suddenly. "To blow them on drinks and dinner for us. Let's go."

If you didn't think of falling, the walkway was more than adequate. I crept along, fighting paralysis of the calves and the thighs. My face was sweating faster than the wind could dry it as I took hold of the final pillar. Gladly, I fell into the seat of the Thunderbird when we got down. Cantabile removed his hard hat and mine, cocked the wheel and started the motor.

"Look," I said at the stoplight, my head hanging back over the top of the seat. "You've proved your point. You've made me atone for a whole day. I see the money was not the issue. Let's stuff the rest of it down a sewer, I want to go home."

"Shut up, Citrine." But there was a milder note in his voice and he drove in a more civilized way.

We went to Gene & Georgetti's, on Franklin, just off the spur of the elevated train. Parking among the other sinister luxury cars, we went into the drab old building. A crash of Muzak met us. The high and beautiful bar was crowded with drinkers, the gorgeous mirror jammed with bottles.

"A quiet table," Rinaldo told the waiter, "and don't put us by the men's room, Giulio."

"Upstairs, Mr. Cantabile?"

"Why not?" I said.

Cantabile stared, as if to say, "Who asked you?" But he said, "OK, upstairs."

We passed a fresco painted in various shades of tomato sauce and went up. Cantabile ordered. "Two bottles of Piper-Heidsieck," he said.

In the Capone days, hoodlums had mock battles with champagne at 22nd and Wabash, jigging the bottles up and down and shooting each other with corks and foaming wine. All in black tie, and like a fun massacre.

"Now I want to tell you something, and it's a new, different subject," said Rinaldo Cantabile. "I'm married, you know."

"Are you?"

"You bet I am and it would surprise you. She's a marvelous, beautiful, intelligent girl."

"A housewife?"

"Not my wife. You better know it, buddy. I wouldn't marry that kind of broad. My wife is working on her doctorate at Radcliffe, Harvard."

"No!"

"What do you mean, no?" said Cantabile. "And this is where you come in, Charlie. You know what her thesis subject is? She's writing about that poet who was your friend."

"You're kidding!"

"Von Humboldt Fleisher. You were talking about him at the poker game, and how much he meant to you."

"Was I? Somebody should have locked me up that night."

"For some magazine, you were going to write your recollections, all about Von Humboldt Fleisher. You were very emotional about that."

"I never, but never, speak of these things at all," I said. "My brain is softening. Chicago must be giving me arctic madness. I think I'd better get out of here. Was there more?"

"If you've got a secret left, I'd like to know what it is. The taxes, the lawsuits, the cunt you go with. But never mind all that. Listen to me, I'm very proud of my wife. She comes from a very good family. She's terrific. I want her to get that Ph.D., you understand? You're gonna give her information about this Fleisher man. Have you written anything about him?"

"I don't know what I've got. A mass of stuff, I haven't looked at it, it's chaotic. Give me a few minutes to think. Everything is much too strange. *Es schwindelt.*"

"Your mistake, Citrine," said Rinaldo Cantabile, "is that you think you're the only person around with any brains. Now, read this." He handed me a typewritten letter, signed by his wife, Lucy Wilkins Cantabile. I read it. It was neat, polite, detailed and efficient, the letter of a model graduate student. She had prepared for me a long list of questions about Humboldt and his work.

"What does she want?" I said.

"Answers."

"Written answers?"

"I said answers."

"I won't do it," I said. "I'm not going to write a word. I never do anything like this. I always throw questionnaires away and I've practically stopped writing letters at all. Anyway, it's too much, I'm tired. My heart will break. I draw the line. Go to hell. Bump me off. Lots of absurdities I can take, like the ones you ran me through today, but there are things I don't do. Regardless of how the world is swollen out of shape, Cantabile. Take this letter back to your wife."

"You're not going to answer it?"

"No. I'm not."

"Would you talk to Lucy?"

"I might. I might not."

"You'll talk to her."

"I may agree to a short chat."

"With a tape recorder?"

"No. I don't like the way my voice comes out on tape."

"You don't have to listen. All right, don't get yourself into an uproar. Drink some champagne. Giulio, bring champagne glasses. Don't bring me that heavy junk. I want the lightweight with the long stems."

"Sure, Mr. Cantabile." Deferential smiling Giulio knew how to let Rinaldo look big.

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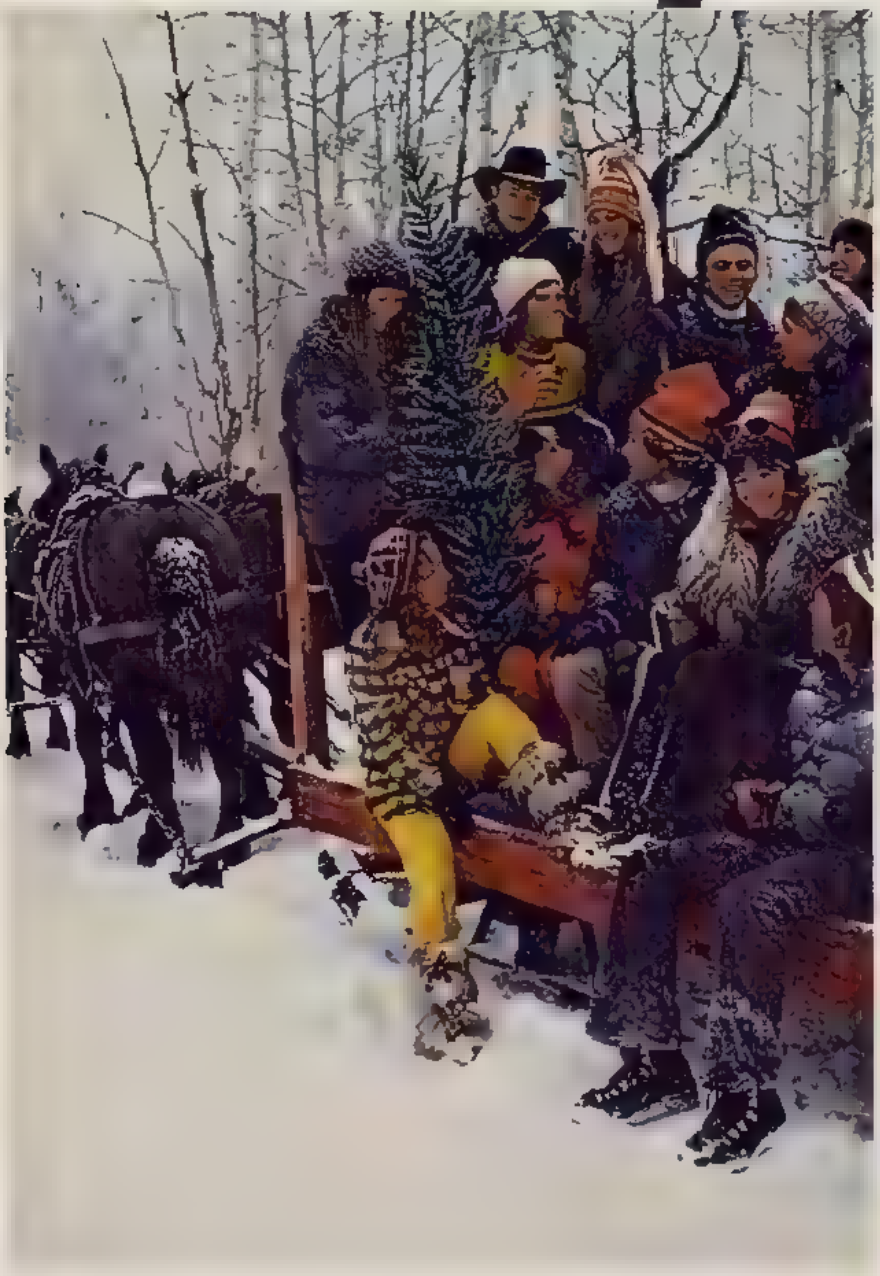

When you head out for a Christmas party in the country, sometimes you find the roads aren't plowed.

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SEX WITH A BRUSSELS SPROUT? *(continued from page 120)*

C. Need more information about the horse.

30. Any other beast? If yes, indicate which:
    A. Pig.
    B. Hairy nosed wombat.
    C. Parrot.
    D. Wolf.
    E. Other.
31. In this fantasy, who makes the first move?
    A. I do.
    B. The animal acts in seductive manner.
    C. Introduced by mutual acquaintance.
32. How often have you fantasized being romantically involved with a vegetable, such as corn or Brussels sprouts?
    A. Once a month.
    B. Once a week.
    C. Never.
33. In these fantasies, is French dressing involved, or some form of hollandaise?
    A. Once a week.
    B. Twice a week.
    C. Never.
34. Do you ever think it would be nice to be baked into a large pie for the king's supper?
    A. Once a week.
    B. Twice a week.
    C. Thrice a week.
    D. Nought.
35. Do you ever wish that someone would dominate you and force you to caress a veal chop?
    A. Yes.
    B. Never.
36. How many rubber raincoats do you own?
    A. None.
    B. One.
    C. Two.
    D. Three.
    E. Four or more.
37. Have you wondered if the astronauts ever abuse themselves while in space just to trace the trajectory under weightless conditions?
    A. Sometimes.
    B. Always.
    C. I just *know* they do.
38. You can make people do whatever you want just by wishing it.
    A. True.
    B. False.
    (This question does not apply to any political figures above Cabinet level.)
39. While en route to a Danish hospital for a delicate prostate operation, your plane crashes and, as the only survivor, you are stranded for six months on a desert island off New Guinea, with no companionship and no nourishment save fronds and roots. One evening, your campfire attracts a plump young cassowary bird (large, flightless). You immediately.
    A. Tie it up and take its temperature.
    B. Kill it for food, but in an unusual way.
    C. Ignore it, what do you need with a cassowary, you already have enough problems.
40. The ancient legend of Oedipus, who killed his father and slept with his mother, gives us the name for a classic neurosis. To see if you suffer from the Oedipus complex, answer the following:
    A. Do you harbor any desire to sleep with Oedipus' mother?
    B. All right, then—do you know her socially or have you ever heard of her?
    C. Then what were you doing mooning around Agamemnon's house last week, wearing a false-nose-and-sandals set?

PART 4. FANTASY LIFE—DREAMS

Dreams, as Freud said, are "the royal road to the unconscious; if not, why am I wasting my time?" Once we understand the unconscious, it is only a short trip to brooding, depression, despondency, suicide and the discovery that the car has been towed away. These questions will give a profile of your dream activity.

41. Do you ever dream you are an insect?
    A. Yes.
    B. No.
42. A flower?
    A. Yes.
    B. No.
43. A mineral?
    A. Yes.
    B. No.
44. If yes to 43, indicate which:
    A. Lignite.
    B. Stibnite.
    C. Quartz.
    D. Other.
45. Do you ever dream you are a man named Esterhazy:
    A. Yes, but my name is Esterhazy.
    B. Never.
    C. Rarely.
46. Do you ever have a dream in which you are specifically *not* a man named Esterházy; that is, you walk around explaining, "I am not Esterházy. Esterházy is shorter and has a mustache. Repeat, I am not Esterházy."?
    A. Always.
    B. Sometimes.
    C. Never.
47. Do you have dreams in which you can fly?
    A. Always.
    B. Sometimes.
    C. Never.
48. In these dreams, are you equipped with proper radar and ground-control equipment, as required by the FAA?
    A. Yes.
    B. No.
49. Are there drinks and a movie on board or just magazines?
    A. Drinks and a movie.
    B. Magazines.
50. Have you ever had a mid-air collision with another neurotic who was also having a flying dream?
    A. Yes.
    B. No.

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

Now that you have completed the questionnaire, you can put down your pencil and read on for a discussion of the sections of the test and what they mean.

PART 1. SEXUAL ATTITUDES—FORMATIVE

This section deals with two important formative features of childhood: the curiosity of the child as to its own origins and the disgusting habit of certain children who sniff and poke around their bodies, when they might better be occupied memorizing the Scriptures. There are no "correct" or "incorrect" answers to any of the 14 questions in this part, except question 3: "As a child, did you have any siblings?" The correct answer to this is B—one sibling. If you answered A—no siblings—go back and rethink your childhood. Weren't there some other short people hanging around while you were growing up? Those short people *just might have been* brothers or sisters or, rarely, midgets, if your mother kept a very loose house. If you answered C or D—two, three or more siblings—the chances are you are embellishing in an attempt to ward off feelings of sibling inadequacy. Questions 10 and 11 should have caused you to break out into a cold sweat, as they deal with the enormous guilt feelings that are the legacy of *all* children brought into the world since the Reformation (1517). Masturbation (questions 8, 13, 14) has been variously called "the Devil's handiwork," "a shocking waste" and "the shepherd's salvation." In contrast with these extreme views is the enlightened attitude of sex educator Dr. Fleming Twit, Erogenous Fellow at Oxford, who describes masturbation as "on the whole, more fun than getting it caught in a cornhusker."

PART 2. SEXUAL ATTITUDES—ADULT

Many sex problems find their origins in the subject of this part of the questionnaire, especially questions 15, 16 and 17. In order to fully understand the role of the male organ in intercourse, a radical new technique was devised by Drs. Wurst and Besser, involving the design of artificial coital equipment. A plastic penis was developed, incorporating cold light illumination with filmic/thermal, *p*H factor observation and recording capabilities, and a variable rate of thrust-and-depth penetration, voluntarily controlled by the female subject. The entire device was electrically powered. Unfortunately, before it could be properly integrated

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"How about a couple of humbugs for Christmas?"

into the program, Dr. Besser took it home and thereafter claimed that she "must have lost it." However, it was observed that several times a week, eight before midnight, the streetlights outside her house would dim for about 20 minutes. Questions 15, 16 and 17 will reveal your attitude toward that all-important feature of the male anatomy known as the "you know what." Anxiety about the size of the male organ has existed for over two millennia (before that, there were no male or female organs and reproduction was accomplished by an exchange of postcards); primitive sculpture deals extensively with the genitalia, and phallus worship is still a major feature of some contemporary cultures, particularly those of the New Hebrides Islands and 42nd Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue in New York City. Many intelligent, well-educated males are morbidly concerned with their organ size, despite the fact that for years, sexologists have emphasized that the size of the male organ has no relation whatsoever to the satisfaction of either partner. It is now time to explode this dangerous myth, obviously circulated by Ph.D.s with smaller-than-average organs. Let's face it. *The larger the better.* Everyone secretly knows it, now let's say it out loud. Not only sexual satisfaction but success in an enormous variety of other endeavors—acceptance into the Friars' Club, credibility in business, the respect of world leaders—all depend upon having an organ of the *largest possible size.* If you are depressed about this part of the test, remember that a passable sexual encounter *can* be achieved with a penis of six inches or two penes of three inches each. If you are still depressed, measure your organ and convert the result to centimeters, seven and a half sounds a lot better than three. "Sexual Savvy" (SS)—questions 18–26—is a phrase used by Janos Barbarian, M.D., in his classic manual, *Fear Without Love,* to describe the degree of sophistication of a sexual partner. If you didn't know the answers to these questions *immediately,* you lack SS and, on the scale of subtlety and sophistication, fall somewhere between a wounded water buffalo and Louis Prima's act. Question 21 touches upon an often sensitive area. If you tend to climax before your mate (for instance, during dinner or the movie), you are hyperiense and must learn control. Fortunately, there has been some research into this problem and help is readily available, either through therapy or at your local druggist's. Sharp & Dohme, the pharmaceutical house, manufactures a large hard rubber mallet of the type used at carnival strength-testing machines, which, if applied to the offending region *directly before orgasm,* produces startling results. However, the best way to detain climax as long as possible is to *start having sex as late as possible.* That is, if you'd like to climax at 11:30 P.M., it hardly makes sense to start messing around during *Sesame Street,* does it? Sometimes it pays to sit down calmly and think things out. Question 27 will determine any latent homo- or heterosexuality in your personality. If you giggled during this question, start working out or taking more showers. Question 28 deals with the differences in style and approach between age and social groups. If you answered True to the first three in this set, the odds are you haven't been out of your room since the Harding Administration and have some catching up to do.

PART 3. FANTASY LIFE—WAKING FANTASIES

Our daydreams can take many forms from musing over the lovely shape of the office receptionist to believing we are Frederick, fifth Duke of Saxony, and wearing a funny hat. Questions 29–36 will reveal any lurking animal, food or clothing fetishes. Questions 37–40 were included at the insistence of Dr. Wurst, who wishes to compare a sample reaction with his own experience and views. If you answered positively to any of these questions, you are imaginative, creative, spontaneous and possess an enviable stock portfolio containing a prudent mixture of blue chips and municipals, plus a few glamor issues that will soon reap lucrative short-term gains. If you tended to answer negatively, you find the real world confusing and disappointing. You are jumpy, introverted, suspicious, change your blade after each shave and are defensive about Watergate. We do not especially want you as a subscriber to this magazine.

PART 4. FANTASY LIFE—DREAMS

In examining the writings of Freud, we must always bear in mind that although he was one of the supreme geniuses of Western thought, he did have an unreasonable fear of crouching and wore a clip-on beard. Perhaps dreams are significant, perhaps not. As Jung expressed it: "Dreams, *shmeams.* What about the *fee?*" Dreams of being someone or something other than what we are (questions 41–46) indicate some dissatisfaction with the reality experience. If you ever dream you are the mineral antimony (questions 43 and 44), you might have a bright future in the manufacture of paint pigments, matches or fireworks. The Esterházy syndrome (questions 45 and 46) was first observed by Adler, who reported it to his colleagues in the *European Journal of Orthopsychiatry* (June 1932), and they all had a good laugh over it. Flying dreams (questions 47–50) reveal a desire to return to the safety of the womb or to the period of infantile omnipotence and pleasurable sexuality associated with the child-mother experience; or they indicate a sincere desire of the dreamer to be Captain Marvel. Dreams offer respite from the painful realities of the world and allow us an escape into a world of our own design. If you have *dreams* in which you are dissatisfied and disappointed, just as in real life, well, that is a very bad break.

* * *

To compute your score: Look over the entire test and your answers. Then throw your answers away. Now, on a scale of 100, give yourself *what you think you deserve.* After all, 95 percent of all successful sex is *confidence.* We hope you gave yourself at least a 65. That would mean you are a mass of contradictions, guilts and neuroses. In other words, you are perfectly normal.

COUNTRY THAT WASN'T THERE

(continued from page 212)

chicano and American Indian activism. These, too, purify the language of terms that are degrading; resurrect a flattering history; take on separatist truculence; confront occupants of power with an ultimatum, leading to truce and final acceptance on their terms. The acculturation of literal immigrant groups (as in city machines) involved the same kind of confrontation leading to accommodation. But now the process takes place in a social metaphor acted out with surprising consistency by groups very different in kind.

This sameness may itself throw doubt on the authenticity of each group's promptings. Aren't they just imitating one another? More specifically, have not all later radicalisms imitated the first and most successful (because most necessary) movement of the blacks? No, there is a separate ethos at work in each group, making its own demands. The proof of this is that one tactic cannot be moved out of its psychological package, to perform the same function in another group's set of reactions—as feminists have discovered when they try to recruit black sisters. Sexual apartness does not mesh with racial separatism. By stressing the menace of African maleness, black activists cultivate a certain *macho* against white society's effort to dominate black men. Women in such a movement must play a supportive role, dissociate themselves from the seminatriarchy whites have fostered in the ghetto (hiring black women over men, favoring the women in welfare schemes, relying on her registration as the ghetto voter). It was found that black female dominance *within* the ghetto furthered white male dominance *over* it. Thus, feminist goals were achieved by black women, in a vitiating context.

Each immigrant tribe has its own set of priorities, though it may find grounds for tactical alliance against the common enemy, the "continent" it is invading. In the same way, a lesbian who is primarily a feminist cannot function without certain changes as part of an activism that is primarily gay. In the former context, she will often be opposed to the marriage institution, while those in the latter camp are claiming legal marriage rites for the gay. Each group re-enacts an immigration on its own terms, by a dynamic intrinsic to itself.

Another argument against mere external imitativeness among the groups is the fact that some traces of internal immigration had shown up even before the civil rights movement was filled with specifically black consciousness. On the campus, for instance, faculty members felt left out of the American consensus during the Fifties, resenting their treatment as "eggheads" rather than efficient pragmatists. So they declared an end to ideology, struck a zealous anti-Communist stance and tried to outtough the businessmen and hard-nosed politicians. Professors did not achieve the tribal solidarity of blacks. They stuck more at the stage of their own NAACP, the American Association of University Professors. But a sympathy for aliens and immigrants, best symbolized in Harvard's fight for Sacco and Vanzetti, is inherent in the whole of American education. Schooling was intended as an induction into American consciousness. That is why public funds could be forcibly exacted for the process, and all children compelled to undergo it. Schools were to impart not only the skills (e.g., literacy) demanded for self-government but the attitudes (pluralistic) and propositions ("All men are created equal") that give voting its importance. Indeed, the equalizing process was in time concentrated almost entirely in the schools, where it would teach cooperation between blacks and whites, men and women, Protestants and Catholics. If this process failed to take, then the whole recruiting of citizens had failed and should be repeated -the immigrant should be allowed to "arrive" once more, this time successfully.

Such images were always latent in our concept of American identity. But they pushed up with great new force in the Sixties—not only among radical minorities but even in the large mid-area of our people. Here is the supreme proof that internal immigration was not mere fashion among radicals. Even those who did not admire blacks, and certainly would not imitate them, were clamoring to be let in. This last wave of internal immigrants was made up of those external immigrants whose assimilation had been boasted of for years. The new ethnic consciousness was a protest voiced by old ethnic groups, saying they had *not* been admitted to this land of American promise. Enough of "Black is beautiful!" Now it was "Polish is peachy!" Ethnic groups found they had a history to refurbish—Green History for the curriculum, instead of Black History. A nicety of language had to be enforced. No more Polack jokes. Italians made sure *The Godfather* never breathed the forbidden syllables of Mafia across the screen. Even the uniform of working Americans took on ideological significance; the hard hat was a tribal helmet of war, presented to ethnic heroes such as Nixon and Agnew.

It can be urged that this is nothing new. We always had ethnic neighborhoods and an ethnic politics. Just look at Mayor Daley's ruling structure. The real policeman's day in New York is March 17. But now the emphases were new. The ethnic groups were not just asking to continue their particular heritage, have soul food at home and some singing by the piano—they did not need to *ask* for this. What was preached as ethnic politics was a demand for change in public standards, for recognition of a group, for political clout- to be achieved, if necessary, by intimidation (picketing, demonstrating, taking to the streets). The hard-hats first became a symbol, after all, when they broke up a Wall Street peace march with their wrenches. Whites who once criticized blacks for making politics in the street were demonstrating against busing, against abortion, against *The Godfather* by the end of the activist decade. The same people who criticized TV for making instant heroes out of Rap Brown or Stokely Carmichael were happy to see their own self-appointed spokesmen (such as Barbara Mikulski) getting media attention. They even accepted as their own some heroes not on good terms with the law, such as Albert Gallo and Joe Colombo. As with the gays, this was not just a question of civil rights but a public demand for recognition as a force to be reckoned with.

President Nixon was quick to respond

to these signals from his constituency. While he and Agnew piously deplored the McGovernites' appeal to voters by category or "quota," they ran the most ethnically cross-referenced race in the history of national campaigns. Nixon, who had in the White House for most of the 1972 contest, picked an Italian *fiesta* for one of his rare epiphanies. After re-election, the President sponsored things like his Italian night, with Frank Sinatra on hand to serenade Premier Andreotti.

Some thought that Sinatra might be disinvited after boorish conduct at the inaugural party. But Nixon can rise above censoriousness when he recalls Sinatra's ties with Italian "antidefamation" groups. Middle America, shocked by the morals of kids and blacks, has never been too hard on Kiwanis Club indiscretions. But no one can imagine Sammy Davis Jr.'s getting called back to the White House if *he* shouted "Cunt!" at a white newswoman in Washington. The new ethnics will indulge their own kind of aggression and public incivility, just like the other tribes now washed up on the shores of our national awareness.

This fact alone raises the matter of ethnic immigration above the level of odd radical outbursts. It is not only the Afro-American or the Mexican-American who wants to reverse the liberal condemnation of hyphenating our citizens. People now want to be known as Polish Americans or (in a triple play, to head off Canuck) as French-Canadian-Americans. Perhaps, soon, as Lesby-Americans or Bisexual-Gay Americans. Being simply American was simply not enough any more. That is why each group engages in "consciousness raising." One must *think* black or female. One must *become* radicalized. One must *regain* an ethnic heritage. People were asking for something more than recognition of what they were. They were trying to *become* what they claimed to be. They must *achieve* an outlandishness sufficient to break in on the nation's outlandishness with great force.

But this raises the question, How can a silent majority, the vast median lump of Americans, be outside clamoring for entry? Granted, they feel neglected and look around for oppressors—who seem oddly peripheral: newsmen, campuses, the "Eastern establishment." If TV really oppresses them, why not turn it off? Instead, they try to get on the tube themselves, replace with their own *fiestas* the Indian raids and *chicano* strikes. They voted the Eastern establishment out. The campus is easily ignored. What gives minorities such power over this majority, which has the President on its side? Middle America claimed that student demonstrators were fringe unrepresentative types—yet that these few kooks could oppress the mass of ordinary people in their homes. Middle Americans outnumber the blacks ten to one, and outrank them in wealth and privilege—yet feel menaced and controlled by the disadvantaged few. It has been Nixon's gift to cultivate these resentments and embody them. Even after a landslide victory, he represented himself as an underdog, always picked on. At the center of world power, he rails against the establishment. His followers tell us they are America, the good people, the real electorate—yet they somehow feel deprived of their own land, locked out and looked down on.

Some ethnic analysts still fear a WASP citadel unfallen and think power is locked up in it. Then why doesn't Nixon bomb it? Because it is not really there. The only way to find a concerted directorate of WASPs at the helm of the nation is to spread and fuzz the definitions so as to make them meaningless. In fact, we are probably doomed to have WASP lib in time, and its first act will be to send the word WASP to that limbo where Polack and Canuck already languish.

Others recognize that WASP power is faded or mythical now; storm the citadel, and where are you? But they believe the WASP retains a psychological advantage that outlives his actual political and economic dominance—over the years he trained ethnics to think badly of themselves, take on WASP traits and despise their own. He alienated them from their past. Michael Novak, for instance, describes the psychological "colonization" of ethnics in terms borrowed from Franz Fanon. His Middle European middle Americans have WASP masks on ethnic faces. Liberation demands a spasm of recoil from WASP values into the ethnics' authentic selves. But what is a heritage, once it is lost? Besides, Italian-Americans do not want to become Italians again—as Fanon's blacks wanted to be simply black. That is why the colonization metaphor will not fit the immigration scenario. The ethnics want in—onto the tube, close to the President. They want to be Americans; the detour through Italy is meant to end *inside* what they have been kept outside. But what is that? If they break into the citadel, they will just be more WASPlike. And if there is no citadel to take, where will they get the *American* component in their Italian-Americanism?

In a sense, they already have it. Middle America's puritanism, its views on crime, on war, on censorship are not handed down from the Ivy League. Why not settle for what they already have? What is the thing they still must get inside? If they aren't in, who is?

No one. The tribes have all assembled on the shore, eying one another, and looked for the huge native force to be invaded—but there is no one there. Once middle America has undertaken its immigration, we must confess we are all immigrants toward a nonexistent country.

What made us think there was something else out there, that America was anything but us? Perhaps the insistent calls telling us to "belong." We should participate, take our destiny in our hands, work within the system (and so with all the system's power). That was always the summons—from Kennedy's inaugural, from the Port Huron Statement, the McCarthy and McGovern campaigns, the Neo-Populists. Even Nixon talked of "a piece of the action." The McGovern platform echoed Tom Hayden on the right to "participate in the decision-making process." Richard Goodwin put it this way: "The nature of our role in world affairs must pervade every man's sense of himself. . . ." That is really as much a prescription for totalitarianism as a cure for boredom (one of the few promises total government can fulfill).

But short of dictatorship, the thing we participate in is just us. Participation, like liberal democracy itself, is just a voting *procedure*. Those who go to it seeking substance instead of machinery must, for the most part, be disappointed. The electoral process tells you how to go about getting certain things (in moderate degrees). It does not tell you what to get, or want, or be. Citizenship does not create the man, but vice versa. Yet men went to politics in the Sixties, not for this program or that but to receive a self. "Power to the people!" was an attempt not to seize power but to call up a people; and the incantation did not work. The busyness of public life will not fill up private emptiness. It was the measure of our desperation that we asked it to.

The ethnic felt neglected because he, and Archie Bunker and Kelsey at the bar, were not consulted on the six-o'clock news; only demonstrating *chicanos* and the like. All right, put Mr. Middle America on the tube. Has he been given, by that act, a fullness he did not formerly own? Not bloody likely. Perhaps he lost what little remained of a self. Inside the TV set, he may be powerless to get out again. Emigrated off to unreality, he cannot escape the goldfish-bowl tube in his own room, regain full possession of that room. He has joined the system at last, diminished himself outward toward a public life. But why did he want to? The sad thing is that when the public machinery has failed to give meaning to men's private lives, those with some remaining inner richness are eager to drain it out toward politics and the reality-dispersing process. If ethnic life were still satisfying, why did it ache for the superficial legitimations of the ethnic politics?

We all went looking for America. But since we were it, our wanderings just scattered what we traveled toward. *Mon umentum requiris?* If you really want to find America, stand still—which is why so many people desperately scurried off. The excitement was all one of departure, not arrival. And there is less to arrive at, now, than when we left.

"Equality is the Twentieth Century myth."

FREE STYLE!

(continued from page 162)

easily translatable to the real world. And very real, too, was the *Who's Who* of designers contributing to the event, with fashions from Blass, Cardin, St. Laurent and De la Renta waiting in the wings next to the creations of a number of talented newcomers—black designers Scott Barrie and Jay Jaxon, Yannis Tseklenis of Greece, Kansai Yamamoto of Japan and five student designers, three from New York's Fashion Institute of Technology and two from London's Royal College of Art.

Many of the outfits, not surprisingly, focused on leisurewear. Some involved outdoor activity: a motorcycle suit of scrubbed blue denim from Yamamoto, a quilted track suit from Tom Gilbey (England) and a nylon-taffeta boating outfit by Robert Graham (U.S.).

More tranquil moments—the kind that require a touch of opulence or sensuality—were conjured up by a gold-and-black-brocade dinner jacket with velvet cape, from Guy Laroche (France), a multipattern green-velvet ensemble from Testa (Italy) and a satin smoking jacket with matching lounger pants from Pinky & Dianne of Flo Toronto (U.S.).

Of a more practical nature, yet not without a futuristic touch, was the carry-all camel's-hair suit—for the international commuter, no less—from Berny Schwartz of Eric Ross (U.S.).

Of course, there was no shortage of designs for just swinging and/or relaxing, such as a reversible coat of unplucked nutria over a patchwork sweater, from Egon von Furstenberg (U.S.) and the sweater-as-jacket looks from Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta and DDDommick (all U.S.).

Remembrances of things past were provided by outfits suffused with nostalgia. Among them were a Gatsbyish dinner jacket with wing-collar shirt and white pants, by Ralph Lauren of Polo (U.S.), a *Casablanca* suit in ecru-pongee silk from Dimitri of Italy (U.S.), a satin and sequin jacket—with Walt Disney characters—from Bill Bowers and Paul Gearity of Caprice (U.S.), a dinner jacket with a jockey-stripe satin vest from Tommy Nutter (England) and a Cardin (France) suit with ultrashort jacket and Western detailing that recalled hoss-opry fashions.

And, from the irrepressible Rudi Gernreich (U.S.), ever the iconoclast, came a little something for the couples of the year 2000, when—according to Gernreich—people will lounge around naked (or nearly so) in the privacy of their homes but seek anonymity and psychic privacy by hiding behind uniforms while in public. Gernreich provided the uniforms—his and her suits of armor, sterling silver for the man, ivory for the lady.

The evening's thoughts of the future, however, were neatly balanced by views from the past—a slide show that recapped the first 20 years of PLAYBOY fashions, and very handsome they were—but time, as they say, marches on. Which, to go full-round, is what the Creative Menswear Collection is all about.

"This year's award for selling the most girl-scout cookies again goes to. . . ."

A NURSERY TALE

(continued from page 116)

in glee, fighting off a couple of slaphappy young boors who were grabbing her by the hips and trying to make her accompany them.

"I'm willing, I'm willing!" she cried out at last, and was rushed away.

Varicolored paper lanterns enlivened the place. A sledgelike affair with wailing passengers hurtled down a serpentine channel, disappeared in the angled arcades of medieval scenery and dived into a new abyss with new howls. Inside a shed, on four bicycle seats (there were no wheels, just the frames, pedals and handle bars), sat four girls in jerseys and shorts—a red one, a blue one, a green one, a yellow one—their bare legs working at full tilt. Above them hung a dial on which moved four pointers, red, blue, green and yellow. At first the blue one was first, then the green overtook it. A man with a whistle stood by and collected the coins of the few simpletons who wanted to place their bets. Erwin stared at those magnificent legs, naked nearly up to the groin and pedaling with passionate power.

"They must be terrific dancers," he thought. "I could use all four."

The pointers obediently gathered into one bunch and came to a stop.

"Dead heat!" shouted the man with the whistle. "A sensational finish!"

Erwin drank a glass of lemonade, consulted his watch and made for the exit.

Eleven o'clock and eleven women. That will do, I suppose."

He narrowed his eyes as he imagined the pleasures awaiting him. He was glad he had remembered to put on clean underwear.

"How slyly *Frau* Monde put it," reflected Erwin with a smile. "Of course she will spy on me, and why not? It will add some spice."

He walked, looking down, shaking his head delightedly, and only rarely glancing up to check the street names. Hoffmann Street, he knew, was quite far, but he still had an hour, so there was no need to hurry. Again, as on the previous night, the sky swarmed with stars and the asphalt glistened like smooth water, absorbing and lengthening the magic lights of the town. He passed a large cinema whose radiance flooded the sidewalk, and at the next corner a short peal of childish laughter caused him to raise his eyes.

He saw before him a tall elderly man in evening clothes with a little girl walking beside—a child of 14 or so in a low-cut black party dress. The whole city knew the elderly man from his portraits. He was a famous poet, a senile swan, living all alone in a distant suburb. He strode with a kind of ponderous grace; his hair, the hue of soiled cotton wool, reached over his ears from beneath his

fedora. A stud in the triangle of his starched shirt caught the gleam of a lamp and his long bony nose cast a wedge of shadow on one side of his thin-lipped mouth. In the same tremulous instant, Erwin's glance lit on the face of the child mincing at the old poet's side; there was something odd about that face, odd was the flitting glance of her much too shiny eyes, and if she were not just a little girl—the old man's granddaughter, no doubt—one might suspect that her lips were touched up with rouge. She walked swinging her hips very, very slightly, her legs moved close together, she was asking her companion something in a ringing voice—and although Erwin gave no command mentally, he knew that his swift secret wish had been fulfilled.

"Oh, of course, of course," replied the old man coaxingly, bending toward the child.

They passed. Erwin caught a whiff of perfume. He looked back then went on.

"Heigh, careful," he suddenly muttered as it dawned upon him that this made 12—an even number. "I must find one more—within half an hour."

It vexed him a little to go on searching, but at the same time he was pleased to be given yet another chance.

"I'll pick up one on the way," he said to himself, allaying a trace of panic. "I'm sure to find one!"

"Maybe she will be the nicest of all," he remarked aloud as he peered into the glossy night.

And a few minutes later, he experienced the familiar delicious contraction—that chill in the solar plexus. A woman in front of him was walking along with rapid and light steps. He saw her only from the back and could not have explained why he yearned so poignantly to overtake precisely *her* and have a look at her face. One might, naturally, find random words to describe her bearing, the movement of her shoulders, the silhouette of her hat—but what is the use? Something beyond visible outlines, some kind of special atmosphere, an ethereal excitement, lured Erwin on and on. He marched fast and still could not catch up with her; the humid reflections of lights flickered before him, she tripped along steadily, and her black shadow would sweep up, as it entered a street lamp's aura, glide across a wall, twist around its edge and vanish.

"Goodness, I've got to see her face," Erwin muttered. "And time is flying."

Presently, he forgot about time. That strange silent chase in the night intoxicated him. He managed at last to overtake her and went on, far ahead, but had not the courage to look back at her and merely slowed down, whereupon she passed him in her turn and so fast that he did not have time to raise his eyes. Again he was walking ten paces behind her and by then he knew, without seeing her face, that she was his main prize. Streets burst into colored light, petered out, glowed again; a square had to be crossed, a space of sleek blackness, and once more with a brief click of her high-heeled shoe, the woman stepped onto a sidewalk, with Erwin behind, bewildered, disembodied, dizzy from the misty lights, the damp night, the chase.

What enticed him? Not her gait, not her shape, but something else, bewitching and overwhelming, as if a tense shimmer surrounded her: mere fantasy, maybe, the flutter, the rapture of fantasy, or maybe it was that which changes a man's entire life with one divine stroke—Erwin knew nothing, he just sped after her over asphalt and stone, which seemed also dematerialized in the iridescent night.

Then trees, vernal lindens, joined the hunt: They advanced whispering on either side, overhead, all around him; the little black hearts of their shadows intermingled at the foot of each street lamp, and their delicate sticky aroma encouraged him.

Once again Erwin came near. One more step, and he would be abreast of her. She stopped abruptly at an iron wicket and fished out her keys from her handbag. Erwin's momentum almost made him bump into her. She turned her face toward him and by the light a street lamp cast through emerald leaves, he recognized the girl who had been playing that morning with a woolly black pup on a graveled path, and immediately remembered, immediately understood all her charm, tender warmth, priceless radiance.

He stood staring at her with a wretched smile.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she said quietly. "Leave me alone."

The little gate opened, and slammed. Erwin remained standing under the hushed lindens. He looked around, not knowing which way to go. A few paces away, he saw two blazing bubbles: a car standing by the sidewalk. He went up to it and touched the motionless, dummy-like chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Tell me, what street is this? I'm lost."

"Hoffmann Street," said the dummy dryly.

And then a familiar husky, soft voice spoke out of the depths of the car.

"Hello. It's me."

Erwin leaned a hand on the car door and limply responded.

"I am bored to death," said the voice. "I'm waiting here for my boyfriend. He is bringing the poison. He and I are dying at dawn. How are you?"

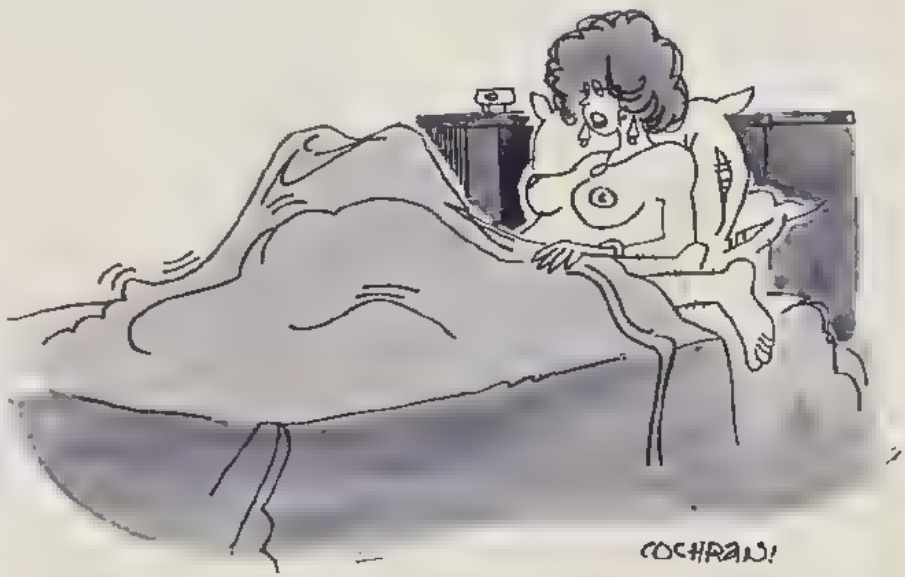
"Even number," said Erwin, running his finger along the dusty door.

"Yes, I know," calmly rejoined *Frau* Monde. "Number thirteen turned out to be number one. You bungled the job rather badly."

"A pity," said Erwin.

"A pity," she echoed, and yawned.

Erwin bowed, kissed her large black glove, stuffed with five outspread fingers, and with a little cough, turned into the darkness. He walked with a heavy step, his legs ached, he was oppressed by the thought that tomorrow was Monday and it would be hard to get up.



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4-19

JERRY LEWIS, BIRTHDAY BOY

(continued from page 158)

had just finished performing, had his tuxedo shirt pulled out of his trousers and unbuttoned down to the middle of his chest. It was splotched with perspiration.

Onstage, Berle was beginning the second half of the show.

"I heard these two ladies talking in the lobby during the intermission," Berle said, peering out at the audience. "And one lady says to the other, 'Sex gives me a pain in the neck.' The other lady says, 'Well, maybe your husband is doing it wrong.' "

The audience roared and Murray pointed in their direction with the bottle of wine. "Good group," he said.

"Not bad," Lewis said. "Better than last night."

Nobody said anything for a moment, and then Mrs. Murray said, "You look marvelous, Jerry. You keep having birthdays, but you don't look any older."

"Fucking middle age," Murray said, taking a drink from his glass. "I never thought I'd see it. I tell you, Jerry, I never thought of getting old."

"Oh, you're not old, Jan," Mrs. Lewis said. "If you're old, then we're all old."

"I don't mean *old* old," Murray said. "But you begin to get these reminders that you aren't as young as you used to be. Particularly on this fucking condominium route." He took a drink. "But the people are beautiful, Jerry. That I gotta say. They're so warm and receptive. They just smother you with affection."

"You should have seen the reception we got in South Africa," Lewis said. He took the bottle of wine from Murray and poured some into his glass. "Talk about warmth. I've never seen anything like it in my life. See, they don't have any TV in South Africa. None. So when I arrived—when the people heard that Jerry Lewis was going to perform in concert—Jesus Christ, you'd think that Frank Sinatra and the Pope showed up."

"I hear their act is a little slow," Murray said, drinking.

"Tell Jan about the welcome," Mrs. Lewis said.

"We land at the airport," Lewis said, "and we look out the windows of the plane, and the airport is covered with South Africans, with Zulus, and they're all chanting and yelling."

"And you thought they were out to shrink your fucking head," Murray said.

"It was a ceremonial welcome, Jan," Lewis said. "They were of all ages. There were kids in wheelchairs. Jesus Christ, I never saw so many people. And they performed this Zulu welcome just for us."

"Tell him about the drive into the city," Mrs. Lewis said.

"It's eight miles from the airport to the city," Lewis said. "And when we drove in, there were Zulus lining both sides of the road for the entire eight miles, cheering and shouting. And they have a whole series of bridges that you pass under on the way. *Every* one of those bridges had a huge placard hanging from it, saying, 'Welcome, Jerry Lewis.' "

Lewis smiled and then shook his head. "I have that welcome on tape," he said. "It was really something. Nothing like that would happen here."

They were all quiet again, and then Murray said, "Are you going back home when you finish here, Jerry?"

"No," Lewis said. "I'm going to Germany."

"*You're* going to Germany?"

"The war is over," Lewis said, smiling. "I'm going to do a show for German TV and I'm going to give a one-man concert. I'm also being given a German film festival award." He pointed at Murray. "For our picture."

"For *Which Way to the Front?*" Murray said. "You're pulling my fucking leg."

"No," Lewis said, shaking his head. "That picture played sixteen first-run weeks in Berlin. With lines down the block."

"That's unbelievable," Murray said. "It's an anti-German film."

Lewis shrugged. "The Europeans think differently about things. They explore and accept film as art. It's a completely different attitude from the way films are viewed here." He finished the wine that was in his glass. "Anyway, the picture was named best picture of the year, from anywhere, and I was named best director. It's my ninth foreign film award."

"That's wonderful, Jerry," Mrs. Murray said.

"It's fucking ironic," Murray said, laughing. "That's what it is. Imagine going from Miami Beach to Germany."

"I'm counting the days," Lewis said. "Which reminds me——"

He took a felt-tip pen from the dressing table and began to write on the mirror. He wrote the names of ten days, starting with Thursday, the day before, and ending with the Saturday after next, the night he was scheduled to close. He crossed off the first two days and put the cap back on the pen.

"Two down and eight to go," Lewis said, stepping back from the mirror and looking at what he'd written. Everybody looked at the mirror expectantly, as if it were going to speak.

"Miami's a toilet," Lewis said finally. "The best thing you can do for it is to pull the chain."

Then, brightening suddenly, Lewis said, "Hey, this is supposed to be a birthday. Where's the fucking cake?"

• • •

Lewis stood in the mirrored lobby and waited for the elevator. A lady leaning over the reception desk called to him from across the room.

"How's your father doing, Jerry?" she said. "Is he feeling better?"

Lewis turned and looked at her briefly. "He's much better, thank you," he said.

"We all wish him well," the lady said as Lewis stepped into the elevator.

The elevator gave a lurch and then started up. Lewis looked sideways and caught his reflection in the smoked glass, then looked away.

The corridor was narrow and dark. It had a low ceiling spotted with dim-wattage light bulbs. The apartment doors all had brass-colored doorbell units planted on them like corsages and circular peepholes that stared at one another across the hallway.

Lewis walked all the way to the end of the hall and rang one of the bells. A short woman in a patterned blue house dress and slippers opened the door and put her arms around him. "Hello, Jerry!" she said, kissing him on the cheek. Lewis set down the briefcase he was carrying to give his mother a hug.

"Jerry's here," Mrs. Lewis said, taking him into the apartment. He followed her down a short entrance hall that led into a combination dining area and living room. The hall had a small table sticking out from the wall, with a gold-flecked mirror hanging above it. The mirror was ornamented with color snapshots wedged in between the frame and the glass.

The living room, which was not large, was dominated by a heavy metal hospital-style bed that was made up against one wall. This wall also had a thick fire door leading out to an open balcony that overlooked Collins Avenue, the main street at this end of Miami Beach. Across the boulevard, there was a coffee shop, with a sign flashing the words OPEN 24 HOURS in colored lights.

"Hello, Pop," Lewis said. He crossed the room and kissed his father, who was sitting in a wheelchair not far from the metal bed. "How've you been doing?"

Danny Lewis held his son's hand and smiled at him faintly. He was a painfully weak-looking man, whose body and face had been shrunken by a series of violent strokes. Behind him, on the wall, there was a photograph taken a couple of years before, showing him as a robust, full-faced man, with a broad and winning smile and a full head of hair. Now his hair was thin, his face was stretched and gaunt; and yet his eyes, just as the eyes that looked out brightly from the photograph on the wall, were keenly alive.

"Danny's been doing just fine," said a short, plump lady sitting on one of the chairs in the dining area. "How have you been, Jerry?"

"Oh, Christ, Aunt Jean, are you still here?" Lewis said, turning in her direction. "Ma, I thought you told me Aunt Jean was leaving today for sure."

"Now, what kind of way is that for you

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to talk to your aunt?' Aunt Jean said from her seat.

"He shows no respect, this boy," Mrs. Lewis said with a laugh. She patted him on the cheek. "Sit, Jerry. Sit down and be comfortable."

She left the room and Lewis took a seat on the sofa, on the opposite side of the room from his father.

"Have you been behaving yourself, Pop?" Lewis said. He turned his head and looked at his father's nurse, a young and pretty black girl, sitting at the other end of the couch, watching Mike Douglas on television.

"Has he been doing what he's told?" Lewis said to the girl.

The nurse smiled across the room at Danny Lewis. "He's been pretty good," she said. "He doesn't give too much trouble."

Mrs. Lewis came out of the kitchen holding a glass jar. "Let me fix you something to eat, Jerry," she said. "Try some of this."

"What, I'm here two seconds and you're feeding me already," Lewis said. "I don't need anything to eat."

"I bet you haven't eaten anything today," Mrs. Lewis said. "You never eat properly. Here," she handed him the jar, "this is marvelous."

Lewis held the jar and looked at it. "What is it?" he said.

"Herring," his mother said. "Delicious."

"And I eat it right out of the jar?" Lewis said.

"No, dear, you eat it on a plate," his mother said. "I'll fix it up for you. I'll bring you some Ritz crackers with it."

Lewis settled back on the couch as his mother went into the kitchen.

"So when are you leaving, Aunt Jean?" he said, looking at his watch. "You going back to California soon?"

"Fresh boy," Aunt Jean said, polishing her glasses on the front of her dress. "How's your show going, fresh boy?"

"Show's OK," Lewis said. "Milton's rearranging me every time I turn around, but other than that, OK."

"How is Milton?" Aunt Jean said.

"Milton is Milton." Lewis said. He looked at his father and said, "He wanted to be remembered to you. He said to be sure to give you his best. I think we'll come up someday and see you. After he gets through restaging my whole act."

Mrs. Lewis came in with a plate full of food and set it down on the coffee table. Lewis leaned forward, took a fork off the plate and began to eat.

"What is this stuff I'm eating, anyway?"

"Herring in dill," Aunt Jean said. "Spiced."

"Delicious," Mrs. Lewis said from the kitchen.

"Jew food," Lewis said, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "This stuff killed more of my people than Hitler."

"No, everybody likes that," Aunt Jean said. "Scandinavians and everybody. In Sweden they make salads with herring. I have the recipes."

"In Sweden you pay nineteen dollars for a portion of smoked salmon," Lewis said.

"Oh, my God," Aunt Jean said. "Who wants to eat that?"

"When you taste it, you do," Lewis said.

"Are we going to eat lunch?" Lewis' father said. His voice was hoarse and strained.

"You had lunch, and you had breakfast," Aunt Jean said, her voice raised. She looked at him over her glasses.

Danny Lewis stopped, as if to think about what she said. "What did I have?"

"You had fish," Aunt Jean said, emphatically. "You had that lovely fish that I bought."

"Fish and carrots," the nurse said.

"And mashed potatoes," Aunt Jean said.

"And I had that today?" Danny Lewis said.

"You had that for *lunch*," Aunt Jean said. "Why don't you walk a little bit, Danny? You aren't walking enough."

The nurse went over and helped him out of the wheelchair, then held his arm and guided him into a metal walker. He began to move slowly across the room.

"Hey," Aunt Jean said, looking over at the television, "there's Joe Namath. Everybody makes such a big fuss over him. Do you know Joe Namath, Jerry?"

"Sure," Lewis said.

"What's so wonderful about him?" Aunt Jean said.

"He's a marvelous guy," Lewis said.

"He looks like a nice boy," Mrs. Lewis said. "He's got a cute impish smile. I think he's impish-looking."

"We don't have anything with Muscular Dystrophy that Joe Namath isn't there to help," Lewis said.

"A dimple in the chin, the Devil within," Aunt Jean said.

Lewis got up and opened the briefcase that he had brought with him. He took out a cassette recorder and began to rewind the tape.

"I think he's going to put you down on tape," Mrs. Lewis said to Aunt Jean.

"Oh, I'll kill him if he does," Aunt Jean said. "I'll kill you if you do, Jerry."

"You know you can't trust him when he carries his valises," Mrs. Lewis said.

"I don't know what he carries in his valises," Aunt Jean said. "Maybe he's carrying extras in there. Whatever that is."

"You're rambling, dear," Mrs. Lewis said.

"So I'm rambling," Aunt Jean said. "Don't dare use that, Jerry."

Mrs. Lewis looked over at her husband and said, "Give me a note, sweetheart."

Danny Lewis sang a soft and raspy note.

"Couple of notes," Mrs. Lewis said. "It's good to use your voice."

Danny Lewis sat and composed himself for a moment; then he began to sing: "'It's impossible . . . ask a baby not to cry . . . it's just impossible . . .'"

"Perfect pitch," Lewis said to his father, after he sang a few lines of the song. "What key was that?"

"Very low," Mrs. Lewis said. "Maybe a C."

"E-flat," Danny Lewis said in a small voice.

"'It's impossible . . .'" Lewis began to sing in a high shrieking comic voice. "'to see goyim in a synagogue, it's just impossible . . .'"

"No, it's not, not anymore it isn't," Aunt Jean broke in.

Lewis gave his Aunt Jean a look and his mother began to laugh loudly. Lewis punched the RECORD button on the cassette machine.

"Honey," Mrs. Lewis said to her husband, "give me a real *nice* note, now. Do *My Way*."

Danny Lewis did not answer; he sat looking down at his hands, which were folded in his lap.

"Give him the opening words," Aunt Jean said.

"And now. . . ." Mrs. Lewis began.

Danny Lewis sat still for another moment, then began: "'And now . . . the end is near . . . and so I face the final curtain . . .'"

As his father began the song, Lewis turned his eyes away and lowered them to the floor.

"'My friend . . . I'll say it clear . . . I'll state my case, of which I'm certain . . .'"

When he came to the end of the song, there was a pause in the room. Then Lewis said, "You hit some pretty high notes there, Dad."

"Did he ever!" Mrs. Lewis said. "Oh, did he go up high! It was beautiful, sweetheart."

"Why don't you sing a song with him, Jerry?" Aunt Jean said.

"Ah, why don't you just butt out, Eve?" Lewis said. "Trying to run everything."

"I don't like you," Aunt Jean said.

"I never liked you," Lewis said. "I was stuck with you. They told me one day, 'That's your aunt. That's a lamp, there's the couch, that's your aunt.' I got rid of the lamp, I got rid of the couch and Jesus Christ, you're still around.

"So the same thing happened with me when they told me you were my nephew," Aunt Jean said. "So we're stuck with each other."

Lewis walked over to her and gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Hey, tell me," he said to his mother, "bitterness with an aunt ain't bad, is it?"

"Terrible," his mother said, smiling at him from the couch. "The worst."

• • •

When Lewis walked out of the building, the afternoon sunlight was beginning to fade and a bright stream of neon

"I think it's time I told you my little secret, Miss Bigelow!"

lights had come on up and down the boulevard.

He walked over to his car and got in the back seat. He sat without doing anything for a minute, then he took out his tape recorder and put it on his lap. He punched the PLAY button and the sound of his father's voice, singing the lyrics to *My Way*, came from the speaker.

"Where to, Mr. Lewis?" the driver said, looking into the rearview mirror.

Lewis did not answer; he just sat listening to the tape recorder.

"You want to go over to the Deauville now?" the driver said. "It's about five o'clock."

"Yeah," Lewis said finally, pushing the button to stop the tape. "Yeah, take me there. And then I want you to go someplace where they have fruit. Gift packages of fruit. I want you to get a basket filled with fruit, and some cheeses, maybe a bottle of booze, and I want you to bring it back to my parents. Get the biggest one they got. Spend fifty bucks or something."

He took a bill out of his wallet and handed it across the front seat to the driver.

"I know just the spot, Mr. Lewis," the driver said. "Real gourmet place. Very high class."

Lewis nodded and sat back in the seat. "They should have something nice up there in case company comes," he said, rewinding the tape. "It doesn't look good for people to come up and not see anything there."

The driver started the limousine and nosed it out into the stream of traffic. Lewis was listening to the tape of his father's voice once again as the car drove off down the street.

• • •

"Miami sucks!" Lewis shouted from the bedroom. He went over and put his head into the living room of his dressing suite in the Deauville. "Sucks!"

Harvey sat on the sofa drinking coffee and eating poundcake with a fork. "Used to be groovy," he said with his mouth full.

"Used to be, used to be," Lewis said, walking back into the bedroom. "Now it sucks."

He switched on the television and began to go through one of the dresser drawers. "The people here know from nothing. *Nothing* do they know. They know 'shit' and they know 'fuck,' and anything else is out of their league."

He slammed the drawer shut and attacked another. "If you don't open with 'fuck,' you bomb. 'Hickory dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock: fuck him, let him stay there.' Then you're a hit."

He slammed the second drawer shut and reappeared in the doorway. "Do a routine that starts, 'Two Jews fucked a sheep . . .' and then you're home free."

He went back into the bedroom and looked at the television. It was showing a telethon that was being held in the Miami area to raise money for children's diseases. It was being hosted by a local personality, a fat emcee with a leathery tan.

"And I want to make this plea from the bottom of my heart . . ." the fat emcee was saying.

"The bottom of your heart is in your ass, you local piece of Miami shit," Lewis shouted at the television. "Fucking amateurs. Don't know anything about putting on a fucking telethon. Might as well stay in the fucking bed, for all the money they'll raise."

He went into the living room and walked over to the bar. "You know what pisses me off most about this fucking place?"

Harvey did not answer; just sipped his coffee.

"It's not that fucking stadium we're playing in, with all the empty chairs," Lewis said, pouring himself some wine, "and it's not Milton with all his fucking rehearsing, and his shitkicking compliments and suggestions"—he drank the wine in a gulp—"but what really pisses me off about Miami is the fucking people. The fucking insensitivity of the people."

"You shouldn't let it get to you," Harvey said. "They don't know any better."

"They should know better," Lewis said, his voice rising. "They're adults. I'm going to punch somebody in the mouth pretty soon."

He poured another drink. "They come up and they grab you. They grab your fucking coat. Did you see that guy in the lobby today? Grabs my fucking arm and says, 'Hey, stay here, Jerry, you gotta say hello to my wife.' I *gotta* say hello to his wife? I told him to take his fucking hands off me."

"There're assholes everywhere," Harvey said. "What are you going to do?"

"There's no excuse for bad manners," Lewis said. "There's no excuse for bad taste. They treat you just like an object. They act like you were the Statue of fucking Liberty. Well, I'm not going through that lobby again, that's all. If I can't get on without going through the fucking lobby, then I don't go on. It's Jews-a-Rama down there. Wall-to-wall Jews." He swallowed the rest of his wine. "If I stay here much longer, I'm going to end up sending money to the Arabs."

From the television set in the bedroom, the fat emcee said, "And the phone calls were just not coming in like they should while the Harrington Quartet was performing so beautifully. . . ."

"They can't call when they're watching the talent, you fucking fruitcake," Lewis yelled back. "They call after the Harrington fucking Quartet goes off. Jesus Christ Almighty!"

He poured another glass of wine, draining the bottle. He looked at the empty wine bottle a moment, then slammed it against the wall. "I christen this hotel 'Motherfucker!'" he shouted. "Pull out the pilings, you sons of bitches!"

He disappeared into the bedroom and came back with a can of lighter fluid. "Here!" he called to Harvey. "Watch carefully."

He poured some of the lighter fluid into a glass ashtray, struck a match and dropped it in. The ashtray went up in a burst of flame. "The Great Super Jew and His Burning Ashtray!" Lewis shouted. "Speak to me, O Burning Ashtray!"

Harvey went over to the bar and put out the ashtray with a bottle of Coca-Cola. Lewis was in the bathroom pouring lighter fluid into the toilet. He tossed in a match and the bowl ignited.

"Keep your eyes on the fucking fire!" Lewis shouted. "Anyone who grabs the Super Jew's coat will have to contend with my firepower!"

Harvey went into the bathroom and flushed the toilet. The flames disappeared like a drowning man.

"And now for the greatest feat of all!" Lewis yelled. He sprinkled the lighter fluid in a trail across the bathroom's tile floor. He threw on a match and the bathroom lit up with a roar.

"Aha!" Lewis said, watching the flames. "That's it, burn! Burn, you motherfucker! Burn down the fucking hotel! Burn down the whole fucking town!"

• • •

The German countryside appeared suddenly through the clouds, like a rabbit pulled out of a hat; misty, gray-green fields clumped with trees that tilted steeply under the wing of the 747 as it made its approach to Frankfurt's Rhein Main Airport.

The air on the ground was chilly and damp and beads of moisture splattered across the windows of the plane as it rumbled in a great arc toward the concrete-modern terminal building and came to a stop in the early-morning haze.

Lewis came off the plane wearing a short green topcoat and sunglasses. He was followed by the five members of his staff, all looking tired and rumpled.

They were met by an enthusiastic young man from the airline, a blond-haired German dressed in a navy blazer, who informed Lewis that there was a private jet waiting to fly them to Cologne, where Lewis was performing, but first he would take them upstairs to a lounge, where they could have some coffee.

They took an escalator to the upper level. The young man ushered them into a spacious and pleasantly furnished room.

"Well, now!" the young man beamed. "Shall we perhaps take a seat in here, or, if you would prefer, we can swing on into the leather room." With a gesture, he indicated an adjoining room furnished with leather couches and an enormous

bar, which, at 8:30 in the morning, was deserted.

The Lewis group looked at the young man with tired eyes. They swung on into the leather room.

A pretty, dark-haired girl in a blue uniform left a small desk across the room and went over to take orders for coffee and juice.

The young man from the airline approached Lewis and said that there was a reporter outside from one of the radio stations wondering whether Lewis could spare a few minutes for an interview. Lewis nodded wearily and removed his dark glasses.

The young man brought in the reporter, a massive, dominating man with a great beard. He shook hands formally with Lewis and began to unpack a tape recorder.

The dark haired girl appeared with a tray. She served cups of coffee and glasses of tomato juice to several members of the group, then went for the rest of the order.

"No ass on that chick," Lou Brown said, watching her walk away. "Nice legs, nice tits." He sipped his tomato juice. "No ass."

Harvey stirred his coffee and smiled across the room at the girl. She smiled back demurely. "So she's shooting two for three," he said. "And she hasn't even suited up yet."

The bearded reporter had started his machine and he squatted on his heels in front of Lewis, holding a microphone.

"Tell me, Mr. Lewis," he said in perfect English, "what I would first like to ask you is whether you think of yourself as having a public face, as in your films, and another separate private face, which the public perhaps does not see."

"Well," Lewis began in a tired voice. "Well. I think that every performer, not just myself, projects a certain special image when he is functioning publicly as an entertainer, or an actor. This image is an extension of that person's total personality, although the public often sees only a single facet ——"

He stopped as the dark-haired girl lowered a coffee cup in front of his face. He looked up at her and then back at the reporter.

"A single facet," he said, then stopped. He rubbed his eyes and looked again at the girl.

"Cream?" she said politely.

Lewis looked from the girl to the man crouched in front of him, holding the microphone in expectation. Then he covered his face with his hand and began to laugh.

The reporter smiled uncertainly behind his thick beard, as if anxious to share in something he did not quite understand. After a few moments, with Lewis still laughing, the smile collapsed like a balloon losing air and the man pushed the stop button on the recorder.

* * *

"That was sensational, Jerry!" the director said, walking toward the front of the stage. He came through the wooden chairs and the music stands, and his image bounced onto the half-dozen monitors that were spotted around the subterranean television studio. He was a tall, handsome-looking German, with slightly graying hair.

"Where are you, Jerry?" he called out. "That was magnificent!"

Lewis, dressed in janitor's blue overalls, came through a door and walked over to where the director was standing.

"Sensational, Jerry!" the director repeated. "And on the first take!"

"Yeah. I thought it went well," Lewis said calmly. "Let's look at it and see."

The director called up to the control booth and asked for the tape to be played back. The members of the crew began to form groups in front of the monitors, waiting for Lewis' performance as a janitor conducting an imaginary orchestra in an empty concert hall.

The monitors buzzed, and then Lewis dressed in overalls and pushing a broom came onto the screen. The people standing in the back of a group raised themselves up on their toes to get a better look.

The German television crew seemed to find the sketch hysterically funny. They laughed loudly and appreciatively all through the video-tape playback, picking up on every nuance of Lewis' performance, and when it was over, they broke into a vigorous round of applause.

Lewis, who had watched himself on the monitor with his arms folded and no expression on his face, acknowledged the applause with a smile. Then he turned and looked at the director, who was standing next to him.

"Your timing is brilliant," the director said admiringly. "Absolutely brilliant."

Lewis nodded and then he said, "What's next?"

* * *

The reporters gathered in front of Lewis in a large group, holding yellow pencils and folded pieces of colored paper. Lewis sat facing them in a metal chair, with his cassette recorder resting on his lap, his tuxedo tie pulled loose and his shirt unbuttoned at the throat.

It was almost six o'clock in the evening,

and the taping of Lewis' show had just ended. In the background, there was a hum of German voices as the television crew wrapped up after the day's shooting. A bank of the bright overhead lights was switched off and one section of the studio went dark.

"Mr. Lewis," one of the reporters said, "the European critics, especially the French critics, seem to appreciate your work more than the American critics do. Why do you think that is so?"

"Well, it's not only the critics," Lewis said. He settled himself into the chair.

"It's all Europe, they've all been very good to me. They've acknowledged my work and they look upon it as they look at all cinema. They look a little more carefully than they do in America, that's all. And I've been very fortunate that the European audience has grown for me and gotten larger over time, as the people here have viewed my films and accepted them. The French audience was there first; and now it's happened in Belgium and the Netherlands, in Italy, in Spain—Spain has become the biggest club of fanatics that I have, of late. And the last film I made took more money out of Germany than any three films of mine did cumulatively in the past. See, I have to come to Europe when my ego gets way down, after the American critics start to pound me into the cement. Three days in Europe and I feel good again, and then I go home."

Lewis laughed loudly and the reporters laughed with him.

"The difference is not in the audience," Lewis said. "I think the American audience is just as good as the European audience. But the critics are something else. I heard that a critic once said the dirtiest words in America are Doris Day, Jerry Lewis and John Wayne. Now, I really don't know what the hell that means. I guess it's because I won't photograph nudity or make dirty films or whatever—I don't know. But I'm just going to continue to do what I do, without changing my game plan, and I'm not really worried that it doesn't appeal to some people."

"What about the American TV audience?" one man said. "You had your own show, but you stopped it."

"Yeah. No, *I* didn't stop it."

"Really?" the man said. He sounded surprised. "The ratings, you mean?"

"Oh, sure, that's what stops all television. The ratings. Some of the finest shows that we've had on the air went off the air because of the ratings."

"Because they could no longer get sponsorship?" the man said.

"Well, it's almost impossible to explain the ratings," Lewis said. "The ratings go to twelve hundred families, and that's supposed to represent sixty-four million households." He made a gesture of disbelief. "Well, I just can't equate that, you see. I *can* equate the success of a film by the box-office receipts, but television has no box office. And they need some sort of a guide, so they use the ratings as a guide. But it's a grossly unfair measure to have to work with, and very frustrating for a creative person. So rather than fight that particular system, I just choose to stay away from television."

"If they would give you the Academy Award, would you accept it?" one young man said with a smile.

"Under a couple——" Lewis looked at the floor and thought a moment. "There would be some conditions."

Lewis looked at the young man and he stopped smiling. "Like what?" he asked Lewis.

"Like changing the Academy Award structure and making it fair," Lewis said. "What bothers me is that there's no category for comedy, nothing that acknowledges my craft or the people who have gone before me, who were the very reason we have a picture industry. At least acknowledge their existence. They got categories in the Academy for the guy who invented a new bulb for the men's room, but they haven't got one for comedy.

"Just think that it took them forty some years to honor Chaplin. Now that angered me, that was wrong. And when I saw Mr. Chaplin walk out on that stage, not even totally aware of what was going on, all I could think of was, 'Why'd they wait so long?'"

Lewis paused for a moment and watched as several men and women wheeled a piece of scenery across the room. "The Academy," he said finally, "is just very unfair."

"What about your new film, *The Day the Clown Cried*? Is there any comic relief in it or is it a straight drama picture?"

"Absolutely straight," Lewis said.

"Could you give us some details of the story?"

"I could, but I'd prefer not to."

"When will it be released?"

"I'm editing it now," Lewis said. "It's a little difficult to say when it will be released, because I'm being so cautious about how it's going to be handled. I don't want it handled just like the release of another film; it has to be special. And if I can't get the releasing people who can do what I know is right for the picture, then I'll have to do it myself. It's a funny thing about releasing a film. The last picture I made, well——"

Lewis shook his head and laughed.

"Hardly anyone in America saw it," he said. "My own children didn't even see it in a theater. I had to run it at home for them. That was because Warner Bros., the company I made the film for, had another film out at the same time, called *Woodstock*, and they were using all of their energies and resources to push that film. And there was just nothing left over, so my picture died without ever getting a chance. It broke my heart, because I knew I had made a good movie that hardly anybody in my country was ever going to see. Now, that's the problem of distribution. The fate of your work rests in the hands of some distributor or some studio, and if they have some pornographic film they feel they can make more money with, then you just have to take the consequences. So I'm thinking of doing it myself."

"In 1960, when you started to direct your own films, did that also mean, at that point, that you were dissatisfied with the directors you worked with or with your work in general?"

"No. I was very satisfied. I worked with some of the finest directors in the medium. I worked with Frank Tashlin and Norman Taurog and George Marshall—I learned from these men, they were my teachers. But I knew I couldn't always get the director I wanted when I needed him, so I decided that I would have to learn, and do it myself. I certainly wasn't going to sit still and not make films because I couldn't get the best. So I decided I was going to be the best. Which I am not, not yet. But I will be."

Lewis stopped as the reporters all wrote hard down.

"Maybe Tuesday," he added.

• • •

The driver took the small red Mercedes through the narrow streets of Cologne at top speed and never turned his head to offer any commentary on the scenery.

The weather was cold and the city looked dark and depressing under the heavy, lead-colored sky as it slid past the windows of the car.

The Mercedes hit a puddle and skidded around a corner in a slight drift, shot up a small cobbled street with heavily barred antique-shop windows on either side, took another corner without braking and roared down a slightly wider boulevard crowded with department-store shoppers bundled against the weather and carrying wrapped parcels.

"Hey, look, I wonder if those are some of the students they told us about," Harvey said. He pointed out the window toward the sidewalk. Mixed in with the shoppers was a group of young people, walking together in a tight bunch.

"Where are their picket signs?" Harvey said. "Where are their Molotov cocktails?"

The day before, Lewis had gotten word that his 90-minute one man concert had been canceled because the city of Cologne had experienced a week of student protests and demonstrations. The German people had been vague as to the exact nature of the student unrest, but it was being described along the same lines as the riots that had occurred in Paris in the late Sixties, and there had apparently been several incidents that had

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approached that state of intensity and violence.

"Did they think these kids were going to toss a bomb onstage while you were singing *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby*, or what?" Harvey said.

"They didn't know what was going to happen," Lewis said, looking out at the sidewalk. "But there were so many dignitaries and political big shots coming to the show that they just didn't feel they could provide adequate security. And you can believe they were plenty worried to kiss away all that money."

"You still getting paid?"

"Oh sure," Lewis said. "For doing nothing."

"Come sight seeing in Cologne, folks!" Harvey said. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you look to the left of the bus, you will see Cologne's famous student rioters, coming after your ass! Just wait till they put on their brown shirts, then we'll really see some action."

The blond-haired driver raised his eyes to the rearview mirror for an instant, then looked quickly ahead.

The Mercedes looped around a modern-looking skyscraper, a straight shaft of concrete and dark glass, and burst upon Cologne's famous cathedral.

The cathedral was covered with scaffolding for repairs and it resembled the illustrations from *Gulliver's Travels* showing a giant from another world bound with ropes and cables and covered with ladders on which tiny figures scampered about.

The car turned onto a small side street and came to a jolting stop as a large truck backed out of a warehouse into the middle of the road. The driver blew his horn in annoyance, but the truck just sat blocking the way.

By the side of the road, there was another group of young people, larger than the one in the shopping district. They were standing in front of a high brick wall on which several words in German had been written in giant letters with a can of black spray paint. One of the words, not in German, was NIXON.

"What does that say?" Lewis asked the driver. He pointed to the wall.

The driver looked over at the lettering, then back at the truck that was still in the middle of the street. He seemed both embarrassed and annoyed.

"It is nothing," he said, half turning in his seat. "A slogan of some kind."

"Yeah, but what does it say?" Lewis said.

The driver turned his head away and honked his horn again, angrily. He answered without turning back.

"It is a slogan for the students," the driver said. "They are against the Americans and their war. The words say they are murderers."

The young people stood by the wall, staring out silently at the street. They huddled in front of the thick black letters protectively, as if they were guarding them from theft. They didn't say anything to anybody. They didn't talk or laugh among themselves and they didn't call out to people passing by. They just stood and looked.

The driver gave another impatient blast on his horn, and finally the truck started up again and lumbered out of the way with all the solemnity of a Rose Bowl float. The Mercedes jumped forward with a neck-snapping lurch.

Lewis swiveled in his seat and looked out the back window at the group on the sidewalk. As the Mercedes zoomed down the narrow street, the silent students and their guarded graffito fell back into the gathering dusk.

• • •

"There she is," Lewis said. "There's the little cunt."

He braked the Moviecola with his hand and made a grease-pencil mark on the film. It cut across the face of a beautiful blonde teenage girl.

"Same little cunt who tried to rape us before," Lewis said. "Watch her eyes."

The machine in the Los Angeles studio made a ratchety sound as Lewis backed up the film. He stopped it, started it forward again and cupped his hand against the rim of the small screen to block out the glare from the overhead light.

The screen showed a tracking shot down the length of a barbed wire fence. Crowded behind the fence was a line of children dressed in ragged clothing staring straight ahead with vacant eyes, standing completely still. The children's faces were all European-looking and they had the same pathetic expressions as the faces found on CARE posters.

The blonde girl stood toward the end of the line. As the camera passed in front of her, an almost imperceptible smile showed up at the corners of her mouth and her eyes drifted over to the side, following the lens of the camera as it moved along. As soon as her eyes shifted toward the right-hand side of the screen, the grease mark cut her face in two and Lewis braked the machine.

"There," he said. "See it? Following the fucking camera."

Lewis turned and looked at Rusty Wiles, his cutter, who sat on a stool with his arms folded, looking at the screen over Lewis' shoulder.

"Bet you didn't see that before," Lewis said.

"Oh, I saw it," the cutter said, nodding. "But that kid right before her had such a good look on his face and he'd have to go, too, if we cut. It's so close."

Lewis backed the film up and looked at it again.

"The sneaky little bitch," Lewis said, shaking his head. "Vamping for the camera. She pulled that same thing in another sequence, remember?"

The cutter nodded. Lewis looked at the girl on the screen for a moment.

"I told her to keep her fucking eyes to the front," Lewis said. "That it wasn't a beauty pageant. On the big screen, those eyes are going to pop right over as big as life."

"Pretty face, though," the cutter said.

"Yeah," Lewis said. "Everybody wants to be a star. Cut her out."

Lewis stepped away from the Moviecola and the cutter wheeled himself over on his stool, removed the film from the machine and took it over to a bench to recut the scene.

Lewis went to a small refrigerator in one corner of the room and took out a can of beer. He turned on a portable color television set and sat down in front of it with the beer to wait for the cutter to finish.

"Hey, look, Rusty!" Lewis called out, pointing to the set. "Sherlock Holmes is on the tube."

The cutter looked over his shoulder. He nodded and turned back to the bench.

On the screen, Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce stood above the body of an elderly man lying in a pool of blood in a handsomely appointed English drawing room. Rathbone looked thoughtfully at the body and said that it appeared as if Sir George had held something in his hand at the time that he was murdered.

"A matchbook, I should think, by the look of it," Rathbone said, puffing on his pipe.

"Jesus," Lewis said, drinking from the can. "He knows everything, this fucking Basil Rathbone. He'll get the guy by the next reel."

The cutter said that he had fixed the scene and threaded it into the Moviecola. Lewis went over and stood next to him and they watched the film.

"Much better," Lewis said when it was over. "Hundred percent better. There's no room for Shirley Temple in a concentration camp. What else have you got for me?" He drained the can of beer and tossed it into a metal wastebasket.

"I've got this sequence with the guard that I shortened a little. It'll take a few minutes to put together." He wheeled himself back to his bench. Lewis sat down in front of the television.

"You know the scene where the guy gets shot?" the cutter said as he worked.

"Yeah," Lewis said. "What about it?"

"Well, when you showed the film last week, a couple of people asked me if I didn't think that ran a little long."

"They didn't say anything to me," Lewis said, getting up from his chair. "What do you mean, 'long'?"

The cutter shrugged. "Just long, I guess. The guy is on the screen a long

' Be sure to let me know when it's close to twelve o'clock, sweetheart, so we can wish each other a Happy New Year."

time. He takes a long time to die."

"Well, Jesus Christ, Rusty," Lewis said, "that scene's going to be an optical. I got faces of kids playing over that scene that I have to put in. It's not even finished yet."

"I know," the cutter said. "I told them you had something planned there."

"People don't even know how to look at a rough cut of a fucking film," Lewis said, his voice getting louder. "It's still being worked on. I still have things to do with it."

"Well," the cutter said, "I told——"

"What if I came up to a guy who was building a house, and he just had the frame up, and I stand there asking him why there aren't any windows in it yet. How fucking stupid can you get?"

Lewis began to pace angrily about the room.

"Everybody's an expert," he said. "There's a fucking genius at every screening. Where were they when the empty pages were in the typewriter? Where were they when we were freezing in fucking Sweden, shooting the film? Too *long*? Jesus Christ!"

"I just mentioned it," the cutter said.

"It has to be long for all the dissolves of the faces," Lewis said. "Besides, it emphasizes the importance of his death. That's a crucial dramatic point, you know that."

The cutter nodded and again began to work on the film in front of him.

"It was the same thing with the dance sequence in *The Patsy*," Lewis said. "And I told them then that they should just wait till it was fucking finished before they go telling me what's wrong with it. Just wait till I'm ready."

Lewis went back and sat down in front of the television. "I don't know who the fuck asked for their opinion, anyway," he said over his shoulder.

The Sherlock Holmes movie went off and a car salesman came onto the screen, standing in front of a tired looking convertible. Lewis flipped the dial and stopped at Jack Paar's program.

Paar was explaining that he was going to show an exclusive film of the gymnastic team from the People's Republic of China. "It is quite honestly one of the most remarkable exhibitions I think that I have ever witnessed," Paar said.

"Oh, shut up and put on the Chinamen," Lewis said. He got up and went to the refrigerator for another can of beer.

The Chinese gymnasts began leaping through some metal rings, which were so delicately arranged that any body contact at all would knock them over. The men passed through them with effortless grace.

"Big fucking deal," Lewis said. "In and out of the rings. If they could just work on getting the shirts done right, that would be enough."

Wiles turned around to look at the set. "I don't know," he said. "That looks sort of difficult to me."

"Oh, yeah?" Lewis said, opening the beer can. "Let me tell you something. If the rings don't show up, they got no act."

• • •

Joseph Lewis, aged nine, stood motionless in deep left field, wearing an enormous glove on his hand and a green and-white uniform.

"It's a shame he doesn't have more to do," Mrs. Lewis said. "But at least he's playing."

"There's not much going on in the outfield in this league," Lewis said. "But you live to play out the season."

"He looks so small out there," Mrs. Lewis said. "And in that uniform."

Lewis knelt on one of the bleacher seats and squinted through a 16mm camera he had set up on an aluminum tripod in front of him. He panned the camera toward left field.

"I don't know why you brought such a big camera," Mrs. Lewis said.

"I told you I was going to take some pictures of the baseball player," Lewis said, framing Joseph in the viewer.

"I thought you just meant regular pictures," Mrs. Lewis said. "With a hand camera."

"You can carry this camera in your hand," Lewis said, still looking through the lens. "Come on, Joby, do something out there."

Several of the parents sitting nearby stared at Lewis and his movie camera with fascination.

"Momma! Lewis said suddenly. "He moved! Your kid moved!"

"What did he do?" Mrs. Lewis said, looking out at her son.

"Something with his arm," Lewis said, working the zoom lens. "I got it on film."

After three batters had come and gone, the side was retired. Lewis took movies of his son walking in from left field.

"I don't know what I'm going to do when he gets up to bat," Lewis said. "I don't think I'll be able to watch."

Joseph came to bat with two outs and a runner on first. He stood at the plate as erect and motionless as he had been in the field, and he held the bat directly in front of him, perpendicular to the ground, like a pole vaulter during the singing of the national anthem.

The first pitch went well over his head and Joseph did not move a muscle.

"Good eye, Joseph!" the coach yelled from the side line.

"Good *eye*?" Lewis said from behind the camera. "He's scared stiff. He doesn't know what the hell he's doing. I can't keep looking, Momma."

Joseph took two more high pitches without ever moving out of position.

"One more," Lewis said. "Come on you little bastard, throw one more lousy pitch."

But before the pitcher could go into his windup, the runner on first broke away for second base. The umpire immediately called him out, on the grounds that, in little league, it is illegal to steal a base before a pitch is thrown.

Suddenly, the field was filled with

"He's on something!"

people. The other team, whooping loudly, began to run in for its turn at bat. Joseph's team was on its feet and circling the umpire, protesting the call. The coach argued vehemently that, according to the rules, the runner had only to return to first and was not out. The other coach rushed over, shaking his head.

Throughout all the commotion, Joseph stood exactly as he had before, completely still, with the bat pointing straight up in the air.

"You tell him, coach!" Mrs. Lewis shouted in encouragement. "That umpire doesn't know the rules!"

"Jesus Christ!" Lewis said, following the action with the camera. "My kid's in the middle of a riot. And he still isn't doing anything."

Finally, it was decided that the runner was not out. The opposing team would return to the field and the runner would return to first base. Joseph was still at bat and he watched without blinking as he was thrown a fourth high pitch.

Joseph set the bat down neatly and walked to first base.

"Thank God," Lewis said, panning with him as he took the base. "He got on."

Lewis shut off the camera and sat down with a loud sigh. Mrs. Lewis applauded and waved across the field at her son.

• • •

"You did good today, Joby," Lewis said as they went into the house. "You got on base and you didn't get out."

"What's so good about walking?" Joseph asked. He set his glove and cap down on the hall table. "I didn't get a hit."

"Well, that was the fault of the pitcher," Mrs. Lewis said. "He didn't throw you anything that you could hit. Besides, it doesn't matter how you get on base, it's getting there that counts. Right, Daddy?"

"Right," Lewis said. "And tomorrow you and I will go out and practice standing with the bat. A little practice with your old man and you'll be ready for the majors."

"In a year or two," Mrs. Lewis said with a smile.

Lewis told Joseph that he had a present for him and went upstairs. He came back down with a giant assortment of crayons in a flat metal box covered with cellophane.

"I went to the stationery store to get some pens," Lewis said, "and I saw this. I thought you might like it."

Joseph thanked his father for the gift and sat down to open it. The box had a decorated lid that had been removed from its hinge and wrapped against the bottom of the tray, so that the crayons could be displayed through the cellophane. Joseph took both halves of the box and began to put them together.

"Here, let me help you with that," Lewis said, taking the box in his hands. "These are tricky sometimes."

Lewis sat down next to his son and tried to fit the lid onto the hinge. He worked with it for a few minutes, but the lid kept popping loose.

"Just one minute more," Lewis said slowly, concentrating. "This little wire has to slide in there, Joby, see? See the little space? But it keeps coming out."

The telephone rang and Mrs. Lewis came into the room to tell her husband that there was a long-distance phone call for him from Germany.

"OK," Lewis said without looking up from the box. "I'll be there in a second. Just as soon as I get this put together."

Mrs. Lewis watched him struggle unsuccessfully for almost a minute, and then she said, "Daddy, you better take this call. They might be calling direct."

Lewis nodded and kept working. Mrs. Lewis left the room and came rushing back a few seconds later.

"Daddy!" she said. "They're calling direct! Please come to the phone!"

"My son is waiting for me," Lewis said, as the lid went popping into his lap again. "I have to finish this."

"You can do that later," Mrs. Lewis said.

Lewis did not answer, just kept working with the hinge.

"Lewis!" Mrs. Lewis said finally. "Take the call! Do that later."

"Can you wait a few minutes while Daddy takes this call?" Lewis said to his son. "Then I'll fix this for you, OK?"

"I'll try," Joseph said.

"You'll try and wait?" Lewis said, getting up.

"I'll try to fix it," Joseph said.

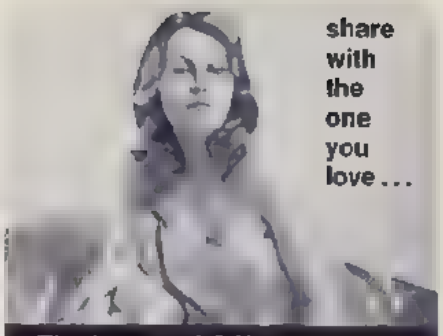
Lewis set the box down and went into the next room. Joseph took the box and put it on his lap. He looked at it for a while, then took the crayons out of it and turned it over and looked at it some more. Finally, he picked up the lid and began to work it onto the hinge. After a few minutes, the lid clicked and fell into place. Joseph raised and lowered it experimentally a couple of times and it moved on the hinge smoothly. He was putting the crayons back in as Lewis returned.

Joseph smiled at his father and worked the lid for him.

"Oh," Lewis said. "Did you get it put together, Joby?"

"I put the wire through that bump," Joseph said. "Right there." He held the box out and indicated the spot.

"That's very good, sweetheart," Lewis said. He picked up the crayon box and studied the hinge. "I guess Daddy must have been doing it wrong."



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I'M OK-YOU'RE SO-SO

(continued from page 213)

enlightenment to which Mia Farrow and the Beatles vowed to devote the rest of their lives for several weeks.) Currently, devotees begin by assuming the lotus position. They then pick up a Princess phone, dial Paris information and go "Ummm . . ." into the receiver. Within hours, a sense of inner peace, tranquility and extra message units prevails. Drawback: Even true believers find this technique unbelievably expensive.

• *Tantric Yoghurt.* Another corruption of a fine idea. Practitioners start with traditional deep breathing and proceed with other exercises until they are comfortably standing on their head. At this point, a practitioner dips his hands into a large bowl of Dannon's (plain) and smears it about the face and shoulders of another practitioner, thus achieving one-ness—or, tops, twoness. Drawback: This technique leaves people moldy.

• *Primal Sneeze Therapy.* Yet another helpful idea gone awry. Devotees of this system are urged to sneeze freely in hopes of eliciting the one, final explosion that will unleash all of their frustrations. In its ultimate phase, the program requires that a person take a pinch of ground Mexican peppers, inhale smartly into the nasal passages and stand back. Drawback: While the technique has been proved effective in the short run, repeated participation eventually means the patient must withdraw from therapy, as he has no nose.

These past failures must not blind us to techniques that really *do* work, that can effectively bring us into harmony with ourselves and with others. Such a technique is the I'm OK—You're So-So life position. First, let us examine what we mean by "OK." All right. Next, let us examine the five possible life positions held with respect to ourselves and others:

1. I'M NOT OK—YOU'RE OK. This is the universal position of early childhood, being the infant's logical conclusion that he is inferior and helpless, while everyone else is superior, self-confident and the kind of man who reads *Gallery*. If his life script does not change, this individual will go through life curtsying in the presence of others, since it is too painful to stand around OK people.

2. I'M NOT OK—YOU'RE NOT OK. This is the condition of a person who started out in the I'm Not OK—You're OK life position, received no support or love and was often put to the rack by his parents. He concludes that he is worthless and that everyone else is, too, and so develops an intense hostility to his fellow men. This is the kind of individual who should not, for example, be given a position in an underground missile silo.

3. I'M OK—I'M OK. This is an extremely rare condition that occurs only when an individual who is about to describe his life position suddenly gets the hiccups.

4. I'M OK—YOU'RE A TAXI. Another rare condition, limited to hotel doormen. When a guest says, "Call me a taxi, please," the doorman giggles and shrieks, "You're a taxi! You're a taxi!" This type of individual does not keep his life position for long.

5. I'M OK—YOU'RE SO-SO. This is the position wherein lies our hope for a well-adjusted life. It posits that while we have a strong certainty of our own worth and value as individuals, we're not so sure about the other guy. And in a time when we are confronted almost daily with people who demand instant relationships, total honesty and, frequently, our money, it is this technique that will give us peace of mind.

In order to make the I'm OK—You're So-So life position work for us, we must first realize that every human personality is made up of three separate components constantly battling for control: the Child, the Adult and the Snot. For was it not Dr. Eric Boise who stated in his seminal thesis, *Transactional Analysis in Pseudopsychotherapy*, that these three components were not "problematical and ethereal concepts like superego, ego and id . . . but phenomenological realities"? Was it not also the good Dr. Boise who added, "I rarely comprehend a word I say"?

It is the Child in our personality that leads us into transactions feeling that we are *not* OK and everyone else *is*. The Child is a state into which we may be transferred at almost any time; it is the state in which we demand reassurance, in which we are provoked to childlike anger and self-assertion, in which we use our ka-ka to write on the walls.

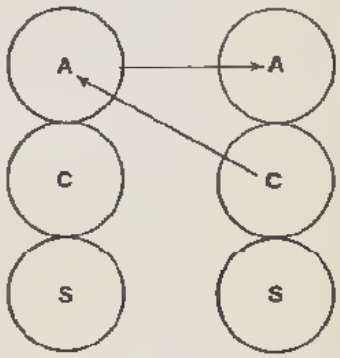
It is the Adult component that allows us to enter transactions feeling that we are OK and that the person or persons we're dealing with are also OK. It is the state in which we attain some measure of wisdom and understanding, feel at peace with ourselves, relate to others with a minimum of friction and can buy booze legally.

The optimum state to develop, the component we need to bring into a controlling position, is the Snot. It is the Snot that helps us realize that we are constantly confronted with people who are clearly inferior to us. Where the rational Adult can see only the good and the bad points in another person, the Snot perceives a vast sea of mediocrity. It is the Snot that protects us from aging hippies who "want to get into our head," from encounter groupies who want to "touch" us, for God's sake, from girlfriends who want us to be "completely open" with them. The Snot in us cultivates disdain. It harbors suspicions avidly, snickering often. It makes the a priori assumption that other people will invariably turn out to be cretins.

To illustrate, let us take an everyday example. You're a father, and two-year-old Johnny has taken his yacht beyond the three-mile limit while you lie on the beach. Raquel Welch, who is aboard the yacht (she is married to Johnny), pushes the little tot overboard. Johnny cannot swim, being two years old. A stranger just down the beach from you sees what has happened and swims rapidly out to him. After a grueling swim back, the stranger comes running out of the water to where you still lie. He looms over you, panting, little Johnny in his arms, and stammers, "The kid's OK. I got him in time."

If the Child in you is in control of your personality at that moment, you will say,

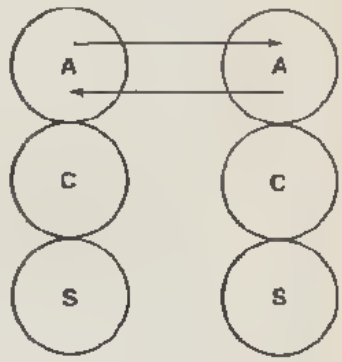
"My God! How will I ever thank you? And believe me, that Johnny's going to get the spanking of his life!"



The figure above shows that in this transaction the stranger's Adult has spoken to your Adult, but it is your Child that has responded.

Now, in a situation where your Adult happens to be in control, your response is likely to be

"My God! How can I ever thank you? Here, let's warm him up."



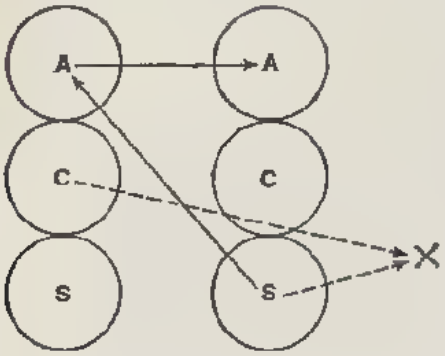
The figure above shows that in this transaction the stranger's Adult has spoken to your Adult, and your Adult has responded.

But if, in that situation, your Snot were

"Awright. Hef, baby, let's see you put this in your pipe and smoke it!"

in control, you would most likely say:

"First time out without an inner tube, lard-ass?"



The figure above shows that the stranger's Adult has spoken to your Adult, but that your Snot has responded and that Staubach fakes a hand-off and drops back into the pocket just in time to be trampled by Butkus

In conclusion, we can see that inner peace is, indeed, attainable. Adopting a life position of alert, indifferent haughtiness can bring a person to the brink of self-realization. Treating people in the correct manner—as peasants and menials—will complete the journey to full mental health. It means bringing one's Snot component up to its highest potential, training one's mind to take note of such devastating ripostes as "Who cut the cheese?" and such unarguable logic as "Git yo' hands *offa* me, muhhfuhh!" Most people to whom you address these remarks will become nonplused and thereafter will leave you alone. And therein lies the road to inner tranquillity. For, as the great Freud himself put it, at the very outset of his *Interpretation of Dreams*:

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(Italics are mine.)

"I don't usually cry at the movies, but when she whispers 'Will I be your first virgin?' and he remembers that he left his condoms in his dresser. . . ."

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR

(continued from page 61)

generation ago is about 20 percent; our own, for today, is about 18 percent. Here, too, however, we find a notable increase in one part of the sample: A generation ago, only eight percent of married and divorced women under 26 had had any extramarital coitus, while today, in our 18-to-24 group, the figure is 24 percent. But this threefold increase does not signify a revolutionary change in basic values: It merely brings the rate for under-25 females close to that for under-25 males—which, as we have seen, is only moderately higher than it used to be. The change is not a break with sexual fidelity but with the double standard.

Woman, 37: "He had an effect on me like nothing I could have imagined, but I had my house, my family and a husband I loved. Sometimes, lying next to my husband in the dark, I'd have to put my fist in my mouth to keep from screaming."

Quantitatively, then, the change since Kinsey's time has been limited; but what about qualitatively? Is extramarital coitus easier, less conflicted, more sensuous, more gratifying? Not as far as we can see For one thing, nearly all of it is still secret, which implies conflict, difficulty and guilt (only one fifth of our sample say their mates have known about their adultery, which is an even smaller percentage than was true of Kinsey's men, according to Kinsey's women). For another, extramarital experience has not become more casual and easy, to judge by the numbers of partners involved: Kinsey published no data on the matter in his male study, but he did in his female study—and the figures are virtually identical with our own. E.g., both then and now, two out of five women with extramarital experience had only one partner each and another two out of five had between two and five partners. Extramarital sex still is no lighthearted frolic; it is serious business, fraught with emotional meaning and with danger for marriage

Man, 38 (married): "The sex wasn't overwhelming, but I was delighted by the idea of what I was doing. I felt bursting with life and full of juice instead of shriveled and withered. I knew that the whole thing was foolish and could come to no good, but, strangely enough, I felt proud of myself for having done it."

Advocates of marital swinging say that nonsecret alternatives such as mate swapping and group sex avoid emotional involvement and conflict with marriage. But many observers report that swingers are frequently plagued by jealousy, emotional conflict, impotence and frigidity, guilt feelings, fear of disease or disgrace and, worst of all, fear of the loss of love. All this is too much for most married

people: Within our sample of 691 married men and 740 married women (whites and blacks combined), only about two percent of the men and a little less than two percent of the women have ever participated in mate swapping with their spouses, and many of the males and most of the females said they had done so only once. (There are no comparable data in Kinsey.) The figures are higher for under-25 males (five percent) and under-25 females (about two percent), but for most of these people there have been only a few episodes.

Group sex is also quite rare among the married. Eighteen percent of the men and six percent of the women had participated in sex in the presence of others, but for many it was premarital and three quarters had done so only once. The figures for under-25 married people were higher (males, 38 percent; females, 22 percent), but here again, some of this was premarital and most of it was one time only. Very few people—about two percent of the men and fewer than one percent of the women—have ever had sex with two or more partners at the same time with spouse present.

Woman, 30: "I'm married to the most sexy guy, technically, that I've ever known. He can always get it up, and he can keep screwing for hours, and he'll *try* anything at all. But I can never come, with him, because I hate him—because I want a divorce and he won't give it to me. But with the men I've been having affairs with, it's something else—I have orgasms right and left . . . but only with men I have a real feeling for."

While some people in our survey report extramarital experiences that are more exciting and gratifying than their marital sex, they are exceptions. In general, extramarital sex is less free, less sensuous and less sexually gratifying than marital sex:

• About a tenth of our married men and married women limit their extramarital sex to petting. These and the following figures pertain to our white sample only.

• Most positional variations are used less freely in extramarital coitus than in marital coitus. The gap is widest among the young—the most liberated of our married people, they are at their most liberated within marriage, not outside it.

• Only 49 percent of women who have extramarital coitus reach orgasm all or almost all the time in it, while 53 percent of women do so in marital coitus; 45 percent never or almost never have orgasm in extramarital coitus, as against only seven percent in marital coitus.

But the ego boost, the excitement, the feeling of recaptured youth, the rediscovery of passion make extramarital sex intensely gratifying for many. Others find their experiences intensely rewarding but flawed by fear and guilt.

"I distinctly said to go!"

If we turn to an overall assessment of the pleasure yielded by marital sex compared with extramarital sex, we find the latter distinctly the less rewarding. Two thirds of the married males in our total sample rated their marital coitus in the past year, in general, as "very pleasurable"; fewer than half of the men who had extramarital coitus in the past year rated it that highly. For females, the comparable figures were a little more than half for marital coitus, but only a little more than a third for extramarital coitus. Four percent of married men and ten percent of married women rate their marital coitus as lacking in pleasure or actually unpleasant—but nine percent of men and 27 percent of women who had extramarital coitus rate it unfavorably.

These findings hold true even among our younger married people. They talk about extramarital sex more openly and are more aware of their own desires and of the alternatives than were the young marrieds of a generation ago. But for many emotional and social reasons, they are not engaging freely and easily in such experiences and, by and large, those who do are finding the experiences less pleasurable than married people, in general, find their marital coitus. Sexual liberation has shattered the ascetic and antihedonistic tradition in our society but has not altered our central conviction that sex and married love are synergistic and are at their best when they are conjoined.

This is the fourth in a series of articles reporting the results of a comprehensive Playboy Foundation–funded survey of sex in America. Morton Hunt's full report will be published as a book, "Sexual Behavior in the 1970s," by Playboy Press.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 84)*

I think nationalism is a dangerously outmoded idea, and we ought to start thinking of ourselves as one people living on this little planet together. *Oui* is a copublishing venture with *Lui*, the best of the PLAYBOY imitations in Europe; but *Oui* will be going its own way, unfettered by old boundaries—not only geographical but social and sexual as well.

In its first year of publication, *Oui* was aimed primarily at the male audience we were already familiar with and felt would respond to the innovative appeal of such a magazine. But the innovations have only just begun and, increasingly, *Oui* will be aimed at women as well—contemporary readers of both sexes who share a *joie de vivre* and take real pleasure in the liberation of our traditional roles and lifestyles in society. We printed a record number of the first issue—750,000 copies—and sold almost all of them in the first two weeks on sale. The circulation has grown to 1,500,000 copies per month in the first year, so the future of this new magazine seems very bright, indeed.

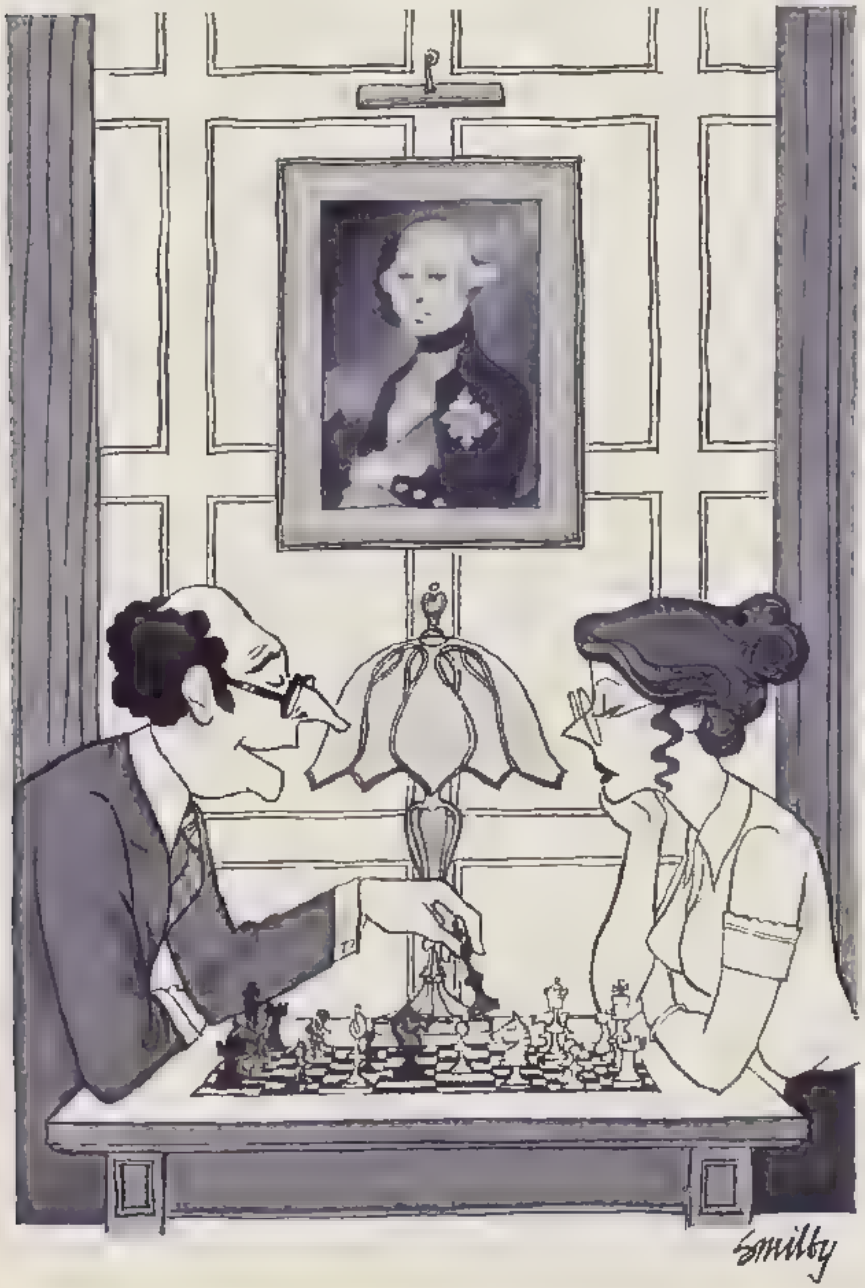
PLAYBOY: *Oui* certainly seems to have a promising future, but that's only one aspect of Playboy Enterprises. Do you think the entire company is likely to be as important in the next 20 years as it's been in the past 20?

HEFNER: As good as the first 20 years have been, the next 20 are bound to be better. People are going to have more leisure time than ever before, so a company devoted to leisure-time activities—especially one with Playboy's strong identification in that market—seems certain to be increasingly important. And just as clearly, the magazine is going to have even more influence in the future than it does today. Circulation is at an all-time high—far greater than any other men's magazine in history—and its impact on our manners and morals probably won't be fully appreciated for some time to come.

PLAYBOY will continue to play an important part in promoting social and sexual freedom for the individual, because those who suggest that the sexual revolution has already been won are naïve. Our society is more sexually schizophrenic than sexually liberated. We're going through a painful and difficult transitional period in which many people have started to come to grips with their own sexuality, but we still live in a country where most adult sexual activity is illegal, and the voices of suppression are still being heard—and heeded.

PLAYBOY: Are you thinking of the recent Supreme Court decisions on obscenity?

HEFNER: Of course—as well as the apathetic and, in some instances, even favorable reaction of a press that is otherwise so sensitive to the suppression of our freedom. What can you say about a society that permits explicit images and descriptions of pain, violence and death, yet attempts to prohibit explicit images and descriptions when what is involved are acts of pleasure and love? I find it incredible, in 1973, that the Supreme Court of the United States can justify surrendering to what it calls "local communities" the right to decide what is pornographic and therefore illegal. Already one state supreme court—in Georgia—has decided that the movie *Carnal Knowledge*, written by Jules Feiffer and directed by Mike Nichols, isn't artistically redeeming enough to escape being banned as obscene. What it amounts to is that the Nixon Court, which is supposed to be loaded with what he calls "strict constructionists" of the Constitution, has ruled that the First Amendment's absolute protection of free speech and press doesn't really mean what it says, that certain kinds of speech and writing aren't necessarily free at all—speech and writing that has to do with sex. The Court has decreed that the ruling elite of every



"King's bishop takes knight's pawn—off with your blouse."

local community has the power to determine what everyone else in town may read or see.

PLAYBOY: There were rumblings, soon after the decisions, about "cracking down" on PLAYBOY and the other men's magazines.

HEFNER: There were, indeed, but so far they haven't come to much—primarily, I think, because the Supreme Court decisions weren't aimed at PLAYBOY. They were aimed at hard-core, which has nothing to do with what we publish and never will. But there's still harm in trying to suppress it. If there is an adult audience for this kind of material—and I make the distinction between adults and children—then how dare we say, in a supposedly free society, that adults can't go to a theater and see whatever they want to see, or to a bookstore or magazine stand and buy whatever they want to read? The primary ones hurt when you censor aren't the publishers or the editors but the people whose rights to that material are suppressed.

I find it very disturbing that some intelligent and learned people don't understand that. I read an editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* about the decisions, suggesting that maybe the Court was right and talking about "the rights of the majority in a democracy." Well, totalitarianism by the majority is not what America is all about. The greatness of America isn't that it grants majority rule; it's that it protects the freedom of the *individual*, the freedom of those who might want to read or see something that isn't popular with the community. Too many magazines and newspapers take the attitude that this small limitation on someone else's liberties is a price worth paying to get rid of the porno theater down the street, which they don't patronize anyway. Well, they're being very shortsighted, and they remind me, quite frankly, of the good citizens of Germany who felt it didn't have anything to do with *them* if the Jews had their rights taken away.

The issue here is not obscenity; the issue is censorship. And what kind of bizarre notion is it that the depiction of sex is either too sacred or too profane to be protected by the First Amendment? Well, I send this message to the boys at *Time* and *Newsweek* and the country's newspapers, who should have the intellectual capacity to recognize what this is all about, but who, for whatever reasons, look the other way and play into the hands of the enemy. Because there is an enemy out there. This country—indeed, the whole world—consists of two opposing forces: us, and those who would force their own values and attitudes on us. Totalitarianism has been the major evil in this world since the beginning of civilization, whether it came into power in the name of religion or a supposedly better nonsectarian society. The whole concept of this country was based on opposition to that kind of totalitarianism.

PLAYBOY: What actual effects do you think the Supreme Court decisions will have on sexual explicitness in the media?

HEFNER: That's hard to predict. But it's going to be difficult in the Seventies to find 12 people on a jury who will unanimously agree on what constitutes pornography, and that, whatever it is, it should be suppressed by law. In Binghamton, New York, and in Florida, they tried to ban *Deep Throat* and couldn't get a jury to agree; that type of thing is going to be happening a lot. The market for pornography isn't going to disappear. We're going to have some variation on what we had with alcohol during Prohibition, and all we're going to get from that is even more corruption in local politics. It's too early to say for sure how this is going to work out, but whatever happens, my reaction as a citizen is one of outrage.

PLAYBOY: What's your reaction as an editor-publisher? How will PLAYBOY be affected?

HEFNER: Except for those communities where some prosecutor is foolish enough to think that he can make a name for himself by going after us, they shouldn't affect PLAYBOY at all. And let me tell you that anybody who does try to ban PLAYBOY under these decisions is going to look nothing but foolish, because he's going to lose. You don't win these cases against PLAYBOY. Nobody ever has. Our reputation is too solidly established. I can say without any sense of glee, as a matter of fact, that PLAYBOY is actually going to benefit commercially from these decisions, because if the more sexually explicit publications are suppressed, then the sexually oriented portion of PLAYBOY is obviously going to have even greater appeal. Suddenly, we may find ourselves right back in the sexual avant-garde, and I don't welcome that, because I don't welcome censorship. But I've been fighting that kind of sexual oppression for 20 years, and I'm not going to back out of the fight now.

PLAYBOY: What, specifically, do you plan to do?

HEFNER: The main thrust of our reaction will be in the courts. I don't welcome such problems, but if they arise, we'll use whatever legal resources are necessary, not only when cases directly involve PLAYBOY but by funding other anti-censorship activities through the Playboy Foundation.

PLAYBOY: Though you've been actively involved for many years, as you point out, in fighting censorship and supporting causes related to sexual freedom, it's been widely reported that your interest in broader political issues dates from the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1968, when a cop gave you a whack on the rump with his night stick.

HEFNER: Some people might like to think

it took a swat on the ass to make me socially conscious, but the fact is that I've had a deep concern over social issues most of my life. The magazine has reflected that clearly enough over the years.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered acting on your political beliefs by running for office?

HEFNER: I've been asked that before, but I really don't have any personal political aspirations. I don't think I'd be emotionally well suited to the life of a politician and, quite frankly, I think I can probably do more as a private citizen—through the magazine's editorial policies and the Foundation's philanthropy.

PLAYBOY: In the *Philosophy* you wrote that America was undergoing a "moral rebirth." Would you still say that?

HEFNER: I wrote that during the Kennedy years, when optimism seemed appropriate. There have been a lot of times since then when it was difficult to be optimistic, but in the past year my mood has been a good deal more hopeful. I feel strongly that the whole Watergate affair, for example, is one of the best things that's happened to America in recent years. It shows that even at the highest level of power, it's impossible to keep such total corruption under wraps. That's a dramatic demonstration of the great strength of our system.

We've always had petty corruption at the state and city levels and occasionally—thanks to Teapot Dome and Spiro Agnew—at the Federal level as well. All these scandals have had to do with people taking money that didn't belong to them. But Watergate was corruption of a far more ominous kind and on an unprecedented scale. It was a conspiracy to subvert the democratic process. These men felt they were justified in what they were doing, regardless of the law, because they thought they knew what was best for the country and that their cause was just.

It's the same attitude that was shown over and over again by Nixon's reactions toward the various Congressional and Presidential committees that spent millions of dollars analyzing such problems as obscenity, drugs and civil disorder. In each case, Nixon heard the results, then promptly rejected them because they didn't fit his own prejudices and his own political self-interest. But I don't see why anybody is surprised by these failings of character in Nixon's Presidency. Watergate was simply the culmination of the man's entire record in public office.

PLAYBOY: Who would excite you as a Presidential candidate in 1976?

HEFNER: How about me?

PLAYBOY: You said you weren't interested.

HEFNER: Well, if there were an honest draft and I felt the nation really needed me. . . . Uh, I'm kidding.

PLAYBOY: Oh.

HEFNER: If that isn't obvious, you'd better delete it from the interview.

PLAYBOY: We'll take care of it. But other than you, can you think of any likely prospects?

HEFNER: There isn't any one particular candidate who excites me at the moment. But the solutions to our problems as a society aren't going to come from finding some hero to lead us to better times. The whole nature of our political system, and its separation of power, is predicated on the notion that no one individual should have too much power. Yet that's just what was happening to the Presidency until we caught the emperor without any clothes on.

PLAYBOY: Even if steps are taken to curb Presidential power, what's to prevent the same thing from happening again when the lessons of this experience are forgotten?

HEFNER: Nothing. That's why a free press is so fundamental to a democracy. It's the free press of this nation—the newspapers, magazines, radio and television—that refused to let go of the Watergate scandal, that refused to be intimidated by the Nixon Administration's systematic attempts at repression, that refused to accept as scapegoats the half-dozen men originally on trial for the break-in, that eventually led to the exposure of the involvement of the highest men in our Government and established the atmosphere that made possible the Congressional and Justice Department investigations that may finally bring the true villains to justice. The only safeguard against a repetition of this sort of thing is a free and diligent press that will sound an appropriate warning if such demagoguery ever rears its ugly head again.

PLAYBOY: Do you think PLAYBOY has made any contributions to that end?

HEFNER: I certainly do. In a series of articles, interviews and editorials, we attempted to alert the people to the dangerous and truly totalitarian men who had come into power with the Nixon Administration. The last Presidential election was the first in which I became deeply involved personally, because I could see the ominous directions in which our country was headed under the leadership of these men. Unfortunately, the people didn't listen—not enough of them, anyway. We lost the battle; but with Watergate, we've won the war.

That's why it's so important for all of us to speak out against every form of tyranny—as we've tried to do personally and editorially, over the years, from opposition to the war in Vietnam to legal support for victims of reactionary laws governing the private sexual behavior of consenting adults. That's the only way in which a free and democratic society can survive.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that PLAYBOY will be even more influential in the next 20 years than it has been in the past 20. But what about your own plans? Are you going to be running the magazine and the company until the 40th anniversary?

HEFNER: Somewhat longer than that, I hope. Voluntary retirement is difficult for me to imagine. PLAYBOY magazine is still the heart of all I do, and I don't want to let go of more than I have to. I mean, I love it almost like a person. If I didn't care so much, it would be easy to step back and say, "OK, you've done it. Great. Now go do something else." But I can't. Working as hard as I do, I feel occasional frustration about the demands it makes on me, but that's about the only thing that ever brings me down. At the end of a difficult day, I can still relax with my friends, doing what I want to do and feeling like a million dollars.

PLAYBOY: Or even 200,000,000?

HEFNER: Nobody feels *that* good.

PLAYBOY: In view of the fact that Playboy Enterprises is such an extension and expression of your own vision, do you think it will continue to be as successful after you're no longer running it?

HEFNER: After I'm no longer running it? That's a delicate way of putting it. You mean after I'm "gone"? What can I say? Obviously, there's a long-term preparation going on to make the company independent of the energy and expertise of any one person. In any case, you have to recognize that my vision is shared with a lot of talented people who work for me, as well as with millions of people in our society, or else we wouldn't be so successful. There's no reason to assume that PLAYBOY is going to pass from the scene when I do—unless, of course, I decide to take it with me.

PLAYBOY: *Time* once called your concern about your place in history as monumental as Lyndon Johnson's. How do you think you'll be remembered?

HEFNER: I don't think I'm the best person to answer that. You should ask somebody more objective—like my mother.

PLAYBOY: Come on.

HEFNER: Well, I think I've been a fairly important influence on contemporary sexual attitudes. Beyond that, not very important.

PLAYBOY: That sounds very modest.

HEFNER: True. Actually, I think I'll rank second only to Jesus Christ. I just can't seem to find that middle ground.

PLAYBOY: Try once more.

HEFNER: Well, if we hadn't had the Wright brothers, there would still be airplanes. If there hadn't been an Edison, there would still be electric lights. And if there hadn't been a Hefner, we'd still have sex. But maybe we wouldn't be *enjoying* it as much. So the world would be a little poorer. Come to think of it, so would some of my relatives. Let's go play a little backgammon.

Little Annie Fanny
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WE'RE ON LOCATION IN LITTLE ITALY, WITH OUR DARLING AND HER AGENT, SOLLY BRASS, FILMING "GODFATHER MEETS THE GODMOTHER" ··· ANOTHER SPIN-OFF FROM "THE GODFATHER," BIGGEST AND BEST OF THE FILMS THAT TEAR THE MASK FROM THE FACE OF THE BROTHERHOOD. ··· AND NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE REAL POWER OF THE MAFIA LIES. IT LIES AT THE BOX OFFICE! WHAT WITH $80,000,000 WORTH OF "GODFATHER" TICKETS SOLD TO DATE ··· MAH-RONE, THAT'S POWER!
CUT!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE SHE STARTED WITH SMALL PARTS?
MULBERRY ST.
OREGANO ST.
SOLLY, SOLLY! I CAN'T STAND THE PAIN!
THIS HANGNAIL IS KILLING ME!
WHEW! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE HURT! I THOUGHT I'D LOST MY 10%!
WHAT A STORY! – THE BROTHERHOOD CHALLENGED BY A WOMEN'S LIB SISTERHOOD!
··· ONLY THIS SCENE, MEL ··· I DON'T KNOW –
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, MANNY ···
TOO MUCH SEX!
STOP ETHNIC SLANDER
LISTEN, SWEETIE ··· WE'VE GOT HALF AN HOUR FOR LUNCH, AND THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS LOUSY WITH AUTHENTIC ITALIAN RESTAURANTS, SO LET'S RUN AND GRAB US SOME PASTA!
BLEED!
BLEED!
BLEED!
BLEED!
BLEED!
BLEED!
I'M FOR THE BROTHERHOOD WEEK
PLEASE HIRE A VET
BLEED!

GLORYOSKY! SOLLY ... HERE I SIT IN A PUBLIC RESTAURANT WITHOUT A STITCH ON UNDER MY COAT ARE YOU SURE NO ONE CAN SEE ME?
OH, YASS!
WEDDINGS HAIRCUTS FAVORS
THE ENFORCER
566 NAP ES AND DIE
SICILY
RESERVED

PIZZA with HONOR 25¢
WHERE DID EVERYBODY GO?
LOOK, SOLLY -- THEY MUST BE SHOOTING THE NEXT SCENE HERE, BECAUSE THE ONLY CUSTOMER LEFT IS THAT BLUE-FACED MAN IN THE CORNER BEING STRANGLED
IN GODFATHER WE TRUST
HIT!
HIT!
HIT!
AM I DYING, OR IS IT JUST THE PEPPERONI?
MENU ARTICHOKES

ARE YOU KIDDING? SHOOTING A SCENE WITHOUT A CAMERA! ... DUCK!
SH'SH! IT'S NOT THE MAFIA, SWEETIE
... IT'S THE MAFIA!
IT'S NOT ANYTHING! WE DON'T SEE A THING!
MENAGE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE JOINT WAS EMPTY!
RIP

AS A GOOD CITIZEN, IT WILL BE MY DUTY TO REPORT YOU TO THE POLICE
NOT THE GOVERNOR, DUMMY, THE GOVERNOR IS IN MY OTHER SUIT!
... HEY! DO YOU KNOW THIS BROAD?
BROAD? WHAT BROAD? I DON'T SEE NO BROAD. I DON'T SEE YOU! I DON'T SEE ME! I'M NOT EVEN HERE! I'M HOME WATCHING TV!
ARE YOU KIDDING, LADY? HE'S GOT THE POLICE CHIEF, THE MAYOR AND THE GOVERNOR IN HIS POCKET!
THAT FACE - I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE

OK! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO HIT THIS BROAD, AND THEN TAKE CARE OF THE BROAD'S BODY!
MAH-RONE! EVER SINCE BRANDO IN "GOD FATHER," HE TALKS WITH TISSUE PAPER STUFFED IN HIS FACE.
CAN'T WE JUST PUT A HORSE'S HEAD IN HER BED? - OR MAYBE A CHICKEN LEG ON HER KITCHEN TABLE?
WE'LL DRAW STRAWS, LIKE IN "MURDER, INC," TO SEE WHO HITS HER.
WAIT! DON'T WE FIRST KISS EACH OTHER ON THE LIPS, LIKE IN "BLACK HAND"?
YOU MEAN LIKE IN "PAY OR DIE"! ... ANYWAYS, I DON'T KISS ON THE FIRST DATE!
LISTEN! AN UPSTANDING MAFIOSO DOES NOT HIT A BROAD! I NEVER SAW A CAPO HIT A BROAD - - NOT IN "VALACHI PAPERS" NOT IN "THE ENFORCER"! WE CANNOT HIT A BROAD!
HOOF FOFF FOOF!
-ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'RE NOT EVEN ITALIAN!!

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT WHO TAKES CARE OF THE BODY LATER. BUT BEFORE WE HIT HER AND GO TO THE MATTRESSES TO HIDE OUT, WE GOTTA RIP OUT HER LABELS AND IDENTIFICATION.
GIVE ME THE COAT, LADY.
YANK!
MAMA MIA! 'ATSA SOME SPICY MEATBALLS!
...SAY, SUPPOSIN' WHEN WE GO TO THE MATTRESSES, WE TAKE HER ALONG!
FELLOWS... I'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER TO MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BODY! ... NO, PLEASE DON'T THANK ME ~
I SAW THE BODY FIRST! I GET DIBS ON IT! BESIDES, I AIN'T HAD A GOOD CONTRACT IN MONTHS!
HEY, SUPPOSE I TAKE CARE OF THE BODY!
I TAKE CARE OF THE BODY! I'M A CONSIGLIORI!
I'M A CAPO MAFIOSO!
I'M A FLAGRANTE DELICTO!
I'M A HORNY!
HEY... LEMME GIVE HER THE KISS OF DEATH!
I JUST ATE SOME ANCHOVIES AND GARLIC!
WHAT A MESS!
ALL RIGHT! ... WHAT HAPPENED?
OUT TO LUNCH
I DIDN'T SEE A THING! I'VE BEEN VERY BUSY READING MY NEWSPAPER AND PLAYING HOUSEY!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS, SOLLY... DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S EVERY CITIZEN'S DUTY TO SPEAK OUT? ... BUT NO! EVERYONE'S AFRAID! WELL, I'M NOT! I'LL TELL YOU WHO THE KILLERS ARE, OFFICER ~
HE KILLED HIM, AND HE KILLED HIM BACK! THEN THEY KILLED THE OTHER TWO, BUT NOT BEFORE HE
WHO'SA PAY THE CHECK?
END

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